





ARTHUR CARRYL

ETC.

ARTHUR CARRYL

A NOVEL

BY

THE AUTHOR OF THE VISION OF RUBETA

Louisa Osborn

CANTOS FIRST AND SECOND

ODES; EPISTLES TO MILTON, POPE, JUVENAL,
AND THE DEVIL; EPIGRAMS; PARODIES OF HORACE;
ENGLAND AS SHE IS; AND OTHER
MINOR POEMS

BY THE SAME

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EPIGRAM SALUTATORY.

On learning from my publishers, that the editor of the *New World* had come out with a string of amusing falsehoods, in relation to the present work.

WHY, let him. 'T is a proper youth;
And each of us his business plies :
I satirize by telling truth ;
And B—J——N, by telling lies.

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RUBETA. PAGE 351.

THE INDUCTION.

THE INDUCTION.

YOU will not have forgotten, my ——r, the request you lately made, that I would detail to you the conversation, which, a few weeks previously, I had had with our mutual friend, W——, and of which he had related to you part. I have thought, that, besides ministering to your gratification and instruction, the scene if written out would form for my new volume of rhymes no unfitting preface. W—— was, as perhaps you know, my agent with the publishers of the *Vision*, and overlooked that poem in its progress through the press. Hence, during its brief career he watched it with parental solicitude, and even aided with his pen, as you have seen in the *Critique of the Vision*, in making ridiculous its unprincipled defamers. In a word, he was my other self.

It was then a beautiful afternoon, of the month preceding this in which I write. W—— had come to see me, and was seated with me in the little library, whose double window faces, as you are aware, the west. The casement was open; and the blinds, thrown half way back, shielded us from the slant rays of the summer sun, which was now slowly westering, and would ere long be lost behind the houses' tops. Between us on a table, where stood a bottle of his favorite claret, ice clearer than crystal, and some foreign fruits, was a vase filled to the brim with newly gathered roses. In the balcony, the plants had never looked more lovely. The purple gilia was in bloom, the delicate schizanthus with its jagged flowers, the copper-colored streptanthera, the irritable mimu-

lus, with its blushing petals and its musky perfume, and the rosy calandrinia, which —— gave me ; while your favorite calochortus, just in bud, the showy lichidnea with its crown of blossoms, nearly opened, the painted ipomopsis, the camellia (once my sister's), which had long ago shed its scentless beauties, and the tall green Ethiopian calla, looked, if not so gay, yet flourishing, and varied pleasantly the vegetable group. Without, in the neighbouring yards, every thing was in correspondence. The grapevines, clambering up to the windows, covered the piazzas ; and here and there, between the dense broad leaves, a cluster could be seen, green as the leaves themselves ; while flowers of various hues bordered the little grass-plots, or stood in pots, or in open beds, against the whited walls. Above, the sky was blue as indigo ; and sundry fleecy clouds gave promise of no little beauty when the sun should have descended lower. The wrens were singing round their tiny house between the willows, interrupting at intervals their delightful song with a twitter scarcely less agreeable ; and, to add to all, a gentle breeze was blowing capriciously from the westward, and, as it breathed over the flowers in the balcony, wafted perfume with its coolness into the apartment. It was altogether a scene such as few large cities can present, and an hour and weather that to those who are in health, and are of happy temper, give a positive enjoyment, such as is sufficient to atone for months of past gloom and solicitude, and to make them forget that there is such a thing for the heart as care, or for the senses as fatigue, that skies are ever blackened, and that flowers ever fade.

Accordingly W—— sat awhile in silence ; and the first remark that opened our dialogue was suggested by the scene before him.

W. What an evening, ERNEST !

A. Beautiful ! Few cities, W——, are so favored in their climate as this unromantic, busy NEW YORK.

W. Still fewer are there, I imagine, where the people take

such pains to surround themselves with the wholesome beauty of the country. Do you know, I am much inclined at this moment to believe in all the influence you ascribe to the climate, in shaping our yet unfinished physical and intellectual character as a people.

A. In connexion with the free government, remember. Yes, AMERICA, with her clear skies, her republican institutions, and her system of universal education, must one day excel in all that has made GREECE famous.

W. Excepting, I hope, her intestine dissensions.

A. Of course. In all that has made her justly famous. But then, we must not be misled by false teachers.

W. And these abound ; at least in politics and in letters. In morals we have few, if any : it is not the character of the age.

A. To teach corruption openly, certainly not. But if you have false teachers in politics and in letters, how shall morality escape contamination ? But, to confine ourselves to letters ; (they are not nearly of such moment to the happiness of a people, as politics ; yet, for the immediate time, they interest me more ;) look at the rapid declension of taste, in ENGLAND as well as in this country. To what, think you, is it owing ?

W. To false teachers, undoubtedly. But whether do you mean, to authors or to critics ?

A. To both. They act, each upon the other, as both cause and effect. Yet it would be in the power of criticism to stay the decline, certainly in a degree. Therefore it is owing chiefly to false critics : false, not merely as erroneous, but as being unfaithful to the duties they assume. But I will not spoil your afternoon, by argumentation. That would be a bad requital of your visit, W——.

W. Do not think so. You could oblige me in nothing more. Indeed, have I not come for the very purpose of talking about your new poems ?

A. Which you consider an illustration of the subject, — false

teaching by authors. But let us open this claret. I think it will suit you, — quite as well, at least, as my rhymes.

W. It would serve you right to say, Heaven forbid! But, in truth, ERNEST, if it were as easy to satisfy the world with your opinions in letters as . . .

A. It is to suit your taste in wine, my task would be a light one. (Ice?) Well, — I have said that the decline of taste in English and American writers is owing chiefly to false criticism. Now, what is the criticism of the day? I mean, in what manner is it conducted? Reviewers now, if they do not take the title of a book merely to introduce an essay of their own, which is usually the case, yet content themselves with examining the sentiments.

W. What, do you not consider the sentiments as the most important part?

A. I do indeed; but, being a part, they are not the whole. I would observe, that I consider that very little criticism will do for the sentiments of any poem, for example; for what is there new in that respect? it is the manner that distinguishes the poet chiefly; for that which he shall detail to us of thought has been done time out of mind before him. Besides, I am utterly disgusted with that cant, which is confirming authors in hypocrisy. If a man now make a display of patriotism, if he prate of his country, and affect to despise his own interest, what do we hear? *Noble sentiments; high-toned sentiment;* and the like. If he tell us of the delights of virtue and the misery of vice, we have, *a tone of high morality*, and so on. If of religion and the undying worm, and other common-places, all NEW YORK resounds with praises of his *piety*. To me, this is inexpressibly disgusting; and I never have doubted, from my own feelings, that Lord BYRON was driven to his defiance of decency, by his hatred of hypocrisy.

W. But would you have one, then, neglect such sentiments, or confine them to his breast? for I do you justice to believe, that you do not approve of that more odious affectation, which would teach us libertinism.

A. No, not exactly ; but I would have them taken for just what they are worth. Do we not know, that it is not by words we are to judge of virtue ? that, on the contrary, it is a safe rule to suppose that the man who has piety, justice, and temperance for ever on his lips, knows little in his heart of any of these virtues ? An author, therefore, should not have credit for what is nothing of his own ; I say, absolutely, *nothing of his own*, but the common property of every rogue and hypocrite in the country. Let his moral, his lofty sentiments be respected ; but there, if he can give us nothing further, let his commendation stop ; for we do not, I conceive, open a book of poetry to find what is readier to our hands, and more explicit, in the proverbs of SOLOMON.

W. But, permit me to observe, that one sentiment thus introduced, by accident as it were, will have more effect than where it is found amid a mass of others, as in the book you have mentioned.

A. I do not deny it. But you might have added, that the example which should illustrate the sentiment will have more weight still. A poet, unless he be purely a didactic poet, may make his morality appear by his characters, and not in his proper person as an author. It is thus that HOMER teaches.

W. Ah ! I fear that in this world your proposed reform will never be adopted. Hypocrisy has too much weight, that it should not be thrown into the scale whenever a character is brought to market. As long, for instance, as a man is counted modest, who tells his readers, in the preface of a volume, that he has no opinion of his own merits, but trusts to their condescending goodness, what can you expect but that he should thus sin against his conscience ?

A. That he should starve. Better a thousand times to rot in destitution, than to owe one's fortune to the prostitution of one's self-respect ! I am incensed, when I . . . But, go on ; for I am getting warm.

W. You surprise me, ERNEST. Though I think with you

that all this is hypocrisy, it awakes my laughter; it amuses me, not irritates. What! my dear fellow, can any thing be more farcical, than to read in the papers that Mr. So and So got up and said, that *for his own part he set self entirely aside, he was for his country, and for his country only, that when a sacrifice of one's own interest was to be made, what honest man would hesitate?* whereupon all the people shouted, like great asses as they were? This is sport to me, and should be so to you, who are not the sourest of cynics.

A. And so it would be, if it had no weight with the people. But when I see that all this cant, which no man who has a proper pride would condescend to adopt, when I see that this is trusted in, rewarded! . . .

W. You should still laugh.

A. And so I would as a satirist, but I do not as a man.

W. But what would you have the people do?

A. Do? pull the speaker from his stage, that durst insult their ears by language that offends nature and bids defiance to common sense.

W. Very good; but you should then have the people more virtuous than their haranguer; for you may depend upon it, that those will shout the loudest, that have least of sympathy with what the orator affects to be his feelings.

A. I am afraid that you are right. I remember that when I was graduated, a very great fool was applauded, in his declamation, at every sentence. Need I say why? Because he affected an ardent love of all that is excellent, and a scorn for what is base. Yet he was the merest puppy in the class.

W. And so I should have thought him. Yet does not this evince an innate love of virtue, in humanity? Though frail themselves, the crowd applaud the appearance of excellence in others, or respect the abstract principle.

A. Respect a fiddlestick! It is their vanity which applauds. Each man thinks he sees, in his own little soul, the reflected

image of every virtue which is described, and praising it he does homage to himself. Why, what is it but the same vanity which makes a multitude the fools of their own assumed greatness?

W. As how?

A. Look at the next news from ENGLAND. You will find there, in the reported speeches of parliament, the notes of admiration, applause, and attention, which are given at certain passages in the orator's address. They will answer for the same scenes with us: though the habit of applauding is not the same, yet the feeling which generates it you may believe to belong to both countries. Well, what do you find these passages to be? My lord So and So, or Mr. SUCH A ONE, tells his honorable or his noble colleague, that ENGLAND is the greatest of all nations; "Hear, hear!" resounds from all sides; that she is the justest; "loud cheering" greets the falsehood; that ten FRENCHMEN have not the solidity of character, twenty DUTCHMEN not the generosity of spirit, fifty RUSSIANS not the liberality of sentiment, and that no AMERICAN has the political freedom, that one ENGLISHMAN possesses and enjoys; and the member, or the peer, sits down, amid "loud and *continued* cheering."

W. And is not all this amusing?

A. No, I burn as I read it.

W. You must excuse me, ERNEST; you burn, because you feel indignant that hypocrisy should gain what is denied to honesty. But you should reflect...

A. What?

W. That honesty is its own reward; that, if you are not content to pay for public favor what A., B., and C., are ready to do, you must rest content to do without it. As an author, you defy public sentiment; you speak as you think;...

A. And am I not right?

W. Be patient. Right in holding such opinions. But, to give them uncalled for...

A. There I am right too. If no one else will lead, let me.

W. And perish in the breach. — It is honorable. But there lies all your reward ; nor must you expect to be crowned, while living, with laurels that are to be gained by your death alone.

A. To drop figures . . .

W. If you will oppose the majority, you must expect the majority will turn upon you, and annihilation is the consequence. But . . .

A. Well ; this but.

W. But, ERNEST, — if the respect of your own conscience, and the love of those who know you, and justice done to your ashes, will requite you for the sacrifice of worldly good, go on.

A. And so I will. Have I, for the best part of my life, continued in the straight path, though surrounded by privation, and having disappointment for ever in prospect, that I should now turn aside ? However, you mistake me somewhat ; nor, in assenting to your observation, have I done myself strict justice. It may be, I allow, that a personal feeling might give edge to my opposition to one or two popular authors, because I stand as a knight in the lists, and cannot conquer but by the overthrow of my antagonists. It is a conflict of opinion, and *to the utterance*. But my hatred of political hypocrisy, as of cant of all kinds, can have nothing selfish in its nature. WORDSWORTH *might* offend my spleen, because I see him daily commended for what I despise, and my philosophy might (*might*, I say, for I do not believe it, though I may allow the case for argument,) and my philosophy might not, perhaps, be proof against the consequences of my own pride and honesty, in pursuing what I think is proper, in defiance of that fashion, which I well know must be followed to arrive at popularity ; but what to me is the Emperor of RUSSIA ?

W. I do not understand you.

A. No ? Yet yesterday, when inveighing against the insolence of the press in ENGLAND towards foreign nations, I men-

tioned to you that so respectable a man as ***** had at a public dinner, some years since, degraded himself so far, and befooled himself, as to call the Czar a "*miscreant*"; for what? for retaining his inheritance, for endeavouring to keep POLAND secured to him! This is not ignorance on the part of Mr. *****; it is a disregard of truth. He is enlisted in the Polish cause, because one of the finest passages in his ————— happens to turn upon Polish misfortune, and, in his enthusiasm, he forgets decency and common sense, or, what is as mean if not as bad, but echoes public outcry. Yet, while ENGLAND is indulging, on all occasions, in this outcry, against one of the best men, as well as most able, that wear a crown, INDIA, won by treachery, is maintained by a despotism greater, because not native to the soil, than that of RUSSIA. Enthroned upon her double isle, the tyrant of the ocean points with the middle finger of one hand to Muscovitish vassalage, and with that of the other would mark with scorn the slavery which she herself introduced into AMERICA, while her yoke upon INDIA is more distressing and more hated than can possibly be the sceptre of a monarch over a people that love him, and that look upon him as their legitimate ruler delegated by HEAVEN, and the bondage of the *ryots* ten times more abject and a hundred times more cruel than that of the negroes in these UNITED STATES. All this offends me. I am enraged to see people either afraid to speak the truth, or unwilling to hear it. And it is this resentment of cant, that has made me what I am as an author, and that will so retain me. — But let us pass to the more immediate subject of discussion. We were speaking . . . I have strayed so far from the right topic, that I have lost sight of it altogether.

W. The present corruption of taste in literature.

A. True, that was the general subject. But I mean . . . I have it; false criticism. I said, that the sentiments of an author, or his general matter was all that was now considered by the critic. Consequently his language is entirely neglected;

or, what is worse, we have his manner regarded as an absolute consequence of his matter; and, if the latter suit the critic, the manner in which it is conveyed is boldly eulogized, with all the cant additions of *graphic, elegant, polished, pure*, and the like. As these epithets are applied indiscriminately to every sort of writing, provided it come from the pen of a popular author, even though he be, to the last degree, weak and obscure in description, and quite uncouth in style, though he possess none of the many requisites that go to make up the character of elegance, and finally may use a language that, like Mr. CARLYLE's, shall in phraseology and in construction be absolutely hybrid, we are to conclude that the terms have no other meaning than that the writer under examination is one whom the worshipful booksellers, or the no less worshipful public, or both these parties together, *expect* to see commended. Here, under my feet, I see there is a fragment of a newspaper with the name of *Campbell* on it. Let us examine it: ten to one, it will form an illustration of what I have just been saying. *Campbell's Life of Petrarch*; an extract. Very good. It is without a beginning; but it will answer, I'll be bound to say. You know how that book has been bepraised on all sides.

W. As far as the small reviews, the minnows of criticism, are concerned. The larger fry I have not met with.

A. It is of no consequence. It is more than probable that in the present case you would have found them gudgeons. The mere prefix of Mr. CAMPBELL's name to a book is sufficient to ensure the latter eulogy with half the world; yet is CAMPBELL any thing but a faultless writer.

W. Indeed? I thought that you were one of the poet's warmest admirers.

A. One of his steadiest admirers, if you please, and if you must have an epithet; for *warmth*, applied to literary taste or judgment, always implies, with me, some degree of extravagance or of exaggeration. I do admire CAMPBELL, or, I would rather say, esteem him, as a poet. I call him, as you know, an

elegant poet. But in so speaking I allude to the general effect of his verses, to their polish, their sweetness, their harmonious arrangement, to the *general* good taste and the *general* grace of their embellishments. I have never called him *correct*. At some future day, I will run over with you the *Pleasures of Hope*, and I will show you, that, besides other occasional faults, such as confused or inapplicable imagery, strained, or common-place, or obscure epithets, and turgidness, there are few pages where the writer has not somewhere sinned against propriety of language. Therefore it is that I am confident, that we shall find his prose not more uncensurable.

W. May not a writer be incorrect in the mere language of his poems, who shall yet display the most exact propriety in his prose compositions?

A. Certainly, in a degree. Not to speak of the heat of fancy, the emergencies of his rhyme and rhythm, and sometimes, as in blank verse, of his rhythm only, will cause him to commit errors that would be without excuse in prose. But Mr. CAMPBELL in his verse is so filled with merely verbal inaccuracies, that, taking the age into consideration, I am compelled to think he will not be found the most correct of writers in his prose. Let us see.

... "been a grammar-school master at Pontremoli, arrived at Parma, in order to pay his devotions to the laurate. The poor man had already walked to Naples, guided in his blindness by his only son, for the purpose of finding Petrarch. The poet had left that city; but King Robert, pleased with this enthusiasm, made him a present of some money. The aged pilgrim returned to Pontremoli, where, being informed that Petrarch was at Parma, he crossed the Appenines, in spite of the severity of the weather, and travelled thither, having sent before him a tolerable copy of verses. He was presented to Petrarch, whose hand he kissed with devotion and exclamations of joy. One day, before many spectators, the blind man said to Petrarch, 'Sir, I have come far to see you.' The bystanders laughed. On which the old man replied, 'I appeal to you, Petrarch, whether I do not see you more clearly and distinctly than these men who have their eyesight.' Petrarch gave him a kind reception, and dismissed him with a considerable present."

The fragment is worse than I could have supposed it. It has

neither propriety, nor perspicuity, nor precision. If you will look over my shoulder, I will point you out its defects of style and of language. — In the first line, we have, for *master of a grammar-school*, the phrase, “grammar-school master,” a mode of expression fit only for conversation or for hurried composition, and even there not elegant. Look at the first complete sentence: “The poor man,” *etc.* The poet meant to say, that, *guided in his blindness by his only son, the poor man had already walked to Naples, for the purpose of finding Petrarch.* The next sentence is: “The poet had left,” *etc.* The poet is PETRARCH, and the king therefore made the present to him! The writer meant: *The poet had left that city; but King Robert, pleased with the enthusiasm of the blind man, made him, or more precisely, made the latter, a present of some money.* But even yet the sentence wants precision. Do you see why?

W. The second member is, in reality, totally independent of the first.

A. Just so. Well: “The aged pilgrim,” *etc.* Though the phrase, “a tolerable copy of verses,” does not please me, I shall not quarrel with it, because I think that it is sanctioned by custom. The sentence, however, is liable to the same objection with the one before it: it wants precision. And further, these three sentences, altogether, have no business where they are. They refer to a time prior to that which is mentioned in the sentences that immediately precede and follow them. Consequently, they destroy the unity of the passage.

W. But what would you have done with them; for the circumstances they relate are too interesting to be omitted?

A. I would have endeavoured to introduce them previously. Failing there, I should probably have given them another form and placed them in a note. — But we have not yet done with the paragraph. “He was presented to Petrarch, whose hand he kissed with devotion and exclamations of joy,” (*and with exclamations of joy.*) “One day,” *etc.* “The bystanders laughed. On which the old man *replied*” (better, *said*,) “I appeal to

you," etc. *Clearly and distinctly*, in this sentence, is a distinction without a difference. The poet would have better expressed his meaning thus : " I appeal to you, O Petrarch, whether I do not see you more clearly, and distinguish you better, than these men who have their eyesight." The concluding sentence is deficient in unity, and of course in perspicuity. The *kind reception*, mentioned in the first clause, was evidently previous to the circumstance recorded in the two preceding sentences ; while the *dismissal* followed last of all. He might have said, (though it is very difficult to give clearness to a paragraph so involved ; the amendment should begin with the thoughts of the author :) *Petrarch, who had given the enthusiast a kind reception, dismissed him, etc. ; or, Petrarch had given the enthusiast a kind reception. He dismissed him with a considerable present.*

W. What a world of inaccuracies, indeed !

A. And what inelegance ! Now, do you think that Mr. CAMPBELL would have fallen into this rusticity and puerility, that he would have thus violated grammar, and obscured his sense, and given his sentences the turn and lightness of a school-boy's, had critics done their duty ?

W. I believe that you are right. Yet CAMPBELL may have been incapable . . .

A. Of what ? Of seeing these faults ? Do not think it. He could never indeed become a great writer ; for it is not in him. Neither is he a great poet. But he is a polished and an elegant poet, and he certainly could have applied the file to his prose.

W. But you have just said, that the amendment should begin with the thoughts of the writer. Might not the poet have been confused in his ideas, while writing this passage ?

A. Very possibly. Indeed, had he thought clearly, he would have expressed himself with clearness. But do you not know that by studying exactness and perspicuity in expression, one learns to think with exactness and without confusion ? And is it to be supposed, that this scrap of newspaper, found by acci-

dent at our feet, should contain the only passage that is faulty in the whole biography? I have mentioned, casually, *Carlyle*. Here, in my private copy of the *Vision*, I have laid up some proofs of what I have asserted with regard to his admirer, the *New-York Review*. (1) Let us take one. This is an excerpt from a newspaper, reviewing the *Review*. "The writings of Carlyle," says the wise man, "have inspired worthily some enthusiastic writer, who has here given to the public an analysis of the works and of the mind of Carlyle, that will be felt and acknowledged for its power and its eloquence, by many, many minds." Enough for the newsman. The following, he says, "is from the notice of CARLYLE's *Essay upon Voltaire*."

"We open this essay, and upon every page is something which most, of even thinking men, may well ponder over; the immortality of every act and thought,—the small beginnings of the greatest things, the infinite connexions of every event, causing the product which comes from 'the loom of Time,' to be a web, not a line,—the silence of the deepest forces,—the more than conqueror's power of noiseless thought,—these and countless other truths, which, simple as they seem, carry wrapped in them whole systems, we meet with every where in this paper on Voltaire."

Will you have the goodness to tell me the meaning of that passage?

W. Excuse me. As the essayist is said to be *enthusiastic*, I have enough of your sentiment not to meddle with him, however *worthily* he may have been *inspired*.

A. Very well. I could give you a dozen such scraps of nonsense, selected from the *Review*, by the same judicious hand. Let us pass to this extract, furnished also by the journalist, from a magazine. "L—gf—w's translations from Jean Paul." German. Very good. — "*Evening and Death*. — The day is dying amid *blossom-clouds*, and with its own *swan-song*."

(1) It is proper, in order to give its full weight to my opinion, that I should state, that the *N. Y. Review* has never crossed my path in any the most trifling matter. I do not so much as know a single one of its contributors, even by sight. — I shall one day be able to show, that I was equally unbiased by any personal feeling, when I commenced my attack upon the newspapers.

W. Stop ; that is quite enough.

A. No, no. "The alleys and gardens *speak in low tones, like men when deeply moved*" . . .

W. For Heaven's sake, my dear ERNEST ! . . .

A. "And around the leaves fly the gentle winds, and around the blossoms the bees, *with a tender whisper*."

W. Ha, ha ! No more, I beseech you.

A. Yes ; let me finish the paragraph. "Only the larks, *like man*, rise warbling into the sky, and then, *like him*, drop down again into the furrow ; while *the great soul and the sea* lift themselves unheard and unseen to heaven, and rushing, *sublime and fruit-giving* ; and waterfalls and thunder-showers dash down into the valleys." Stay, I must give you the beginning of the next paragraph : it will raise you to the seventh heaven. "In a countryhouse on the declivity of the Bergstrasse, *an unspeakably sweet tone rises from a woman's breast, like a trembling lark*."

W. By the Lord ! is L—GF——w crazed ?

A. I know not ; but we will shut him up, and his friend *Jean Paul*, with the guardian spirit of the journalist. There you are, on the shelf again, with *Rubeta*. *Dodo, mes enfants*.

W. What is that has dropped ?

A. Where ? O ! Will you have it ? It is a notice of Mr. Sergeant TALFOURD's very ingenuous and sincere praise of *Velasco*, in a private letter to the author.

W. Thank you : I am quite contented with the specimens of Mr. TALFOURD's criticism (on *Elia*, I think,) which you gave in the *Vision*.

A. True. They should be enough to satisfy any man of ordinary stomach. But, now I am at the shelves, I will take down a volume of MURRAY's *Byron*, and open it at hazard, to show you how other distinguished critics write. Volume VIII., page 139. Sir EGERTON BRYDGES on the third canto of *Childe Harold*. "In the first sixteen stanzas there is yet a mighty but *groaning burst* of dark and appalling strength." That will do,

I think. I will not trouble you with Professor WILSON, and others, who, thanks to Mr. MURRAY, have bordered poor Byron with their fustian patches. They are all of a piece, eulogizing or condemning in bad and turgid language the matter of the poems, which speaks for itself, and totally neglecting the manner, on which a just criticism would be of service to the general reader. In fact, the criticism of the day would seem to be based upon the supposition, that every reader is a judge of language, but that few are capable of appreciating a sentiment, or of distinguishing good matter from bad; while the very reverse is the fact.

W. But do you mean me to infer that in their examination of the sentiments, or of the descriptive passages, or of the narrative of a poem, modern critics are usually correct?

A. Eh! God forbid! for then I should ascribe to them the very highest merit in their assumed profession; whereas I have called them *false* critics; which implies, that even in the part they undertake, they betray insufficiency, and are guilty of frequent, if not constant, misrepresentation. If the setting sun did not warn me of the hour, I could, in any volume of the work I took up last, show you page after page of such gross absurdities as would make you smile, and would give you quite as much surprise as amusement.

W. It would not be necessary; for I have noticed them myself; and I know not whether with amusement most, or indignation.

A. Well said; for falsehood in the criticism of sentiment may lead to serious mischief in morals. But, passing this particular topic, there is one consequence of the neglect of verbal criticism, — a consequence at once, and cause, — that has had a most pernicious effect on the poetry of the day, and has given rise to what we may distinguish as two schools, the *prosaic* and the *florid*. Nor is it one of the least singular characteristics of the present era of letters, that two kinds of poetry so diametrically opposed to each other should flourish at one

time, and have equally ardent supporters, and, what is more, supporters who uphold both sides at once !

W. Is not this one of the direct consequences of the neglect you speak of ?

A. You are right. For the criticism, that would trample the prose of one class in its native dust, would be exerted equally in pruning the scentless and unproductive luxuriance, and in excising the excrescences, of the poetry of the other. Here, therefore, *extremes*, according to the vulgar saying, *meet*. And first, let us take a glance at the pretensions of what I have called the prosaic school, which arrogates to itself alone the knowledge and the representation of nature, and which depreciates every thing like art, as unworthy of true genius, and inconsistent with true poetry. Let me ask, then, what is all nature but the result of art ? of art divine ; for none of us will suppose that its Author acted without rule, where order is universally to be perceived. Now, art among men is but the imitation of this nature, whether as it comes directly from the hands of the Deity, or as modified by secondary causes ; and we select, as the object of imitation, what in it is pleasing, or rather, what is attractive. If we paint horrors, we but imitate them, to produce that effect by representation, which they have upon the mind when really perceived ; and our pleasure . . .

W. Pleasure ?

A. Yes, pleasure of a painful kind ; our satisfaction, perhaps I should have said, arises from the truth of the delineation ; for let it but be false, and we perceive something ridiculous where before we admired. Now, how is this effect produced ? We observe the lights, and shades, the shapes and proportions, and lay on our colors after the prescription, so to speak, of our model. What is this but art ? Yet you say, when the effect is produced, How *natural* it is ! I approve of this artist, or this author, because he is so *natural* ! Does this mean that the poet, painter, or sculptor acted without rule ? Quite the contrary, I conceive. It is his observation, his careful study, his

knowledge of the principles of his art as taught by sound criticism, which criticism is founded upon the analysis of the works of others, which works are the improvements of consecutive ages, one upon another, the remotest being the rough copy of nature itself, without skill or judgment, like the vermillion ornaments of an Indian tent, or the ancient ballad of *Chevy-Chase*. Do you see this?

W. Perfectly. And thus it would not be difficult to show nature in Pope, and art in Shakspeare.

A. Certainly not. Who that is competent to judge of both would doubt it? Equally easy would it be to show a comparative want of them in Wordsworth. But we will pass him, merely saying in the language of DRYDEN, *Let him walk on foot with his pad in his hand, but let not those be considered no poets, who mount and show their horsemanship*.

W. "Glorious JOHN!" (1) Why there is more imagination in one line of his prose than in a dozen lines of his defamer's verse.

A. True; and what is quite as valuable, more sense. But your speaking of imagination leads me to notice another mistake into which people have fallen through the misguidance of false critics. — The world in general has very little idea of the real merit of a poet as tested by the intrinsic difficulty of his composition, of the facility of composition where the imagination is excited, and of the labor which attends it in proportion as the imagination is kept subordinate to other rarer faculties, I would say, to judgment and reason. If it had, POPE would readily reascend to his proper elevation, and the horde of rhymers that, unlike him, are content to always *wander in the maze of fancy*, would be very little estimated.

W. But you do not mean to undervalue the powers of the imagination?

A. Not when I assign them their due place. I think it could be easily proved, that of all the faculties that which WORDSWORTH claims to be the first, and which, curiously enough,

(1) CLAUD HALCRO, in the *Pirate*.

he least possesses, is in reality the most common. We find it strong in women, and more fervid in our youth than when the mind is matured. However, without wasting time upon this point, if you practise yourself, endeavour to versify while reasoning, try to make a philosophic poem, and afterwards give the fancy full play, and you shall see. The labor of the latter is one of love, the former needs all your art, all the stores of wit you have gathered in all your life, to keep it from languishing. It is this which makes the composition of occasional pieces no test of ability; for they are written in the heat of fancy, and words and rhymes flow readily with the images; they come of themselves and are not to be sought for. But in a long composition, where connection is to be studied, characters are to be distinguished, and maintained in their distinctness, where variety is to relieve from weariness without distracting the mind from the subject, where, in short, imagination is directed by art, and is subservient to reason, here will you see of what stuff the poet is indeed made. And hence your inferior writers, with few exceptions, confine themselves to small effusions, which are poured out as some incident may tickle the dormant fancy, and enthusiasm may supply the inspiration which the true poet can derive from any subject, be it, as has before been said, a broomstick. And this brings me to what we agreed to call the florid style. — We see it frequently asserted, that such and such a one's prose is *full of poetry, sparkles with poetry, glows with the most poetical conceptions*, and such other phrases; and what kind of writing do we usually find it to be? Merely fustian, some such stuff as PHILIPS' eulogy of WASHINGTON, and, like it, fit for the declamation of school-boys. And this is another of the ideas of poetry which prevail at the present day: it can be written by any one who has imagination which he cultivates at the expense of his reason! that is to say, by fifty-nine young women out of sixty, of whom the sixtieth shall be only half-educated. Is then the talent to produce poetry so common a gift of nature? Can all indeed write it that can dash together stars and

spars, make dove accord with love, and jingle kiss with bliss? The question may be answered by another; Can all make music? can everybody even sing? As there are hundreds that have the composition, they have heard performed by others, vibrating in their brains distinctly and without fault, but when they endeavour to give it utterance find that they cannot turn a note, so shall many have the conception of what poetry is, the feeling of what poetry is said to be, yet shall not be able to construct a verse. But most men will attempt to sing, and all men will write verses. Hence we have the many ludicrous exhibitions that are made even by men of genius, from Cicerò down to Mr. IRVING. — But you appear to be recalling something that you wish to utter. I beg your pardon.

W. By no means. I was listening with any thing but impatience. It merely occurred to me, in the course of your remarks, to ask you whether there were not, beside the two kinds of modern verse which you have named, a third that might be placed between the two extremes?

A. And yet should not be excellent? Very likely. What would you make it?

W. That which is neither purely prosaic, nor yet altogether florid; neither Wordsworth nor Hemans: a verse that has music, that displays imagination, and that is not without sense; but a sense that instructs not, an imagination that awakes no ecstasy, a music that but puts to sleep.

A. Very good. Go on.

W. Though all three kinds are to a certain extent puerile, yet this I should call *the puerile*, by way of eminence.

A. And you have described, in fact, the *commonplace*; a class of poetry that is very prolific. I can furnish you with a specimen, in a romance of three cantos, which I wrote myself,

“ In sul mio primo giovenile errore,
Quand’ era in parte altr’ uom da quel ch’ i’ sono.” (1)

Did you ever see it?

(1) In my first youthful error, when in part
I was another man from what I am. PETR. Son. 1.

W. Surely. I can, for a wager, repeat to you the opening.

'*T was* . . .

A. Aground already.

W. Stop a minute.

'T was sunset, and the changing sky
With many a purple cloud was glowing,
Floating about promiscuously
Upon their sea of gold, and throwing,
Along the dark clear wave below,
Their trembling images of light,
So soft, yet whimsically bright,
That seem'd the very glassing tide
To feel, with somewhat frolic pride,
The beauty that it gave to sight,
And glide with merrier flow.
While, circling o'er its placid breast, . . .

There, I can go no further.

A. Further! you have done wonders. I could not have ridden such a nag, pony I should say, so long, although of my own training, to win the smiles,—the smiles? the kiss of ———, who is the fairest woman in AMERICA.

W. Come, you are jesting; or you are exaggerating, through modesty.

A. And that would be affectation, falsehood. Did you ever know me to do such a thing? If I thought well of the piece, I would praise it without scruple, as you know, or you ought to know, W——.

W. Pardon me, dear ERNEST; I do know: and if I did not, a moment's reflection would have told me, that you would never have kept the manuscript for fourteen years in your pigeon-holes, if you had thought very highly of it. But how is it possible that you should rate so low what is surely neither fustian nor frigidity?

A. Nor unmusical, but what is *commonplace*. There you are answered. It has not nerve enough for the pen of a man, nothing to distinguish it from a mass of poems that employ the paper-makers every year. It is, as I said, a specimen of the school you called the *puerile*.

W. I deny it.

A. And I will prove it. The poem is in my desk, in this very room. By the time you have helped yourself to another glass of claret, I shall have it out for you, to your conviction. But suppose you throw the blinds completely back ; for the sun is now down. You will not find the flowers in your way.

W. Eh ! look there, ERNEST. There are your verses painted before you.

'T was sunset, and the changing sky
With many a purple cloud was glowing,
Floating about promiscuously
Upon their sea of gold, and throwing, . . .

A. Ha, ha ! you have no *clear wave below*, except it be in the tub under the pump there ; and the clouds you see are not *purple*, but of the very color of these roses.

W. And that is what you meant ; for you poets, in all languages, use *purple* for any kind of *red*. Come, that is not fair. But undo your parcel, and let us have the proof. Here is to your safe delivery.

A. And the birth would overwhelm you, should I bring forth all at one travail. — Why the poem, W——, is ten times worse than I have thought it ; for I find fustian, — plenty of it, and if not absolute frigidity, yet what is very near it, flatness.

W. But read it, and let us see if after fourteen years my memory is not better than the poet's. Read, read, read.

A. What ? the frigidity, or the fustian ?

W. No, no ; what you think the best parts.

A. Well then, here, from Canto First, is a bit of sentiment.

The respite brief flew fast ; 't is fled :
The farewell still is to be said ;
That little word, which, ere 't is spoken,
Brings such a world of things to mind, —
A half-breath'd charge, a tear-stain'd token,
Some trifling keepsake left behind,
Which calls us back, when once we 've started,
Again to meet, again be parted.

The last embrace yet ever first,
 The gaze to be still once more taken,
 The sigh as if the heart would burst,
 The lips that fear to be forsaken,
 Are but so many tongues, which say,
 We should not, must not, dare not stay.
 One kiss, one lingering gaze, *etc.*

Now, what is there new in this?

W. Nothing perhaps; but what is there bad?

A. Nothing; but it is a boy's excellence. And now for description.

Like the unbidden soothing power
 Of music, heard in happier hour,
 Recall'd years after it has fled,
 And conjuring up a lovely train
 Of thoughts then stirring, words then said,
 And deeds we fain would do again,
 Thus thrill'd the earnest notes, yet sweet,
 Of him who kneel'd at JUAN's feet.
 Pale was the face to his upturn'd, —
 So pale, 't would scarce have living seem'd,
 Had not the eyes, which darkly gleam'd
 Beneath their lashes long and light,
 With almost frenzy's brightness burn'd.
 The hair too, with its ringlets bright,
 That wanton in their richness stream'd
 Adown those features finely moulded,
 And thickly o'er the shoulders folded,
 Gave the slight form, on which it fell,
 A wildness inexpressible.

And here is another, close by it.

Just at the entrance of a wood,
 Whose giant trees, for ages, rearing
 Their weather-beaten forms, had stood,
 Unalter'd but in leaves, nor fearing
 The changes wrought in all things round,
 When swept by Time's sirocco wings,
 From nations and their sceptred kings
 E'en to the lowly ground,
 Had JUAN stopp'd when first the sound
 Forc'd by the hoofs of the Page's steed
 Had rush'd on the ear.

W. There; I do not think you have so good an instance of onomatopœia in all your poems, as that:

*Forc'd by the hoofs of the Page's steed
Had rush'd on the ear.*

A. Be it so ; but that is but a grace ; and, besides, it is fairly balanced by the deformity of *Time's sirocco wings*, which, you will allow, is an extravagance worthy of the best follower of Mrs. HEMANS. However,

From hindrance freed,
They now continue their darksome way ;
For the forest excluded the light of day,
Save where a tint of purple, trac'd
By evening on the yellow sky,
Was seen through the lattice interlac'd
By the boughs of the trees which met on high ;
And not a sound broke the stillness round,
Save the horses' tread on the harden'd ground,
Falling with measur'd energy.
But see ! a silvery light is dancing
Amid the leaves ; and now, 't is glancing
Its mellow lustre on branch and bough ;
Now shown still wider ; and wider ; and now
The forest is pass'd, and the camp is seen,
Glowing in sudden and brilliant sheen ;

Sheen ; bah !

For the moon is up, and on every tent
Her beautiful light is ungrudgingly sent,
Half throwing in brightness, and half in shade.
How grand on their sheeted forms it play'd !
So pale, so cold ! but it blaz'd, where it fell
On the polish'd arms of the sentinel.

W. Well, what fault have you to find with these ?

A. None, other than I have found already : they rather please me. But, without affectation, they are still puerile, — merely pretty.

W. Go on. If I remember right, the first canto is not the best of the three, and you are now through it.

A. With your leave, I will jump the whole of the second. You will thus have the two ends. Here is some more prettiness.

Thus felt the bold, as onward they trod
The lessening length of their darksome road.

The feathery-footed Hour flew
 With hurricane speed ; for now in view
 She caught the top of the goal at last,
 Which promis'd her toiling should soon be past ;
 Three quarters were finish'd, and O, how fast !
 Fast ? Yes, to the careless ; but not to those, *etc.*

And again, on the opposite page.

Slumber her velvet fingers laid
 On the twinkling lids of Moorish eyes,
 One moment with angel smile survey'd
 Her beautiful deed, then upward fled
 To tell her Maker beyond the skies
 His will of mercy had been obey'd.
 Then came on tiptoe the fairy Dreams,
 So seldom known when sunshine gleams,
 And having hid in their bosom's fold
 The souls of the sleepers, — *and so on.*

What girl could not write like this ?

W. Why, not every one ; for it is pretty, as you yourself allow ; and prettiness is something.

A. True, for a woman, but not for a man ; and I am endeavouring, you know, to prove to you that the poem is *puerile*, and *commonplace*, — otherwise, of the same class with much of the popular poetry of the day.

W. But you have not done it yet : there is other stuff in that canto, — or I am growing old. Where is the part about death ?

A.

To die, as men before have dy'd
 By men condemn'd, in darksome cell,
 Nought by, in which life e'er did dwell,
 Save the cold slimy things that play
 About that shuddering mass of pride,
 Ere long, for many a festal day,
 To be their unresisting prey,
 And nothing that hath life beside ;
 To feel the strength fast ebb away ;
 To have no human being near
 To raise the cold, damp, drooping head,
 No fond, regretting friend to shed
 That sweetest balm, a tear ;
 Nought but those echoing walls to hear

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Nature's last, feeble, rattling cry ;
 And, worst of all, to know when dead
 No tongue shall whisper of his fame,
 But there his bones shall whitening lie,
 When from them worms have banqueted,
 Unknown e'en by a human name :
 O God, 't is horrid thus to die !
 Such death indeed is agony.

Or, mid the depth of lonely night,
 Upon a dark, and desart sea,
 Seen by the cursed smiling light
 Of stars that mock your misery,
 With nothing but an oar to keep
 The frame still buoyed on the deep ;
 Aloud for human help to cry,
 And know such help may never be ;
 To feel the mouth and throat grow dry
 With passion's fierce intensity,
 The fingers gradually lose
 What little strength they may have left,
 Then suddenly, of all bereft
 In one, wild, desperate grasp, refuse
 Their stiffen'd, horridly firm hold ;
 And then, to feel the glad sea fold
 Its cold pall over you ; to hear
 The bubbling wave as down you sink,
 The last of sounds your ear shall drink ;
 To feel poor Nature struggling yet,
 Struggling for air she cannot get, —
 The pang, the gasp, when death is met, —
 Horrid, to fancy life thus quit !

Lone deaths like these the bravest even fear.

But, mid the battle's madd'ning strife,
 With thousands round to see us die,
 To hear with echoing swell on high,
 As drops the last sand of our life,
 The shouts which tell of victory,
 That victory we fondly feel
 Is owing to our own brave deed ;
 To have brave men around us kneel
 With look of pale anxiety,
 And moist'ning eye to see us bleed ;
 To know when pulse no more may beat
 That fame shall blossom o'er our graves,
 That many a comrade's faltering breath
 Shall sigh remembrance of our worth ;

Who would not rather die such death
 Than linger on, amid the dearth
 Of every generous sense, replete
 With all our meaner nature craves ?
 To die such death is surely sweet ;
 The moment when our glory shows
 In brightest colors, as the Sun,
 Most beauteous when his course is done,
 At parting o'er the horizon throws
 The richest, loveliest of his hues.

W. What say you to that ?

A. One swallow does not make a spring.

W. No, but I think I see the tip of the wings of one or two
 more.

A. You must let the nest then fly, yourself.

W. With all my heart. Give me the manuscript.

'T is glorious, when the loud drums rattle,
 When trumpets echo trumpets' bray,
 When champing steeds impatient neigh,
 When air-woo'd banners gaily stream,
 And arms flash back the sun's fierce gleam,
 To deck us for the feast of battle.
 Then boils the maddening pulse, beats high
 The pulse in frenzy's ecstasy.

A. *Frenzy's ecstasy!* Hum ! rather extravagant for the occasion.

W. *Tais-toi.*

We join. Whose thought is then upon life,
 As he presses forward on dead and dying,
 Nor cares for the friends beneath him lying,
 Glutted and drunk with the fury of strife ?
 Who at such moment e'er pauses to think,
 Till limbs exhausted beneath him sink,
 Or rampart is taken, or foeman shrink,
 Till victors are weary'd, and vanquish'd fly,
 And the shout of the battle gives place to the cry
 Of the wounded wretches, that pray but to die ?
 It is only then, yes, only then,
 That Reason flits back to her nest again.

But when no rivalling trumpets bray,
 No loud drums rattle, no banners play,
 Nor armor glistens, nor war-steeds neigh,

When silent the shouting, and soft is the tread,
 And the few words needed are whispered,
 When we scarce may distinguish the face of friend
 By the sickly light on our pathway shed,
 As sily in darkling route we wend,
 Gazing for sign, and list'ning for sound
 Of foeman's foot on the treacherous ground,
 As the tiger skulks till his prey be found, —
 Then the heart indeed throbs, and the pulse runs high,
 But not with a similar ecstasy;
 And the breath, *and so on*.

A. There; are you contented?

W. Not yet. There is the fire, which you know must particularly please a citizen of NEW YORK.

But, with that quick yet active glance
 Which fear may oft alone supply,
 He saw, — he turn'd him from such sight, —
 The outer tents one mass of light
 Far flashing to the sky;
 And by the blaze, so fiercely bright, —
 Save where, as fast the flames advance,
 The smouldering ruin, closely pent,
 With sullen roaring suddenly broke,
 Hurling up cinders and reddening smoke,
 From the shrinking walls of receding tent, —
 He saw some desperate wretches stand,
 Half-naked, against their armed foes,
 Others, not even with weapon in hand,
 Struggling madly 'midst merciless blows;
 He saw the sever'd fingers unclose
 Their bloody grasp from the foeman's brand,
 While loudly their dying yells arose,
 Mix'd with the groaning of those who writhe
 Mid the torturing flames into which they are sent,
 As they fall like grass by the mower's scythe.
 They seem'd most like a demoniac band
 Rioting in their own element.

Now, after the fire.

A. By the Lord, no! Put your engine up. — Now, are you convinced?

W. Of what?

A. Of what I told you; that I myself, "in my youth's summer," had written in the commonplace style?

W. Hardly, by what has been read.

A. But they were positively the best parts. You would have it so. Contrast them with any passage of the romance I wrote the third year afterward ; what a difference !

W. Do you mean the composition you endeavoured to have published in LONDON ?

A. Yes. To show what I call, even of my own writing, verses that befit a man, I must be indulged with reading you some stanzas.

W. You will delight me ; it is ten years since I saw the poem, and I do not recollect it near so well as the other.

A. Let us take the first stanzas. You will find something different from the trivial picture that opens the other.

Not to the crowd, (that animated clay !
Whose span of life is measur'd but by time,)
Which, plodding onward in one beaten way,
Deems musing folly, and romance a crime ;
Not to the cold, whose wishes never climb,
Chain'd to the limits of their little sphere, —
Who, mean in boyhood, crafty in their prime,
Measure their man by what he makes a year ;
O not to these I sing ! *their* wisdom speaks not here.

Nor yet to those, who, rear'd with careful hand,
Watch'd while they woke, and cradled in repose,
Their infant virtues foster'd to expand,
And vices check'd the moment they arose,
Proud of their strength, proclaim themselves stern foes
To all whose hearts seem less devoutly given,
Careless what waves the drowning wretch oppose,
By what doubts toss'd, what circumstances driven ; —
I am a man of sin, no spotless child of Heaven !

No, not to these. But 't is to thee I sing,
Lov'd of my youth ! companion of my age !
What though no crimes their blighting shadows fling
Across thy brow, no storms of passion rage,
Nor cares, ally'd with disappointment, wage
Their slow but fatal battle, in thy heart,
Yet thou, alas, art in life's early stage,
And soon must youth's romantic visions part,
Like mists, before thine eyes, — *I* once was what thou art.

Scarce twenty summers yet for thee have smil'd,
 Thee, whom, a babe, I dandled on this knee ;
 And who, to look upon thy light step wild,
 Thy cheek's soft bloom, and smile of sunny glee,
 Would deem the eye one spot within might see,
 Dark seed of future ill ! Say, is unknown
 All anguish to thy breast ? does Sorrow flee
 The sunshine of thy soul, and thine alone ?
 Then listen to my tale, and make its scenes thine own.

O, ever is their envied lot unblest,
 Unblest though envy'd, (such may soon be thine,)
 Whom partial Genius singles from the rest,
 To pine while pleasing, shiver while they shine !
 Though not its state, its misery has been mine ;—
 To have my actions watch'd by prying eyes,
 My thoughts all wrong'd, to brook the taunt malign,
 The shrug, the start, the sneer that never dies,
 Deep rankling in the soul, from creatures I despise.

I tell thee (mark me !) not the loathliest ills,
 That in this prison-house of life I 've borne,
 E'er wrought such pain, no venom'd drop distils
 From Memory's fount, where man but drinks to mourn,
 So fell to peace, as one curse, which has worn,
 And wears e'en now, my blighted heart around :
 God keep thee from its fang ! thy spirit torn
 No more shall fly, — Time cannot heal such wound, —
 But drag its useless wings, low fluttering on the ground.

Such is the curse of *misconstruction* ! such
 The pangs in life obscure its stroke may bring.
 Yet feel the proud its bitterness as much :—
 See on the bard yon bastard critic fling
 His venom'd rheum ! lo, where he thrusts his sting,
 Pointed with ignorance, and dipp'd in spleen ! —
 Ah me, my muse ! turn back thy wandering wing,
 Nor crow-like hover o'er a prey so mean,
 My tale yet unbegun, unpictur'd yet one scene.

There, whatever else may be said of these stanzas, no one can call them commonplace.

W. Nor am I sure they would the other verses. You are too hard upon them.

A. On my own offspring ? That would be indeed a mira-

cle. No, I insist upon it, that if a few faults should not condemn a poem, neither may a few excellencies reprove it. The Romance, I still say, is puerile. The very length, to which even its best passages are spun out, should convince you of that. But I say likewise, to bring us back to our subject, that it is in the fashion of the day, and would suit it.

W. Perhaps better than your later poems.

A. It shall never come out, for all that. The necessity of shaving every morning would else be a constant reproach to me.

W. How so?

A. Dunce! By reminding me of my manhood. What do you suppose the hair grows on a man's cheek for, except to warn him to cast away childish things? Why, one such epigram as that on W—BB(1) is worth fifty such poems. They would, no doubt, do credit to — — —, make the fortune of — — —, immortalize — — —, and throw into a life-long ecstasy — — —; but for a poet not emasculated they are poor stuff, the commonplaces, and the lullaby melody of a puerile or feminine fancy, and of a muse yet practising her gamut. But you shake the head.

W. I should not, if it were only to me that you talked in this fashion; for with me it cannot harm you. But it is just so you discourse to the public; and you may depend upon it, ERNEST, that the way to win their favor is not to ridicule their

(1) The present occasion is as good as any other to mention, that the substitution of dashes and isolated letters for certain names in this volume is entirely owing to the publishers. On my reading to them the epigram above mentioned, they remonstrated earnestly upon the insertion of the full style of the subject it handles, and finally, though they had already accepted the work, declined positively its publication, unless the objectionable appellation should be put into a state more in keeping with its owner's understanding. Of course, I thereupon declared that the names of editors of less prominent "combative-ness" should undergo a similar eviration; and eventually I extended the excision to the *nomina*, *prænomena*, and *cognomina*, of every other person actually resident in this country. The reader will think of this mutilation what he pleases: it is a nicety, which, however I have been the operator, I do not understand.

tastes. Do you remember what is said to have befallen the *Misanthrope* of MOLIÈRE, one of the masterpieces of French comedy? You have on your shelves a copy of that poet. Will you permit me to take it down?

A. Certainly. That is BRET's edition.

W. The very one I want. And here is the passage. "La tradition nous apprend," . . . But you must let me translate it to you; for I have no desire that you should mark my accent. Moreover, says M. BRET, *tradition teaches us that the Sonnet of ORONTES, written in the style of the petty verses which at that time were making reputations for the Ménages, the Cotins, the Montreüils, &c., &c., &c., had unluckily pleased the pit, and that the shame of having bestowed its approbation on such follies, indisposed it against the work of MOLIÈRE.* There is your lesson. You may count, for your certain enemies, all the admirers of — — —, and of — — —, of — — —, and of — — — — —; and they will be nine out of ten of your readers.

A. But this ill-judged fashion, to which they have enslaved themselves, cannot last for ever.

"Che la fortuna che tanto s'aspetta
Le poppe volgerà u' son le prore,
Sì che la classe correrà diretta;
E vero frutto verrà dopo 'l fiore." (1)

W. Yes, and in the mean time you remain — with Dante to console you. What has been the result of the publication of the *Vision*?

A. Well questioned. You have asked the publishers for *their* account of it, and those "worthy men" (as a bird of their feather called them,) have never deigned to answer you (2):

(1) For Fortune, in her galley, long expected,
The poop will turn where now the prow is leading,
So that the fleet will run the course directed;
And a true fruit the flower will be succeeding.

DANTE. *Par.* xxvii., at the close.

(2) It is with a sense of degradation, that I make this complaint public; but I threatened my dishonest publishers to expose them; and I keep my promises to pay of whatever sort.

you do well to call for mine, which no one should know better than yourself. Result? For all the advantage I have received from my poem, my dear W——, I might prefix my picture to it, with a fig in my hand, like the author of the *Rape of the Bucket*. (1)

W. Yet you will continue it?

A. Certainly. Have you known me so long, and do you ask? What have I to repent of, I, in a poem where there is but one place in which I can accuse myself of having said too much?

W. And which is that?

A. Where I have spoken of the Rector of St. ———. A mere defect of pronounciation, however displeasing, and however justly censurable in a pulpit orator, should not have been noticed so publicly, and with such contemptuous sarcasm. This one particular has been to me a cause of frequent self-reproach. Yet even here, though I have sinned against propriety, I have not offended justice. How many satirists can boast as much? What then should make me desist? Not the clamor of my enemies?

W. No, but the neglect of your friends; I mean of the public at large.

A. You say well; for friends I have few, or none. And of the public at large, that is, of the reading public, can you say how many of them are not inimical?

“Cum sibi quisque timet, quanquam est intactus, et odit.” (2)

No, neither neglect nor clamor can make me drop my purpose; though the first has been able to suspend it, as is seen in the fragment appended to my new essay in rhymes.

(1) In the Modenese edition of 1744, a copy of which I have the good fortune to possess, there is a portrait of TASSONI, fronting his *Life* by MURATORI. The poet holds a fig in his right hand; and an inscription under the medallion tells us, with a melancholy facetiousness, that it was *the reward of a long labor*: “Dextera cur fœcum, quæris, mea gestet inanem? Longi operis merces hæc fuit. Aula dedit.”

(2) Since for himself each one fears, though untouch'd by the lash, and detests you.

HOR. *Serm.* ii. S. 23.

W. And was it there appended for that purpose?

A. Yes; and to show that the *Vision* was not a mere lampoon, as falsely represented, but what it was advertised to be, a regular mock-heroic poem, having a prescribed plot, and proceeding, by regular steps, to a prescribed conclusion. After the publication of *Arthur Carryl*, I shall continue the satire, and the Fifth Canto, when completed, shall publish with my name, and thus assume, in my proper person, a responsibility which I had hoped that better success would have enabled me to take at once.

W. But, excuse me, ERNEST, why should you prefer to run tilt against the public, when, without truckling in the least, you could abandon satire for awhile, and appeal to its favor in some gentler way.

A. Because,

"Vo' uscir di giorno, e sol per forza d' arme;
Che per ogni altro modo obbrobrio parme." (1)

Besides, have I not appealed as you say? What are the rhymes I am about to issue but such an appeal? But, by the by, you have not yet told me: what do you think of them?

W. It is a hard question to answer, and, I think, an unfair one to put. If I praise them you will think I flatter; and to censure them, supposing I were prepared to do so, would be rude.

A. But do you think they will be successful?

W. That, though not so nice a question, is nearly as difficult. If variety will give them reputation, yes. But...

A. Well; out with it: I am no Archbishop of Grenada, as you know.

W. O, neither am I Gil Blas. I am not going to find fault with your Eminence's compositions, as falling off from previous efforts; I see no touch of apoplexy. In plain words, you

(1) By my own strength, and in the light of day,
I would succeed, nor take a meaner way.

Orl. Fur. xx. 77.

have told, in part of them, such unpleasant truths, — in that *Epistle to Satan*, for instance . . .

A.

“Poichè la carità del natio loco
Mi strinse.” (1)

W. Very fine. But did you ever know affection to afford a sufficient plea for frankness, — with anybody? Well then, how do you suppose it will answer any better with a community of persons?

A. But what if I am willing to abide the consequences?

W. I have nothing further to say. *Contra audentior*. 'T is the motto on your seal.

A. But was first engraven on my heart, I thank Heaven and the conjunction of my parents. Yes, *contra audentior* (2). “The gods forbid,” said *SOCRATES*, “that I should be silent, when my fellow-citizens prove so clearly how much they still need that I should speak.”

W. Ha, ha! if you be turning sage already, without a wrinkle, I have done. And *Socrates* too! with roses on your table, and your feet in velvet slippers! Look on that standish: a little bronze Cupid, holding an inkstand in one hand, and pointing with the other over his shoulder, to a quiver filled with — pens! Had pens and inkstands been in fashion in old *ATHENS*, would *SOCRATES* have used such an implement? Bah! you only want a gray beard, or a bald pate, like the *Abbé CHAULIEU* (3), and you would make a better *Anacreon*. *Socrates*! One will hear next of his grandmother's turning *Sappho*!

(1) For that affection for my native place
Constrain'd me.

DANT. *Inf.* xiv. 1.

(2) Part of a passage in the sixth *Æneid*:

“Tu ne cede malis; sed contra audentior ito
Quam tua te fortuna sinet.”

*Yield not to evils thou; but strive to breast them,
Even in the face of Fortune.*

(3) A poet, and contemporary of *VOLTAIRE*'s, called, by an equivocal panegyric, the *Anacreon of the Temple*.

A. *Ah ! mauvais plaisant que tu es !* I 'll brain thee with this pineapple.

W. Thank you, that would not be so pleasant as a *lady's fan* ; and my pineal gland has no occasion of being reminded of its godparent.

A. O, the devil ! If you take to quibbling, I am vanquished ; for I can punish you for one bad pun only by giving you a worse one ; and that I fear would set you to repining. There ! let that choke you : or, wash it down with this remaining glass of claret. But, pitching my *Epistle* to—its destination, tell me what you think of my *Novel*.

W. Of *Arthur* ? Hum !

A. What, not like it ?

W. I did not say that. Why, there too, you must be strewing, every now and then, your satire, though indeed more sparingly. That poor nightingale of Arcadia, your "ass of asses," you must give him more than one sly blow in passing.

A. Where 's the harm ? his back will bear my packstaff. Do you think he will get nearer the crown of the highway for all that ?

W. No ; for "though thou shouldst bray a fool in a mortar, yet will not his foolishness depart from him ;" or, what is more to the point, *À laver la tête d'un âne on y perd sa lessive* (1). But are you not afraid that people will think you have an actual fit of the Stone ?

A. Not at all ; for it is very easy to distinguish between the pleasantry of easy contempt and the execration forced by suffering ; and there is no one of common judgment who will not perceive that it is my own amusement that calls forth my sarcasms, and not the twinges of any particular disorder. *Stone !* I am afraid you are gravel-blind that you cannot see the difference.

W. Allowing this, you will suffer the imputation of malice ; for, though sport to you, your sarcasms are death to the hearts

(1) French proverb. *To wash the head of an ass is to lose one's lye.*

of your victims. The world, ERNEST, will say you are revengeful.

A. Let them. They will one day find the contrary. Did the world ever do justice to a living man's character. But for you, W——, you who know what I have endured, and what I do endure at this moment, without complaining, though I need but raise my hand to crush at a single blow my ungrateful and most treacherous assailant, for you, my friend, to believe *me* revengeful! . . .

W. I do not, I do not, ERNEST. I spoke but to warn you of what the world, — the world, for whose good opinion you are toiling, — what *it* would think.

A. And I say again; let it. You know the circumstances which made and make me notice what at any other time I should despise. In a man of established reputation, to pay regard to ignorant censure or to mendacious malice, would be mere frenzy, or the spleen of a woman; but I am and have been differently situated, as the world will one day know as surely as yourself, and for me to disregard it, or to wait till it evaporated, would be cowardice.

"E saria la matura tarditate,
Che in altri è provvidenza, in noi viltate." (1)

But come, let alone BALAAM's teacher, and his congeners. What say you to my verse?

W. I have noticed a peculiarity in certain of the rhymes.

A. What? why, I pique myself upon precision there! Any thing but that, and I'll forgive you.

W. But I do not say that you are wrong in the peculiarity; which is this. It is the custom of all other poets, that rhyme in English, to make such words as end in *a* unaccented accord with *gray, way, play*, and the like; but you, by a bold innovation, make *a* rhyme with *er*, as in the following examples, which I can recall:

(1) And the deliberation, which would be
In others foresight, were foul shame in me.

TASSO. *G. L.* v. 6.

"Hence travell'd swains would whisper, gazing on her,
In graphic rapture, ' *Cristo! a Madonna!*' "

"He was a chevalier, hatch'd in *Colonna*,
And wore the riband of the cross of honor."

And where you use the Italian word *principessa*, in the same canto ;

"Such lot *BIANCA* found. Heaven seem'd to *bless* her,
That serv'd an angel like the *principessa*."

So in that madrigal, which is such a favorite of mine:

"Come, little image of *Calista!*
And, leaning o'er the babe, I *kiss'd* her."

A. And who is right? With which sound has the final *a*, when short and unaccented, most affinity; with long and accented *a*; or with *er*, with *or* (sounded as *ur*), and the like? *Madonna*, for example, cannot, without the grossest impropriety be sounded *Madónnay*, still less *Madónnáy*; its sound, in English, is almost perfectly that which I make it. Why, the very placards which you noticed in the street, sometime ago, might tell you that. You there saw announced the opera of *Norma* burlesqued with the title of *Mrs. Normer*, and *La Gazza Ladra* converted into *Cat's in the Larder*. How was this buffoonery managed, if the English pronunciation of words ending in *a* unaccented, whether vernacular or foreign, did not assimilate the sounds?

W. True. I remember, also, seeing on the railings of the Park in Broadway, about the same time, a long board whereon the proprietor of a cosmorama had announced his show with its name spelled *cosmoramer*. But are not these vulgar sounds?

A. Ask yourself. Pronounce *cosmorama*, if you can, correctly, without giving such a sound to the final *a*, that it would require good ears for a foreigner to distinguish it from *er*. You certainly would not sound it as *a* final in *papa*, nor as *a* in *huzza*. Why, your very language, my dear W——, in stating the question, is proof against you; for how can "*a* unaccented," rhyme with *a* accented, *idea* with "*gray, way, play*"?

W. I believe that you are right. But you have all the world of versifiers against you.

A. That will not make me less right. I remember too that the rhyme of *Rubeta* with *Peter* you demurred at. You said, the *r* in *Peter* was heard; and I answered, do you recollect what?

W. That it certainly was, but very slightly; without the roughness which is heard in *r* initial, as in *rose*, or in *r* mediate, as in *arrow*; and that the *a* in *Rubeta* would receive in English pronunciation a corresponding sound of *r*, as though it were spelled *Rubeter*.

A. Just. And I might have told you, that though misled by fashion you criticized that rhyme, you would never have hesitated to accord *Peter* with *beat her*, or *neater* with *treat her*; yet there an aspirate would intervene. Now I have, in *Arthur Carryl*, used, for the sake of the innovation, the rhymes whose novelty surprised you. *Colonna*, for example, was sought out to rhyme with *honor*, not *honor* found for *Colonna*. But it is not wonderful that you should find such a barbarism in English verse, as this supposed accord of the short *a* final with *gray*, and the like, when there is scarcely a poet that makes any of his double rhymes more accurate. The whole object seems to be to rhyme in the penultima, which is the accented syllable; and the other is made to be of no consequence. I could give you a volume of examples, but let us take some few at random. Here is *Byron*. In *Beppo*, we have *jealous* rhyming with *Othello's* and *fellows*: and, what is particularly in point, *polacca* rhyming with *tobacco*, (*tobacco* being always pronounced *tobacker* by the vulgar.) Then, in *Don Juan*, we have *children* rhyming with *bewildering*, *new one* with *Juan*, *problem* with *ennoble 'em*, *nothing* with *doting* and *both in*. But to multiply more instances from the vagabond, but healthy and vigorous, and witty muse of *BYRON* would be superfluous. Let us turn to *Swift*. Here, in two successive couplets, are *picking* with *chicken*, and *tell us* with *fellows*; here, *bubbling*

with *Dublin*. But what will you say to this instance from a living poet, no less than gentle Campbell himself: *Erin* with *repairing*? which, you see, is rather worse than that of *robin* with *sobbing* in the nursery chant of *Cock Robin*.

W. This licentious kind of rhyme is, if I mistake not, in some degree sanctioned by the orthoepist WALKER, who, in the preface to his *Pronouncing Dictionary*, would make it appear, that the final consonant in many of the participles ending in *ing* is suppressed by the politest speakers.

A. I know not how that may be in ENGLAND, but with us it is considered, and justly, a mark of vulgarity. However, here is POPE himself. You see he brings *Hellen* and *compelling* into unison.

W. That is an unfortunate instance, ERNEST; for you yourself have made *dwelling* rhyme with *Ellen*, in one of your odes.

A. Yes, to my regret. I had the couplet thus:

“And o’er the dewy heather
We took our way together;”

but actually being ignorant whether *heather* could possibly suit the locality of the poem, I was compelled to admit a barbarism that is sanctioned by usage; it being better to offend in rhyme than in reason.

W. But there is a bolder innovation still, which you have made in rhymes.

A. Eh? What? *Mirtenbaum*?

W. Yes, you put that name in consonance with *storm*. I recollect the lines:

“And her large eyes grew black with threaten’d storm
To Baron MAXIMILIAN MIRTENBAUM.”

A. I do so, because I suppose that *Mirtenbaum* will be pronounced by every reader as if the last syllable were written *bawm*; just, in fact, as you have done it this very moment. Now will you please to sound *storm* for me by itself? not as an IRISHMAN, nor as an ITALIAN, but as a well-bred inhabitant of LONDON, or as an AMERICAN would give it. There! Can

you tell me what difference there is between this *orm* and *awm*? You cannot; for you cannot, without effort, make the difference perceptible, in a moderately quick enunciation. It is a difference rather for the eye than for the ear; and I defy a foreigner to detect any want of unison between *aw* and *or*, except they be pronounced with an effort that is intended to mark the distinction, or except an *IRISHMAN*, or a *SCOTCHMAN*, or a native of the north of *ENGLAND* be the speaker. That I have not used such a rhyme from necessity is evident from the fact that the name is one of mere fancy, and that I could have accommodated the gallant Baron with any other title than that significative of the plant of Venus.

W. But now I think of it, you have also made *Chaucer* rhyme with *coarser*.

A. That is true. And the very fact that I was not aware of having done so, shows you how very nearly perfect must be the accord. But suppose, for argument, that the rhyme be really defective; how its deformity will shrink before the greater unshapeliness of such as these which I will show you from eminent poets. *BYRON* has *any ill* in unison with *spaniel*, (making the latter a trisyllable,) *ideal* and *real* with *steal* (making *steal* a dissyllable, or converting the two former words into monosyllables.)

W. But *BYRON*, one of the most irregular and incorrect of poets, can hardly be expected to deviate into order and rule in his rhymes, especially in his comic poems.

A. No; but in his version of *DANTE's Francesca*, which is nowise comic, except in its rudeness, we have, in the very first tercet, *seas* rhyming with *peace*, as though this were pronounced like *pease*, the vegetable. Let us then take up the most correct of all English poets, and the most classical. This, I need not say, is *POPE*. You will find that his serious as well as his lighter compositions are not free from such defects. Here, in the *Essay on Criticism*, is *delight* in consonance with *wit*, and again, *light* with the same. Then in the *Essay on*

Man, we have *sincere* with *where*, *cowl* with *fool*, and *succeeds* with *spreads*. GRAY too, in the *Long Story*, would have *clothing* rhyme with *nothing*, between which words there is clearly no accord whatever. But it were idle to pursue this subject. Have you no further consolation to extend to me?

W. On what? your poems? None. You know with *you*, "I am nothing if not critical." Therefore I must ask you, what necessity impels you to the publication of that fifteenth Epigram, and that other, which you call an Epitaph?

A. For the first, I will answer you as I did my publishers, (that are to be,) when on three several occasions they remonstrated with me upon the insertion of that piece. I see a person in the community who, from his quarrelsome disposition, has obtained an authority through the timidity or the prudence of the many, which it were a libel on humanity to say he could ever have gained by the solidity of his character or by the weight of his judgment. This man I had not only spared in the *Vision of Rubeta*, where so many of his betters, less deserving of a notice, were put upon the moral rack, but had even slightly commended (however injudiciously, as I soon discovered,) being induced thereto by a motive of fancied obligation which is known to you, and which at no distant day, will be explained to the public. How this forbearance, or direct kindness, has been requited, through mere bravade, I need not repeat to you, and the foot of my intended volume will testify to others. Now, besides the duty which I feel it to be mine to expose to contempt this person, if I can, I owe it to myself, that I should not be thought to make any distinction between those who do not openly bear weapons and those who thrust them occasionally in the very face of the community.

W. But that you have done in other places.

A. Mere by-blows. This is levelled full at him, and with all my force. Besides, would you have a poet's reason? I would not omit that epigram, as I told the Messrs. APPL——N, *alle lor concezioni mercantilesche il mio ragionamento adattando*,

if you would count me out a hundred dollars for every letter in it, and a thousand to boot for every line. It is my darling. Do you understand me?

W. And for this vanity . . . Excuse me.

A. Go on. Think you I am ashamed to hear my trade called by its name? What does a poet ever publish for, but vanity? for what is ambition?

W. Well, and for this ambition, you would . . .

A. Bah! no more. *Poco duri, purchè m'innalzi.* But, to sum up all that you and my publishers have to say on this, and other pieces like it in the volume, I tell you, that it is time that some one should assert, in this republic, the independence of opinion. Where is it to be found as yet? Where? Are there ten persons in this large city of New York that dare to say their right hand is their right, if the public press shall swear it is their left — as it is very likely to do? We are retrograding, W——; and the liberty of the press, which should be the bulwark of freedom, has confined that freedom to a single set, which makes a tyranny as oppressive to the mind, as the despotism of monarchs is to the body. We flourish indeed in wealth and in strength; we have bread to eat and clothes to put upon our back; but we dare not think: the public press proclaims its rash and ignorant opinions, and the people tamely echo them; and the great republic stands still, or totters to its centre, according as a plentiful meal or a political disappointment may satisfy the stomach or discompose the temper of its thousand tyrants. But I am getting warm. Let me read to you what a foreigner says of us. I copied it for the very purpose of one day citing the passage. “In AMERICA, the majority” . . . But first, you will please to bear in mind, that “the majority” receives its opinions ready-manufactured. It is therefore to *the public press* that you are to apply the language of Mr. DE TOCQUEVILLE.

“In AMERICA, the majority raises very formidable barriers to the liberty of opinion. Within these barriers, an author may write whatever he pleases; but he will repent it, if he ever step beyond them. Not

that he is exposed to the terrors of an auto-da-fé ; but he is tormented by the slights and persecutions of daily obloquy. His political career is closed for ever, since he has offended the only authority which is able to promote his success. Every sort of compensation, even that of celebrity, is refused to him. *Before he published his opinions, he imagined that he held them in common with many others ; but no sooner has he declared them openly, than he is loudly censured by his overbearing opponents, whilst those who think, without having the courage to speak, like him, abandon him in silence.'*

W. One would think, that the writer were describing your very case, ERNEST.

A. True : the words fit none so well. But, so far, the picture they present is that of the fortune which attends on truth in all ages, and under all forms of government ; for what says the moral poet ?

"Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land ?
All fear, none aid you, and few understand." (1)

But to continue :

"He yields at length, oppressed by the daily efforts he has been making, and he subsides into silence, as if he was tormented by remorse for having spoken the truth."

W. That, at least, is not you.

A. Nor ever will be, till the grave shall cover me.

"Monarchical institutions have thrown an odium upon despotism : let us beware lest democratic republics should restore oppression, and should render it less odious and less degrading in the eyes of the many, by making it still more onerous to the few.

"Works have been published in the proudest nations of the Old World, expressly intended to censure the vices and deride the follies of the times. LABRUYÈRE inhabited the palace of LOUIS XIV. when he composed his chapter upon the Great, and MOLIERE criticized the courtiers in the very pieces which were acted before the court. But the ruling power in the UNITED STATES is not to be made game of ; the smallest reproach irritates its sensibility, and the slightest joke which has any foundation in truth renders it indignant ; from the style of its language to the more solid virtues of its character, every thing must be made the subject of encomium. No writer, whatever his eminence can escape from this tribute of adulation to his fellow-citizens. The majority lives in the perpetual practice of self-applause ; and there are certain truths which the AMERICANS can only learn from strangers, or from experience.

(1) *Essay on Man*, iv. 265.

"If great writers have not at present existed in AMERICA, the reason is very simply given in these facts ; *there can be no literary genius without freedom of opinion*, and freedom of opinion does not exist in AMERICA."

There, what think you of that ?

W. Truth, every word, in the application you have made of it. But did you mark the consequences predicted for the man who dares to oppose this worst of tyrannies ?

A. Yes ; and I have told you a thousand times, that I am prepared to meet them. I live for no other purpose.

W. And you may die for it.

A. Amen, so I shall die free. Liberty can never write upon my grave, *Recreant*, as she could on that of many a poet, nor Truth that little word which might be the pithy epitaph of nine hundred and ninety-nine tombstones out of every thousand.

W. Dear ERNEST, pardon me. I was but jesting.

A. And I was pharisaical. But, to finish at once this egotism : — Did you ever hear of the *chigre* ? It is a species of sand-flea in the WEST INDIES. The minute insect inserts itself beneath the skin of the thumbs, or of the toes, and there deposits its innumerable eggs. If the cyst thus formed be not at once extirpated, the part swells, and ulcerates, and the sufferer may be crippled for life. Such is the commencement and the growth of every evil. Already has a prolific source of mischief burrowed deeply into the literary, moral, and political systems of our republic. I stand ready to perform the needful operation.

W. And you will receive for recompence only the kicks and cries of your patient.

A. And the scurrilous abuse of his mercenary attendants, whose interest it is to keep him groaning. However, do not be alarmed, my most prudent friend ; there will be no actual cutting for the present. The satirical parts of my new volume will not amount, as you must have seen, to more than a third,

I should think, of the whole ; and even of that much is occasional, and it occurs at considerable intervals.

W. And it is on that account, as well as from the variety of the work, that I anticipate for it a greater popularity than has attended the *Vision*.

A. Amen !

“ Se mai continga che *poeme questi*

* * * *

Vincon la *niquità* che fuor mi serra
Del bello ovile ov' io dormii agnello,
Nimico a' lupi che li danno guerra,
Con altra voce omai, con altro vello
Ritornèrò poeta.” . . . (1)

W. And amen to that ! for I know to what you allude. — But I have sat out the day, ERNEST, and have finished your claret.

A. And what then ? If that be all that drives you off, we can have lights, and there in the hearth is the other bottle, — which, by the by, you have made me quite forget.

W. O thank you. Do you know that I have been here two good hours ?

A. Yet, how short the time has seemed ! at least to me. — And even so brief — will appear the fame for which I labor, supposing that I should obtain it. See, my friend, the clouds have lost their lovely colors, and the whole horizon is mixing into one, the birds have long since ceased their song, the very breeze has died away, and the flowers are no longer distinguishable in shape or in tint from the commonest weeds that grow.

W. Yes, but far west, ERNEST, in the world far west, the sun is yet high in heaven, perhaps has but begun his course,

(1) DANTE. *Par.* xxv., with a few verbal alterations : —

If it should ever chance, that *these my poems*

* * * *

O'ercome the *iniquity*, that doth me bar
From the fair fold where I a lamb did lie,
Foe to the wolves that make upon it war,
With other voice, and other fleece will I
A bard return . . .

birds are carolling as sweetly as your wrens, the selfsame breeze, or one as soft, may be wafting over other plants a similar coolness and as rich a fragrance, and other flowers, of hues as brilliant, be expanding their varied petals in the light they love. And then, dear ERNEST, has not the night its recompense, with its awful stillness, its solemn infinitude, and its stars that shine with a cool and steady splendor that we love to contemplate, a splendor that scorches not, nor makes us turn aside the gaze, but that satisfies without pain the admiration it invites, and that fills the heart with tenderness and with devotion?

A. True, true. And that night, my friend, that night is the immortality of the bard. Your poetry and your philosophy are better than my own.

W. With which reflection to encourage you, and to reward and flatter me, I leave you to your meditations. Think of the night, ERNEST, and lift up your gaze to the stars.

A. I must; I will; I do.

ARTHUR CARRYL.

A NOVEL.

. Far mi convien come fa il buono
Sonator sopra il suo strumento arguto,
Che spesso muta corda, e varia suono,
Ricerando ora il grave, ora l'acuto.

AR. *Orl.* VIII. 29.

CANTOS

FIRST AND SECOND.

CANTO FIRST.

D'andar subito in FRANCIA si dispone,

E così torna al porto

Onde uscendo fuori,

Verso CALESSIO fe' drizzar la prora.

AR. *Orl.* XXII. 8.

ARTHUR CARRYL.

A NOVEL.

CANTO FIRST.

I.

WERE I to rig my skiff like WORDSWORTH'S "boat," (1)
And BLACKWOOD'S medley make my chart in sailing, (2)
With pleasure would the people see me float,
And the rocks echo to their jocund hailing ;
H——y himself, (3) no doubt, my keel would note,
And swear I row'd when I was only bailing !

(1) Allusion to the childish story of *Peter Bell*, which Mr. WORDSWORTH'S fanatical disciples would have to contain so much mysterious beauty, and a moral that none but themselves can discover. The rhymes particularly alluded to, in the text, are those which have already been cited in the *Appendix* to the *Vision of Rubeta* :

"There 's something in a flying horse,
And something in a huge balloon ;
But through the clouds I 'll never float,
Until I have a *little boat*,
Whose shape is like the crescent moon."

(2) *Blackwood's Magazine* is well known to its readers to be of the most enthusiastic of the fakirs, who perform pirouettes, with a rag on their shoulders, in honor of WORDSWORTH'S poetic heresy and impostures.

(3) The editor (or was, when this was written,) of the *New-York Review*, a monstrous quarterly compilation, where the mon-

While ev'ry fool, from Fundy to Cape Sable,
Would find a magic in my poorest cable. (1)

II.

But, as the dullest miss, with pleasant skill,
May trace on velvet all the tribes of flow'rs,
Or color *rainbows, kittens, babes*, (2) at will,
Yet finds the passions quite beyond her pow'rs,
To chronicle the *teeth* of *Harry Gill* (3)
Is but the pothooks in this art of ours ;
And man's py'd soul more curious tints discloses,
Than ever beautify'd a bed of roses. (4)

grel English of Mr. CARLYLE, after the approved model of the *Edinburgh Magazine*, is the fit vehicle for such an opinion as sets Mr. WORDSWORTH in the higher class of poets, and denies to ALEXANDER POPE aught but mellifluous versification. The ignorance, dogmatism, and *Tom-of-Bedlam* fervor, which give such zest to the otherwise vapid contents of this American miscellany, are endeavoured to be marked in the succeeding line. The efforts to prevent a leaky craft from sinking would be easily mistaken, by such an observer, for the regular labor which maintains a proper vessel in progression.

(1) "There 's magic in the web of it." *Othello*, iii. 4.

(2) See for these things the admired *Lyrical Ballads* of Mr. WORDSWORTH. They are, in the opinion of his followers, the angels, men, and devils of their poetic Bonarroti.

(3) "In March, December, and in July,
'T is all the same with *Harry Gill* ;
The neighbours tell, and tell you truly,
His teeth they chatter, chatter still," &c.

WORDSWORTH. *Goody Blake*.

(4) The insignificance of descriptive when compared with epic or with moral poetry, and of course with all those kinds which

III.

Besides, I do not choose, where ——r sings,
 To try a note that would be sure to blunder ;
 And ——'s lyre has music in its strings
 To rival which would snap my chords asunder ;
 My muse is feather'd with a vulture's wings, —
 Rough-plum'd, but dreading neither rain nor thunder ;
 If not such strains as make the life-blood quicken,
 She chants no threnodies upon a chicken.

IV.

I am not, it is true, what N—H would make me,
 Yet not the worst since BARLOW's stilts were broken ;
 And, if my spirit should not all forsake me,
 I'll prove it, ere we part, by many a token.

partake more or less of the nature of these two, is readily illustrated by the image above given, taken from a sister art. How few well-educated men or women are there, at the present day, who cannot versify, where the subject of their muse is found in inanimate, or even in the mere external forms of animated nature. How very, very few, who can make us poetry on man, — man, I mean, in the various circumstances and relations, which arise from his implex character. The followers of PAUSIAS, of ANTIPHILUS, and of LUDIVS, are as the stars in multitude, all sparkling, though with different degrees of brilliancy ; they who have ventured to assume the pencil of APELLES and PARRHASIUS are rare indeed in the comparison ; and of this number how many can we count, whose efforts have sufficed to render them other than ridiculous ? It is even so in poetry. A thousand such poets as WORDSWORTH spring up in every age, the denizens of every clime. Has the whole world, since the date of ORPHEUS, given birth to ten like POPE ?

I left the Devil in Hell (pray don't mistake me !) (1)
 On purpose to relate what here is spoken, —
 The theme of this my mirthful, tearful poem,
 And rhythmic novel. But enough of proem.

V.

'T was ten o'clock, one sunny morn in May.
 The packet was prepar'd to start from DOVER.
 Restless, her hulk lay fast beside the quay,
 Round as a bowl, and black as any rover ;
 Not like our vapor-barges, I would say,
 Where one may live, do all but sleep, in clover ;
 But fitted for the frith whose name is written
 A different way in FRANCE from that in BRITAIN.

VI.

The passengers, save one, were all aboard,
 The baggage stow'd, the engine slowly heaving ;
 The hands but waited for the master's word
 To slip the fasts ; and every one was grieving
 Those minutes should be wasted few afford
 To lose from their existence when they 're leaving
 A wife or husband ; for, in moral rating,
 A minute is an age to him that 's waiting.

(1) See the specimen of the Fifth Canto of the *Vision*, which, at the close of this volume, is given for reasons mentioned in the Preface.

VII.

Hence many idlers, who consume whole days
In gaping 'twixt their morning's meal and dinner,
Grow economic, when a horse, or chaise,
Or mistress is behindhand. One lean sinner,
Who stood beneath the ladder, divers ways
Venting vexation, and seem'd wearing thinner
With spite, exclaim'd : " A valet ! so deliberate !
Why, damn him, this is more than inconsiderate ! "

VIII.

He said, as, coming at a lame dog's speed,
Appear'd the unconscious theme of observation ;
His best exertion at his utmost need.
Poor wretch deform'd ! he knew too well his station,
To keep his betters waiting ; and, indeed,
The big round drops that cours'd, without cessation,
Adown his pallid features, show'd him striving
To make up for lost minutes in arriving.

IX.

He saw, as he approach'd, the looks unkind,
Which all men, save his master, on him threw,
And thereat losing quite his cooler mind,
With fear of being left so troubled grew,
His feet became unsure, his eyes sandblind ;
He stumbled, fell, and in his fall o'erthrew
The man whose brow presag'd such stormy weather,
And both came prostrate on the deck together.

X.

It happen'd that the hunchback in his hand
 Held the small cause of this unblest delay, —
 A book ; which left upon his bedroom-stand,
 He 'd begg'd permission to retrace his way,
 (The inn being no great distance from the strand ;)
 Nor could the gentle ARTHUR say him nay.
 But FELIX found (no very rare vexation)
 The minutes far outstrip all calculation.

XI.

No common valet, as you soon shall know,
 Was FELIX ; and his book was worth the minding ;
 One of the rarest of that goodly row,
 Which have the fish and anchor next the binding ; (1)
 (See *Dibdin*, — page three-fifty-two, or so, (2) —
 Who tells you that the tract is hard of finding ;) *Senecæ Questionum Libri Septem.*
 He 'd bought 'em in Pall Mall, where EVANS (3) kept 'em.

XII.

In perfect order, gilt, and bound in calf,
 Without a stain, or flaw, within or out it :

(1) The well known mark of ALDUS.

(2) Of the second edition.

(3) An auctioneer, whose catalogues of books often comprise the rarest, as well as the most magnificent works to be found in LONDON.

'T was knock'd down to him at a pound and half ;
 Nor let the purchasers of *Keepsakes* (1) flout it ;
 The proverb says, that *he who wins may laugh*,
 And FELIX thought his whistle cheap, (who 'd doubt it ?)
 The night our modern Æsop got to DOVER,
 He took it to his bed, and ran it over.

XIII.

To lose this gem it would have broke his heart.
 (Your bookworm's grief is as a lover grieves.
 In rapture too he plays no sager part.)
 He finds his rose, and scarce his eye believes,
 Just where he 'd left it in his haste to start ;
 And lo ! his pencil still between the leaves, —
 To mark his place, the last book of the treatise,
 Where LUCIUS tells us something *De Cometis*.

XIV.

I said this volume, when the hunchback fell,
 Was in his hand. Its palm the leaves held tight.
 The pencil, still between them, sad to tell !
 Its sharpen'd point drove through one orb of sight,
 Of him who gasp'd beneath him. With a yell,
 The victim own'd the partial loss of light, —
 One minute, roll'd in anguish on the deck,
 The next, sprang up, and grasp'd the valet's neck.

(1) Where the pictures for the page atone,
 And fools are sav'd by merits not their own.

POPE (modified).

XV.

Then, had the struggle been between the foes,
Where nought but HEAVEN could see, or HELL might
hear,
Poor FELIX' day had found a sudden close ;
But many interfer'd there standing near.
Before the rest did CARRYL interpose,
And with an effort set the hunchback clear, —
Then calmly said, to him who 'd lost an eye,
“ No man shall touch my servant while I 'm by.

XVI.

“ To say I 'm shock'd at what has taken place
Would but insult your grief, nor suit with me ;
But I must tell you plainly, to your face,
You suffer punishment by just decree,
Who chose your birth and breeding to debase,
To gratify a mean malignity.
Had not your malice plac'd you where you stood,
You had not lost an eye, nor sham'd your blood.”

XVII.

Full on his censurer the censur'd cast
The fury of his widow'd eye, which gleam'd
Like to a coal that 's stirr'd by sudden blast,
While from the mangled orb a humor stream'd
Bedropp'd with gore ; and women stood aghast
To look on him, and little children scream'd.
Then from his lips these angry accents broke,
So loud, two men shrunk from him as he spoke : —

XVIII.

“ A second time, sir, you have cross’d my path,
 To put shame on me. Let it be no more !
 For, by high HEAVEN ! which knows my cause of wrath,
 You ’d better be ” and here he darkly swore.
 No word in any language power hath
 To express the smile which CARRYL’S features wore,
 As quietly he answer’d, “ If you care to
 There ’s FRANCE, you know I mean, sir, *If you*
dare to. ”

XIX.

He that hath touch’d a snail upon the horn,
 And seen the creature shrink within its shell,
 May image how the pale man’s wrath and scorn
 Sunk o’ the sudden, and his features fell.
 He seem’d to be the meekest creature born,
 And turn’d with head deject, and mutter’d “ Well ! ”
 But none knew why ; for ARTHUR, in compassion,
 Dropt in his ear the oil that smooth’d his passion.

XX.

Then aid was, such as might be, freely given.
 Though they that felt the most approach’d him not :
 Young ARTHUR and his man. The latter, driven
 With fury back, when venturing near the spot,
 Affected sullenness ; yet even HEAVEN
 Saw not his mind more clearly than, I wot,
 Did most that mark’d him, troubled and confounded,
 Turn stealthily his eyes on whom he ’d wounded, —

XXI.

As, sitting pensive down, the mast beside,
The face, disease had render'd wan, more pale,
His better nature struggling with the pride
Philosophy had taught without avail,
He watch'd, from time to time, the means apply'd
Refrigerant, and pray'd they might not fail.
He long'd to say, and told indeed his master,
That blindness need not follow the disaster.

XXII.

CARRYL, who knew that FELIX was well read
In more than one great branch of human learning,
Felt much relief'd by what the hunchback said,
And wasted on this score no more heart-burning ;
And FELIX fond, who would have given his head
To do him pleasure, did not venture turning
His thoughts to one more point of observation,
That gave his own try'd heart no small vexation.

XXIII.

But ARTHUR had observ'd, nor would accord
A care his haughty spirit bade him smother
To threaten'd ill. There chanc'd to be aboard
A man, the son of CARRYL's mother's brother.
This person (GRENVILLE SUTTON nam'd) was lord
Of a rich heritage, to which the other
(So all men thought, at least) should have succeeded,
Though, when their uncle's will was open'd, he did.

XXIV.

Yet of this uncle ARTHUR still had been
The favorite even to his dying hour ;
While GRENVILLE, striving more, could never win
The old man's heart. Attraction not the dow'r
Which Nature gave him, in his visage thin
There was a something that defy'd your pow'r
To say what made you shun it, when all there
Was smooth as summer lake, and seem'd as fair.

XXV.

Perhaps for that it was too like in look
A summer lake, in which you ne'er confide.
Men view without distrust the noisy brook ;
And when the torrent from the mountain's side
Comes tumbling down, who ever hath mistook
Its headlong power, and in mistake defy'd ?
But in the glassy lake are unknown deeps,
And storms brood o'er the surface while it sleeps.

XXVI.

This ere the aged uncle sunk to rest.
But when the cousin came to his estate,
And ARTHUR CARRYL to his small bequest,
The lake grew ruffled ; on its surface sate
Perpetual shade ; and CARRYL, once carest,
Was strangely shunn'd ; and then a sudden hate
Seem'd to spring up in GRENVILLE SUTTON's brain ;
For even to mention ARTHUR gave him pain.

XXVII.

Little car'd ARTHUR, frank and ardent-hearted,
For loss of friendship he had never priz'd.
He felt reliev'd the unequal yoke had parted,
But at this enmity was sore surpris'd.
Soon after, though at different dates, both started
For EUROPE, and, as evil Fate advis'd,
Each chose this day, to gratify her malice,
To cross the narrow Straits and visit CALAIS.

XXVIII.

FELIX, who knew whate'er had pass'd between
His master and dark SUTTON, saw this latter,
Just at the close of that unpleasant scene,
Grow strangely interested in the matter,
Sit by the wounded man, and, then, this lean
On SUTTON's arm, and their familiar chatter.
He knew him not, but judg'd the recent quarrel
Had broke no love 'twixt him and ARTHUR CARRYL.

XXIX.

He saw, and fear'd some dear despite was brewing
Against his honor'd master and protector :
But CARRYL, young, conceiv'd no risk accruing,
Or scorn'd it ; for, although as his corrector
He had the man's old grudge been just renewing,
He knew his enemy to be no Hector, —
(A strange phrase by the by ! for HOMER's will is
To make a bully only of ACHILLES.)

XXX.

And here I would remark, (a brief digression,)
 What I have elsewhere briefly said in prose, —
 That many names convey a false impression,
 Whence once forgot the source from which they rose.
 We make a paragon (1) by some expression,
 That more from fantasy than reason flows,
 Which may have point or sound, but little verity,
 And fools convey the falsehood to posterity.

XXXI.

Thus EPICURE, the best, save one, by odds
 Of all the sages(2), has his name ty'd fast to
 A human hog ! and one that should by rods
 Have been taught decency, a knave, and ass too,

(1) Parallel ; comparison, (*paragone*, Ital.). The proper derivate sense of the word, though I know no English authority for its use in this acceptance. The received meaning of the verb, *to paragon*, is *to compare*, *to parallel*. There is no reason why the signification of the noun should not be accordant.

(2) I beg it may not be understood, from what is here said, that I am an admirer of the doctrines of EPICURUS, as a system of morals, or even of philosophy. Very far from it. I consider the philosophy of EPICURUS as dangerous, if on no other grounds than that it necessarily tended to make good men bad citizens, by withdrawing them from active life, and merging their duties, as members of society, in the selfish consideration of virtue studied and practised for the sole delight which it afforded to the possessor. But a philosopher, as a man, is no more to be judged of by the nature of his doctrines, than a poet by the subject of his muse, though the world is constantly doing so, with both the one and the other,

Is rank'd by EPICTETUS with the gods ! (1)
 Both lies as gross, as 't were to praise *Velasco*,
 Where tragic verse is at its lowest ebb,
 Or make a man of sense of ———SON W-BB.

XXXII.

However, leaving HECTOR, EPICURUS,
 And him, the lousy sire of moral cant,
 Whose great success with emperors (2) should assure us
 We need of virtue but a godly rant,

despite of experience, which derides the fallacy of such decisions. The philosopher of the Garden was every whit as virtuous a man as the leader of the Academy, while his tenets (abstractly considered) are much more conspicuous for good sense than those mystical speculations, which, very little to the credit of mental independence, have divided, with the more reasonable dreams of the stronger-minded STAGYRITE, the dominion of the world in metaphysics, for over two thousand years.

(1) Namely, DIOGENES the Cynic.

(2) Allusion to the well known story of this surly hypocrite. The son of PHILIP asked him, what he should do to pleasure him. *Stand out of my sunshine*, growled the dog of SINOPE; and ALEXANDER, like a greater fool and greater hypocrite, made this comment for the benefit of his courtiers: — *Were I not ALEXANDER, I could wish to be DIOGENES*. No doubt, both thought that they were making fine speeches; yet ALEXANDER knew that DIOGENES was driven from his native place for uttering false coin, and that he but affected a disdain of what he could not acquire, and DIOGENES was conscious that ALEXANDER would have thought a month passed in the Granicus scarcely sufficient, to wash himself clean of even the imagination of inhabiting the pen of the pediculse vagabond, who, for a piece of buffoonery acted by means of a lantern, has, like too many other knaves and fools, come down to posterity a

Or skill to sneer with unction, to secure us
 A fame more odorous than that of BRANT,
 Who dying chief of certain Indian bravos,
 A fool has made him stink in two octavos, —

XXXIII.

Leaving all these, who now are dead and rotten,
 Until the Archangel's awful trump shall blow,
 To renovate them and their deeds forgotten,
 To soar sublime, or flutter down below, —
 We turn to him, who, being our last begotten,
 Like JOSEPH, 's doom'd a favor'd child to grow.
 ARTHUR, quite sicken'd with the wounded eye,
 Turn'd round to mark what other sights were by.

XXXIV.

There was a mother, whom three skinny girls
 Pinch'd not in belly like the two in *Chaucer* (1) ;
 A coxcomb, with fair hair that fell in curls,
 That loung'd and languish'd on a coil'd-up hawser ;
 A half-pay officer, whom pipes and purls
 Had blown up like a sack, or something coarser ;
 A courier in *siesta* from his labor,
 His cloak around him, and beside his sabre ;

man of wit and a philosopher. God send, to all such, tubs to live
 in, and water to lap with the hounds !

(1) In the *Tale of the Nun's Priest*. The familiar expression,

“ And *pinch'd her belly* with her daughters two,”

is however not CHAUCER'S, but DRYDEN'S.

XXXV.

Four waiting-maids, part English and part French,
Of whom the English two were rather pretty,
The third a fright, the last a sprightly wench,
With saucy eyes, and mouth that stamp'd her witty ;
Five straight-limb'd lackeys on a distant bench,
Who smil'd at FELIX' back, and talk'd of pity ;
And last, not least, three special groups, with which
I now proceed my stanzas to enrich.

XXXVI.

First come two princesses, from ancient ROME ;
Of person plain ; a mother and her daughter.
This, sad and very gentle ; for, at home,
Affliction and a pious heart had taught her
Lessons but seldom learn'd near PETER's dome :
So mournful and so meek, you would have thought her
The spirit of the Christian faith exil'd,
And grieving for the shrines she 'd left defil'd.

XXXVII.

The mother, much more cheerful, yet not gay,
Was even more mild and humble in her bearing.
Ceaseless good-humor seem'd, benign, to play
About her rivell'd lips, yet not less wearing
The seal of sense, — that, at a later day,
When better known, was ARTHUR heard declaring,
With warmth, how he should like to call her Mother,
Or be in any way her daughter's brother.

XXXVIII.

For them had ceas'd to bloom the rosy hours,
That festive summer of the yet green heart,
When Love bids blossom his enchanted bow'rs,
To charm the sense, and his oft fatal dart,
Its venom'd barb conceal'd, enwreaths with flow'rs ;
Yet in their train had Youth and Beauty part :
O, breathe thy wit and spirit o'er my story,
And live again, BIANCA GAIOCORÈ !

XXXIX.

Gentle in birth, but of a house decay'd,
BIANCA was their *dame de compagnie* ;
Which not exactly means a lady's maid,
But something more refin'd, though much less free ;
One by whom ev'ry freak must be obey'd,
And humble as an humble friend should be.
The ENGLISH call such *toady* and *toad-eater* (1).
Lady-companion is a term much neater.

XL.

Ah ! wretched and unstaïd, that state indeed
Which rests on man's mere justice and humanity !

(1) A word, which, though in reality mere cant, has become by frequent usage in the polite world somewhat established. We find it used by Lady M. W. MONTAGU, in her *Epistle from Pope to Bolingbroke* :

“ Your poor *toad-eater*, I around me scatter
My scurril jests, and gaping crowds bespatter.”

Whether it have any earlier authority, I am as yet ignorant.

(This make your public, as your private creed.)
 To brook caprice, to minister to vanity,
 To flatter foibles, and the passions feed,
 To fill the dull void of the mind's inanity,
 The spirit's will subdu'd to serve the body's, —
 Behold the courtier's fate, and simple *toady's* !

XLI.

Hence learns the poor companion all that's mean, —
 Her life a lie, herself the worst of slaves.
 But there be some exceptions, far between,
 Where the high dame no sycophancy craves.
 Here conscience rules and gratitude is seen,
 And mutual love from all debasement saves.
 Such lot BIANCA found ; HEAV'N seem'd to bless her,
 That serv'd an angel like the *principessa*.

XLII.

Just seventeen, but yet more fully grown
 Than maids that blossom under Northern skies,
 BIANCA was the merriest creature known,
 And all her soul stood sparkling in her eyes ;
 Vivacious, with a frankness quite her own,
 And ready wit that took you by surprise ;
 Yet rich withal in reason, — rarest dower
 Of woman, when her beauty is in flower.

XLIII.

Not hers the form a poet dreams or feigns, —
 Too much the Juno for the height of Venus ;

I mean, she was too fat about the reins :
 A sort of figure much more like to wean us
 From poetry, than prompt poetic strains :
 And yet it is not such a shape can screen us
 From eyes like hers, that would not let you spare
 A thought on features which she had elsewhere.

XLIV.

Fringing a forehead that was all divine,
 Perfect in breadth and height, well-form'd, and fair,
 Of sense and soul the unmistaken shrine,
 Two brows were sweetly set, of beauty rare.
 So gently sloping their divergent line,
 So smooth, so fine, so close, their dark-brown hair,
 You long'd to let your fingers o'er them creep,
 And could have kiss'd them, — would the eyes but sleep.

XLV.

Such brows the GREEKS their chisell'd gods have given,
 So straight, so long, with just such space between.
 But what shall parallel the orbs of Heaven
 That flashing 'neath their pencill'd lines were seen ?
 More brilliant than the golden star that 's driven
 Down the slant sky before the crescent-queen.
 Yes, like indeed that star's, their tender light
 If bright was soft, yet not more soft than bright.

XLVI.

Distant, their hue seem'd black ; when near appearing,
 You found them blue, or gray, or both combin'd ;

And, thus beheld, they were far more endearing, —
So large ! so full of soul ! so shrewd, yet kind !
Her mouth was small, and beautiful, and wearing,
Like her fine brow, the impress of much mind.
Its only fault, it made her look too knowing,
Too much experienc'd for a girl that 's growing.

XLVII.

I pass her nose and teeth, which were not good ;
The first too short and thick, the latter common.
Her hair was nearly black, and shone as should,
When clean, that chiefest ornament of woman.
Her cheek not fair, but through it the rich blood
Ran visible, nor stay'd for aught to summon
Its current for a moment there, then vanish,
But glow'd in one bright spot, which nought could banish.

XLVIII.

So looks, when ripe, the sun-dy'd apricot,
So glows the twilight of a southern clime.
BIANCA's moral traits I pass them not,
But only keep them for a happier time.
Yet must I name one vice the maid had got,
Not very rare for beauties in their prime ;
Her voice, though polish'd as became her station,
Was spoil'd, in some degree, by affectation.

XLIX.

The princesses, besides this merry lady,
Had with them too their travelling physician,

Three seasons of whose life had pass'd already,
Yet left him ruddy, and in good condition ;
Courteous, urbane, and of a mien most steady,
A novel-reader, and a good musician.
A chevalier he was, hatch'd in COLONNA (1),
And wore the riband of the cross of honor.

L.

The second group in persons number'd seven :
An English couple, out upon their tour ;
Three little boys, — the eldest, say eleven ;
A lovely girl, of sixteen years or more,
With eyes far bluer than her native heaven, —
Blue as our own when ether is most pure ;
And last, that with this group unites, yet clashes,
A Prussian nobleman with white mustashes.

LI.

The marry'd pair, and parents of the boys,
Were such as you may meet in every crowd ;
The father gross, and loving jokes and noise,
Vulgar in soul and body, coarse, and loud,
Affecting wisdom, yet engross'd by toys,
Unletter'd, dull, but of his parts so proud,
You could not start a theme but started too
His tongue to teach you all its master knew.

(1) In the *Campagna*, near ROME, and therefore a subject of the Pope's.

LII.

His vanity so little, yet so vast,
It grasp'd at all things, and found nothing vile.
Hence rogues their hackney made of him, and cast
Such burdens on him as made others smile.
The record of his offices would last
Too long by far, and not be worth my while.
He was, besides being preacher of sobriety,
Historian to a Sabbath School Society.

LIII.

He gather'd, too, subscriptions for the oppress'd
Black people in the land that once was BRITAIN's,
And sundry knicknacks for poor women bless'd
With frequent calls for socks and children's mittens ;
He taught a cure for bites of dogs, and guess'd
The same would heal old scratches made by kittens ;
He wrote a Wordsworth-ballad too, a wonder,
To show that HEROD was afraid of thunder.

LIV.

In the last *Exhibition of Design* (1)
One ass's head, 'mong others, caught my eye, —
So like in visage to this man of mine,
I could have sworn that PEBBLE's self was by :

(1) The yearly *Exhibition of the National Academy of Design*, in
NEW YORK. The stanza was written in the summer of 1839.

A brow which I should rail to call divine,
Blue eyes stark-mad, and staring at the sky :
An old Narcissus, in poetic rage,
It seem'd, and was well-color'd, done by P—E.

LV.

It had too PEBBLE's nose, turn'd up in scorn,
And PEBBLE's mouth, and PEBBLE's snuff-brown suit,
A broach in breast, as PEBBLE might have worn,
A pen in hand, as Dante holds a lute.
But this was comely, and, though gentle-born,
PEBBLE in mien was something of a brute.
But P—E can flatter ; and the fool that paid him
May be a dirtier fellow than he 's made him.

LVI.

Howe'er, my copy of this bard in brown
Was quite an ass, and took much pains to show it.
No wonder then his lady, bred in town,
Appear'd, by certain overt acts, to know it.
She had been lovely ; but, when youth is flown,
Love drops his blind, as needs to sing no poet ;
And Mrs. PEBBLE, being no more green,
Made up in flesh and blood for grace of mien.

LVII.

Yet was she handsome. Few at thirty-four
Had features that could easier wake desire.

Her large blue sleepy eyes at will could pour
 A flood of light that set your brain on fire ;
 Her small red pouting lip for ever wore
 A look that said, Come, press me till you tire.
 She might have sat to sculptors for Jove's sister,
 As when Ixion kiss'd, or would have kiss'd her.

LVIII.

And yet it would have puzzled all their hive
 To give her cheek's soft skin and pure carnation ;
 Beauties which in an English dame survive
 Longer than with the women of our nation.
 He might have done it, he (1), who keeps alive
 Cupid's mama in such a situation, —
 I mean in Florence, where she's seen, quite shocking,
 Without a shawl, or shift, or drawers, or stocking !

LIX.

The power of Virtue governs even the vile,
 At distance reverenc'd, if approach'd not near.
 E'en rakes would turn from Mrs. PEBBLE's smile
 And Juno eyes, to gaze upon the clear
 Pure forehead, and the orbs where shone no guile,
 And lips, of her young sister, CONSTANCE VERE ;
 Who was the maid, " of sixteen years or more,"
 I've mention'd in a stanza sung before.

(1) TITIAN. The allusion is to the two paintings in the *Tribune*.

LX.

Sweet CONSTANCE VERE ! when thou wast seated by,
 Vain were thy sister's ripe and practis'd charms :
 No libertine the PRUSSIAN, and his eye
 Was faithful to its trust, though Reason's arms
 Had oft been shiver'd by the matron's sigh.
 Now Jealousy her haughty breast alarms,
 And her large eyes grow dark with threaten'd storm
 To Baron MAXIMILIAN MIRTENBAUM.

LXI.

Sweet CONSTANCE VERE ! Cold were indeed the heart
 That could unmov'd her loveliness behold !
 A creature yet unstain'd by guile or art,
 And pure as is the thrice refined gold ;
 So seraph-like it seem'd earth had no part
 In her, but all was of a brighter mould ;
 As pure as EVE, while yet she lay alone,
 And ADAM, sin, and sorrow, were unknown.

LXII.

Her eyes, as I have sung, were deeply blue, —
 Shap'd like an almond, and of clearness rare.
 The lashes long curl'd upward, and in hue
 Were darker than her brows and clustering hair.
 But not the orbs' mere beauty chain'd your view ;
 It was the spirit that was radiant there ;
 A spirit sweet yet sad, resolv'd but shy,
 That aw'd yet touch'd you, though you knew not why.

LXIII.

Than her white brow was lovelier never seen, —
BIANCA'S own not fuller of expression.
Her nose not large, yet high ; by which I mean
It was not of the order known as Grecian.
More fine than beautiful, it gave her mien
A dignity that was its just completion.
In short, it was uncommon, but not queer,
And look'd quite handsome upon CONSTANCE VERE.

LXIV.

Not the sun's dying rays on Alpine snow,
Nor petals of the rose ere fully blown,
Are lovelier, in their evanescent glow,
Than the rich hue in CONSTANCE' lips that shone ;
The upper curv'd like CUPID'S fabled bow ;
The under might have seem'd his mother's own,
But that it had a virginal simplicity
That would not suit the queen of impudicity.

LXV.

Within this rosy heaven, where sat Persuasion,
And Love, grown modest, with the Graces play'd,
A double row of pearls (which suit the occasion
Of hackney bards for every sunburnt maid)
I will not add ; I rather make invasion
Into the Muses' fields, and call in aid
Some simile, whose yet untarnish'd brightness
May evidence her teeth's transcendent whiteness.

LXVI.

What say you to the grains of Indian corn,
 (I mean that kind whose fruit is silver-white,)
 Before the stock has long its honors worn ?
 So close like them, so milk-like, yet so bright.
 You could have kiss'd them every one in turn,
 And saw the lips disclose them with delight.
 (A trope which must, I think, procure me praise
 With lovers of the esculent, green maize.)

LXVII.

Two rows like these, well set, and all in place,
 (So fitted to the mouth, and it to them,
 That, when a smile the rosy lips would grace,
 It show'd them all, each perfect as a gem,)
 Gave such bewitching beauty to her face,
 It would have charm'd away a stoic's phlegm.
 But, even there, 't was that you saw no guile,
 Enchain'd you more than lips, or teeth, or smile.

LXVIII.

White as the milk from JUNO's breast that flow'd,
 And, fallen to earth, new-dy'd the yellow flower, (1)

(1) The lily; which, according to the fable, was of the color of the *crocus*, till some of the milk of JUNO (when the infant HERCULES was, by his father, put to his stepdame's breast, while she slept) fell upon it, as another portion took its course through the heavens, and formed the Milky Way.

I should ask pardon of scholars for venturing to recount this fable, were not my book intended for all classes of readers.

What time, translated to his sire's abode,
The semi-mortal babe, in Jove's bright bower,
Drew from the sleeping queen immortal food,
The soft young cheek of CONSTANCE had no power
To kindle passion, but it woke a feeling
Far better, by its sweet yet sad revealing.

LXIX.

For there at times a momentary flush,
Faint as, at early dawn, the rosy streak
That ushers in a summer's sun, would rush
All suddenly, and dye one single cheek,
Without a mental cause for such a blush
In flatter'd pride or irritated pique ;
Then gradually the vermil glow, thus spread,
Would settle in one spot intensely red.

LXX.

This too, by slow degrees, would pass away,
As fade the colors of a setting sun :
And as you mark'd these symptoms of decay,
And saw her pensive and subdu'd, like one
That mourn'd her early doom, yet seem'd to say,
Not mine, O Father, but thy will be done !
You felt a pity mix'd with admiration,
That rais'd you in your proper estimation.

LXXI.

For Pity is God's daughter ; and who feels
For human sorrow shares the soul divine.

When o'er the mind the holy influence steals,
And the thoughts all to gentleness incline,
The festering wound of disappointment heals,
And grosser feelings, for the time, refine ;
And, loving those to whom the heart thus leans,
We love ourselves, made purer by their means.

LXXII.

As, when the Archangel shot the trackless space,
The clouds dispers'd, and heaven became serene,
What time he sought for Discord, and her place
Found where he deem'd the fiend had never been, (1)
(Which shows that MICHAEL, wise in realms of grace,
Was in this sublunary world but green,)
Wherever CONSTANCE turn'd her heavenly features,
She calm'd men's hearts and purify'd their natures.

LXXIII.

“ O days of innocence, long since departed !
When I was happy, for I knew content ;
When pious, docile, chaste, and gentle-hearted,
I never dreamt what sin or passion meant ;
And every night my lips with pray'r were parted,
As low beside my little couch I bent.

(1) See in the *Orlando*, (Canto xiv. st. 77, and following,) the expedition of MICHAEL in search of Discord and Silence : —

“ Dovunque drizza Michel angel l' ale,
Fuggon le nubi, e torna il ciel sereno, ec.”

The innocent seraph found Discord, where he looked for Silence,
— in a Monastery.

Not then I sorrow'd, though the eyes might weep,
Nor came the devil near me save in sleep.

LXXIV.

“ Then was the pillow rarely press'd in vain ;
Then sprang the heart to meet returning light ;
Conscience had never rack'd the throbbing brain,
Nor weary'd spirits made the sun less bright ;
Duties were easy, brief was every pain,
Disgust unknown where all things brought delight.
What would I give, to be as she is now,
That fair young creature with the spotless brow ! ”

LXXV.

Thus CARRYL thought, (as we in turn might do,)
And many a smother'd sigh convuls'd his breast,
While linger'd on the maid his raptur'd view,
And drank in all that lovely face exprest.
But, leaving him awhile, we must pursue
Our rudely pencill'd sketches of the rest, —
And first, that CONSTANCE VERE may stand complete,
Delineate her form from throat to feet.

LXXVI.

Her stature was below the middle height, —
And delicately slender, but not thin,
Her figure ; for her bust was full, though slight,
And full her graceful throat and rounded chin.

Her taper hands were on the outside white,
But tinted like the ocean shell within ;
And the small foot beneath her garment's fold
Look'd perfect as if just come from a mould.

LXXVII.

But, more than all, she had that rare attraction,
Better than beauty, to our hero's mind,
An air that show'd her breeding and extraction
Were nothing of the ordinary kind.
From all her person, — in its very action, —
Or rather, its repose, — this lustre shin'd,
And with the soul that hallow'd her blue eyes,
Made reverent even the old, and charm'd the wise.

LXXVIII.

Here leave we for the present CONSTANCE VERE.
The Baron MAXIMILIAN, who is reading
A song of PEBBLE's with grimaces queer,
While hums the poet, with his native breeding,
The tune (*Bold Thompson*) in his wondering ear,
We leave him to this intellectual feeding,
Till more at ease (for now we must move faster)
We bring him in with FELIX and his master.

LXXIX.

Save the three boys, each member of this set
A different motive led upon their tour :
CONSTANCE to meet whatever might be met
Of good unknown ; alas ! how very sure

To find that sin and sorrow, toil and fret,
Are everywhere the lot of rich and poor ;
Her sister to make conquests, I suppose.
The Baron's motive Heaven only knows !

LXXX.

PEBBLE himself, like half the people there,
The same wise motive that has lately driven
So many thousands heat and dust to bear,
To watch a British steamer leave the haven ;
The same which makes their kindred fools repair
To NIBLO's alleys every summer even,
To see a foreign mountebank aspire
To tread a hawser with her tail on fire.

LXXXI.

The third group, and the last I have to mention,
Consists of two, a maiden and her sire.
In the Fourth Canto it is my intention
To give their history, which will not tire.
At present I shall show that no invention
Of poet or of painter could aspire
To gift a pair, in picture or in song,
With such rare graces as to these belong.

LXXXII.

For no wild fiction is thy worth, ESTELLE !
Nor yet thy loveliness beyond compare ;
And he of whose kind soul I have to tell,
That aged man who sits beside thee there,

His image too is mirror'd in that well
Whose waters seldom reach this upper air.
The good DESSANTI was her sire by option ;
ESTELLE was but the child of his adoption.

LXXXIII.

Her origin involves a brief romance, —
A tale of strange disaster, tears, and blood.
Suffice it for the present, that in FRANCE
She drew her earliest breath ; but he who stood
Her friend and saviour in her worst mischance,
And since the best of fathers, he, the good
DESSANTI, was by birth a SAVOYARD,
And liv'd at CHAMBERY with this his ward.

LXXXIV.

Not always in this wintry world of ours
Is virtue blighted by incessant frost.
Upon its delicate stem oftentimes sweet flow'rs
Grow clustering ; and who plants it finds his cost
More than repaid, when, after years, it tow'rs
High as a palm, and, weary, worn, and tost,
On the world's scene, he finds beneath its shade
The sweetest shelter his own hands have made.

LXXXV.

When, one by one, the good man's children pin'd
With slow disease, and to their triple grave

The care-worn mother in her turn consign'd
 Slept the long sleep, it seem'd as HEAVEN to save
 The lone survivor to his love assign'd
 That sweet ESTELLE. Now on life's ebbing wave
 His bark swam buoyant, and his age declining
 Was even more bright than when its noon was shining.

LXXXVI.

We hear sometimes of *apostolic faces*,
 Such as poetic dreams the saints have given
 Who taught, in other times and other places,
 Gentile and Jew the surest route to HEAVEN,
 But such as (in this world so little grace is)
 You now will hardly find one time in seven,
 Nay, in the modern gallery of teachers,
 Seven times in seventy hundred thousand preachers.

LXXXVII.

What wonder ? since not any where we see
 The meekness, charity, and self-denial
 Taught by the Lamb who bled upon the tree,
 And practis'd by the Saints when put to trial ;
 But now the reverend race in nought agree
 Save vanity, and pouring, from the vial
 St. JOHN dreamt of, the hailstones of damnation (1)
 On all who take their own road to salvation.

(1) " And the seventh angel poured out his vial into the air," *etc.*
 " And there fell upon men a great hail out of heaven ; every stone
 about the weight of a talent. And men blasphemed God because
 of the plague of the hail ; for the plague thereof was exceeding
 great." *Revelations*, xvi. 17 and 21.

LXXXVIII.

But on his reverend brow DESSANTI bore
The impress of a large and generous mind.
Its high bald top the sign celestial wore
Of the strong love that knits man to his kind. (1)
Down to his shoulders hung his tresses hoar ;
And his large open blue eye sweetly shin'd
With the pure spirit, serious yet benign,
Taught by the Virgin's blessed son divine.

LXXXIX.

Most happily the mouth match'd with these features ;
For its unfaded fullness plainly told,
DESSANTI had not liv'd, as baser natures,
In sensual idleness, and now when old
Enjoy'd those gifts, (of all, that to his creatures
The ALL-GOOD hath given, the best, — before fine gold
Or smiles of kings,) sound health and conscience clean,
That color like the rose life's dreariest scene.

XC.

Travel you might from one pole to the other,
From the sun's setting even to his rise,

(1) What phrenology has termed the *Organ of Benevolence*. Whether it be the sign of the presence of such an organ, or there be of the brain no such portion devoted to this particular sentiment, it is certain that usually in persons of a benevolent turn of mind, the middle of the highest part of the forehead is elevated and finely rounded.

Without perhaps once meeting such another
Nose as the one between DESSANTI's eyes ;
Except in FLORENCE, ROME, or in the mother
Of ancient art, or near where VIRGIL lies ;
Such noses being often cut in stone,
But rarely met of merely flesh and bone.

XCI.

The rare perfection of its outer line
(Which straight and even from the brow descended)
Gave to the face a beauty quite divine,
And even a grandeur that superbly blended
With the magnificent brow, and with the fine
Large eyes and silver hair ; a whole so splendid,
It wanted but the beard that suits a saint
To make look dim the best e'er done in paint.

XCII.

His height six feet, his fine form still unbent,
His motion firm, and dignify'd, and slow,
The majesty that with his sweet smile blent, —
He look'd a king, or one who should be so ;
For not to kings has Nature always lent
Regality of make or mien I trow,
And one fine fellow, trimly set and jointed,
Is worth a dozen of the Lord's anointed.

XCIII.

ESTELLE . . . Thou sweetest flower that ever grew
In the world's waste, man's desolate heart to cheer !

Ah, could I sing thy worth with rapture due,
 That all good men the unflatter'd truth might hear !
 For thou, sweet spirit, wert of the immortal few
 Without whose loveliness this life were drear ;
 Since, with thy sex's virtues, in thee shone
 Whate'er exalts and dignifies our own !

XCIV.

ESTELLE, who did in moral growth surpass
 All of her sex that CARRYL yet had seen,
 Was taller too in person than the mass
 Of women, and in looks a very queen.
 'T was strange indeed how very like she was
 The SAVOYARD in majesty of mien ;
 By breeding or example taught, or both ;
 But more, I think, it was of native growth.

XCV.

Authority, the habit of command,
 The meeting everywhere with veneration,
 The conscience that no cradle in the land
 Is loftier than our own, this pride of station
 Gives to the mien an awe that few withstand. (1)
 There is besides a grandeur education,
 When large, and acting on a liberal nature,
 Stamps ineffaceably on every feature.

(1) It is partly this circumstance, perhaps, which, in a less degree, gives the gentility of air that characterizes the women of the UNITED STATES above all others in the world. The freedom of the government, the want of acknowledged social distinctions, aid the

XCVI.

But there is yet a pride of mien, the dower
 Of nature. Not confin'd to gentle birth,
 It is not always found with rank or power,
 But dignifies at times the sons of earth.
 Then is the well-turn'd figure seen to tower,
 And the high head looks godlike. But when worth
 Of soul is added, and the grace of breeding,
 You have a majesty of port exceeding

influence of the brilliant climate, and are fast producing such loveliness as will one day rival, if it do not even now, the boasted models of GREECE.* The women of the UNITED STATES are already universally allowed to be the *prettiest* in the world. They are more. Foreigners see but the surface of society, in the little time they are with us, and generally it is with the wealthier, more fashionable, and politer class they are familiar; but it is in the inferior and middle grades of life that the great superiority in feminine beauty of AMERICA over all other countries is to be found. Distinguished by an exceeding gracefulness of person, by a rare perfection of feature, by fine and lustrous hair, dressed with peculiar taste, and by a step that almost rivals the gait of the women of SPAIN, the American grisette is born the lady; it is only her conversation and her manners that would tell you she is not so bred. The most beautiful face I have ever seen belonged to a market girl of PERUGIA in ITALY, the finest form was that of a servant-maid at PAU in FRANCE (the birth-place, by the by, of that connoisseur in women, the fourth and great HENRY); but for the greatest number of merely personal charms united, figure, feature, grace, expression, and in the greatest number of persons, commend me to the matchless maids of AMERICA.

* It is remarkable that the female children born in AMERICA of Irish emigrants (who are almost invariably, in respect of features, person, mien, and carriage, grossly vulgar and ill-favored, to an extent that to the native population has something in it ludicrous and extravagant) grow up handsome, well-formed, and graceful, and conspicuous, frequently in no little degree, for that very air of which we speak above.

XCVII.

All that the ermin'd robe or crown of gold
Confers on monarchs or their titled train.
And such did CARRYL in ESTELLE behold :
A dignity of one not proud or vain,
(Though spirited, the maid was never bold,
And Reason more than Fancy sway'd her brain,)
But one whose soul, undimm'd by guilt or shame,
Made even more bright the vase where burn'd its flame.

XCVIII.

Straight as the nut-tree which our forests bear,
And rounded as its trunk her delicate waist,
Her form, in symmetry, might well compare
With any model of Hellenic taste.
Not that sweet figure, of expression rare,
Wrought by CANOVA, and in FORLI plac'd,
That sportive rests amid the dance's whirl, (1)
In gracefulness might match my orphan girl.

XCIX.

Her taper limbs, the shoulders' matchless fall,
The hollow back, and high expanded chest,

(1) That one of the three famous dancing girls which was made for MANZONI, who removed it to FORLI. The reader may see an elegant engraving of it, in the first volume of a work published in London in 1832, entitled *Illustrations of Modern Sculpture*.

Her feet and hands, so narrow, smooth, and small,
The space 'twixt either round, just-budding breast,
The throat, the swelling loins, — 't was perfect all !
Nor could the modest gown or shawl divest
Those limbs of grace, or make one beauty dim,
Where all was faultless, body, motion, limb.

C.

Lovely her face, as ever poet dream'd,
With even brow, and large black eyes whose fire
Was temper'd with a seriousness that seem'd
Beyond her years, — well fitted to inspire
Deep veneration ; yet such beauty gleam'd
Therewith as made your heart beat thick : Desire,
Unhooded, shook his pinions, to sink check'd,
Aw'd by a mien that angels might affect.

CI.

The heavy lids that canopy'd those eyes
Were like the waning moon, and, when they fell,
You scarcely wish'd to see their broad arch rise
From orbs they curtain'd, yet display'd so well.
Around their edge the jetty fringe that lies,
Seems even to shade the cheeks that 'neath them swell.
Her brows a crescent form, that highest bends
Just where the forehead in the temple ends.

CII.

Why need I mention that her comely nose
Was not of classic, or DESSANTI'S mould ?
That in her cheek the lily and the rose
Mix'd not, but hues more fadeless and less cold ?
That her full chin you had from thousands chose,
Though these the loveliest human eyes behold ?
Since nought in any face, from North to South,
Could match her eyes, save her own matchless mouth.

CIII.

Hers was the face which every Christian nation
Has seen its Zeuxes, by a nice accord,
(I will not say, by servile imitation,)
Give to the Virgin Mother of the Lord,
And found befit, in general estimation,
The ungather'd Rose before all saints ador'd.
Hence travell'd swains would whisper, gazing on her,
In graphic rapture, " *Cristo ! a Madonna !* "

CIV.

Because, when looking down, the smooth clear line
Of her arch'd eyebrows, and her lid's broad curve,
Her cheek's not fair carnation, and the fine
Pure oval of her visage, were what serve
To assimilate all heads of the divine
And worshipp'd seed of JESSE ; though deserve
None I have seen, save one, a mention near
This flower of maids, and beauty without peer.

CV.

For, one excepted, they are wanting all
 (Even RAPHAEL'S (1)) in that virginal expression
 About the mouth, which, ever since the fall,
 Has been the rarest and most frail possession
 Of those who wear the petticoat and shawl,
 Whate'er their nation, age, rank, or profession.
 The exception stands at ROME, and swells that oglio
 Of carv'd and painted things, the *Campidoglio*.

(1) It may for a moment excite surprise, that any one should venture to deny this quality to the Madonnas of RAPHAEL, whose women are always modest; but I am not now speaking of an expression of ordinary feminine purity. His faces of the favored MARY are chaste and saintlike enough; but they have a character, or a want of character, in the mouth, that is totally incompatible with the idea of perfect virginity, — virginity as I mean it here, — a virginity of mind as well as of body. With RAPHAEL the mouth of the Madonna always corresponds with the regular and delicate arch of her brows, and their great elevation from the eyelids, and, like these peculiarities, it gives the face an insipidity of expression that is characteristic of a silly though amiable woman, and that certainly is any thing but divine, or worthy of the mother of the Redeemer*; whereas the expression that I mean approaches more nearly to my idea of what may be *angelic*, than any other character that I know of, as really belonging, or as attributed by painters and sculptors, to the human countenance. It is rarely,

* Even an unbeliever, who, with ROUSSEAU, should consider the Author of our sacred religion a man of more than ordinary character, would endeavour, we should think, to represent his Mother as a more than ordinary woman; for general principles would so require. How strange then that Christians of the Romish church should have gone no further than to give to MARY merely beauty and amiability!

If you but change the worship of JUPITER and the subordinate deities to that of the triune Godhead and a legion of saints, ROME is the same in religion now that she was before the dawn of Christianity; yet the symbols of her mysteries, how very inferior! The ancient sculptors of her city gave to the aspect of their gods something of divinity, while the best among the painters of modern ITALY have made the Virgin and her Infant merely mortal.

CVI.

But of the five and thirty Virgins there, (1)
 By SACCHI, SCHIAVONI, SCARSELLINO,
 BASSA'N, ALBANO, CAMPI, and the pair
 That made BOLOGNA famous (2), PERUGINO,
 PAUL VERONESE, and many more as rare,
 Which is the true *Madonna col bambino* (3)
 I have forgot ; but mount the stair, or *scala*,
 You 'll find her somewhere in the *Prima Sala* (4).

— very, very rarely, — to be seen in woman after puberty ; but just before the period of the developement of the passions you may find it in perfection, in the lovely and ingenuous of the sex ; though even with these (owing perhaps to the congenital transmission of those peculiarities of feature, which are indicative of the habit of certain passions or sentiments) it is not by any means common.

(1) The gallery of paintings in the Capitol at ROME was designed by BENEDICT XIV. (1794) for the instruction of youth, and, in ITALY, is to be considered merely a very respectable collection of specimens of the more distinguished artists of nearly three centuries. Of about 200 pieces, which it comprises, *thirty-five* have the Madonna and Infant, by themselves, or as the centre of a group.

The collection, however, contains some much admired pictures by eminent hands, such as the celebrated *Persian Sybil* of GUERCINO, the *Cumæan Sybil* of DOMENICHINO, the *Defeat of Darius* by PETER of CORTONA, and the famous masterpiece of GUERCINO, which he executed for the Vatican, the *STA. PETRONILLA*.

(2) LEWIS and his cousin ANNIBAL, CARACCI. — LUDOVICO CARACCI was the founder of the school of BOLOGNA, which did so much for the arts. He associated with himself ANNIBAL and AUGUSTIN, the sons of his uncle. AGOSTINO CARACCI did, comparatively, but little in painting.

(3) *Col bambino*, with the infant. The Italian mode of cataloguing such pictures, as in English we say, the *Virgin and Child*.

(4) The collection is divided into two rooms or halls, — the *Prima* and *Seconda Sala*.

CVII.

There, as you enter, turning on your heel,
You have before you, sidelong by the door,
The very face whose lineaments reveal
Much of the charm ESTELLE's sweet visage wore ;
So like, that CARRYL almost long'd to steal
The shape divine ; and, leaving ROME, he bore
A copy with him, without saint or glory (1) ;
(But this is to anticipate my story.)

CVIII.

Near the lov'd city in whose walls I write,
There is, embosom'd in a sweet wild wood,
Which lust of gain has lately made a site
For sepulture, (and meet it is and good,
That there, where peace and solitude invite
To meditation and the solemn mood,
The dead should sleep their hour, not where the eye
Accustom'd marks them not, or carelessly,)

CIX.

A little lake ; its waters, crystal-clear ;
In form, an oval regular. Around,
From its extremest edge, the forests rear
Their sloping summits, and the horizon bound.

(1) I forget whether, in this picture, the Virgin has a *glory* ; but it is reasonable to suppose so, it being a prescriptive absurdity which painters seldom if ever omit. If it be the one I am inclined to believe it, there are several *saints* about the Madonna.

No rock ; no chasm ; the wave, the woods appear,
And one scarce-visible belt of yellow ground.
The eye an amphitheatre thus sees ;
The flood the arena, and its seats the trees.

CX.

No sound the sweetly solemn silence breaks,
Save when the night-wind in the leaves is sighing,
Or lonely bittern suddenly forsakes
His reedy covert, o'er the blue mere flying,
Mirror'd upon its waste, or ospray takes
Her perch on some dead bough, intently eyeing
The dimpled surface, where, from side to side,
The tiny waterflies capricious glide.

CXI.

There, it is said, the flood is never seen
To sink below its level, or to rise,
In vernal time or harvest, yet, I ween,
Hid are both source and drain from human eyes.
Shelter'd and circled by her ramparts green,
Lovely and lone, the sylvan beauty lies ;
Bright with the sun, soft when his glories fade,
Majestic in the dark wood's awful shade.

CXII.

And such, so like in charms this virgin water,
So grand, so soft, so tranquil, so retir'd,
Appear'd the beauty of DESSANTI'S daughter.
Sorrow might dim the features you admir'd,

A chance emotion ruffle ; but you thought her
 Still wonderful, and fain would have inquir'd
 By what philosophy a maid so tender
 Prov'd equable despite of age and gender.

CXIII.

Ask of the mole, that stems the rushing tide,
 Of what slight straws its substance is compacted.
 Philosophy ! frail boast of sightless pride !
 Part study'd oft, but seldom yet enacted !
 It was the soul, the native spirit, ally'd
 To firm-bas'd principle, which aye exacted
 And put restraint on all suggested ill,
 That kept ESTELLE's clear temper equal still.

CXIV.

Not lovelier, when to Earth translated first,
 Sped by the Thunderer, came the mythic Eve,
 With all those heaven-born graces blest yet curst,
 Which taught the Titan (1) how to love and grieve ;

(1) EPIMETHEUS,

‘Ὅς κακὸν ἐξ ἀρχῆς γινεῖτ’ ἀνδρασιν ἀλφεισθησι .

Πρῶτος γὰρ ἔα Δίος πλάστην ὑπέδεκτο γυναικὰ

Περθινόν.

(HES. *Theog.* 510, juxta ed. PHIL. JUNTÆ, *Flor.* impr. 1515.)

JUVENAL gives the name to his brother, PROMETHEUS, as being the offspring of the Titan, JAPETUS :

E meliore luto finxit præcordia Titan. (xiv. 35.)

So OVID calls the Sun Titan, as sprung of HYPERION :

Nullus adhuc mundo præbebat lumina Titan, (Met. i. 10.)

The fable of PANDORA is too well known to need to be recounted, even to the ordinary reader.

When sorrow and sin on man devoted burst,
Hope only left, to solace yet deceive ;
Not lovelier, and less gifted ; for ESTELLE
To woman's best virtues added man's as well.

CXV.

Magnanimous, in whom no thought of guile,
No meanness, even for a moment, sway'd,
No selfish pride But let me pause awhile,
My thumb now weary'd, and my harpstrings fray'd ;
Haply not dreading less my hearer's smile,
So long upon this symphony delay'd.
But in the sequent portion he shall hear
Strains which, I trust, will less fatigue the ear.

CXVI.

This Canto may be call'd, — to change the trope, —
My hall of introduction, where one makes
A general acquaintance (which I hope
Time will convert to friendship, for all sakes ;)
A form whose stiffness little suits my scope.
But now 't is over, and the assembly breaks,
Spread through the various rooms, where due exertion
Is making to diversify diversion.

CANTO SECOND.

With that, the gan her iken on him cast
Full safely.

CHAU. *Tr. § Cr. III.*

ARTHUR CARRYL.

A NOVEL.

CANTO SECOND.

I.

FAIR ladies ! and particularly you,
My gentle countrywomen ! I entreat
You will not deem the portraits given to view
Of CONSTANCE and ESTELLE a pleasant cheat,
Or think their virtues, which I sketch'd, not drew,
But yet shall draw, are such as never meet
Together in one woman, miss or madam,
But savor of the good old days of ADAM.

II.

I do assure you, as I fain would see
You all aspire to be like them, nor less ;
Making resistless charms which specially
Ye, Beauties of this hemisphere, possess ;
As I do love you all, to that degree
Which, though a poet, I can ne'er express ;
Both liv'd, though bearing in unfinish'd youth
To stars more bless'd their innocence and truth.

III.

Both liv'd (I would I might say, *live!*) and were
As pure, high-soul'd, and amiable as I
Have painted, and shall paint them, or I err.
And you, my rougher readers, be not by
Your own experience blinded to aver
Such graces and such virtues ne'er ally
Their lovely forces ; for this gentle pair
Were not in goodness more than beauty rare.

IV.

As for ESTELLE, I would you could have seen her !
So beauteous, so accomplish'd, and so true !
High-soul'd, yet humble, and of mild demeanour,
With gentle courage, given but to the few. . . .
But ah, my heedless spirit ! I must wean her
From this way-loitering while the fault is new.
Forget we then thy charms, ESTELLE ! till over
The strait 'twixt CALAIS and the cliffs of DOVER.

V.

There is a sympathy that quickly wakes
For those who unresisting suffer wrong,
When in our hearts no selfish interest takes
The part of the oppressor and the strong ;
Whether it be that ready fancy makes
The woes which properly to them belong
Our own, and in their sufferings we see
Types of what ours may one day come to be ;

VI.

Or that the jealousy and envy given,
By Nature, to restrain the growth of Pow'r,
Which otherwise, unless o'erthrown by HEAVEN,
Would pierce the clouds, a second Babel's tow'r,
Makes us to hate its very semblance even,
(As men behold some beast that may devour,
Though cag'd and barr'd, with shrinking and distrust,)
And view its exercise with strong disgust ;

VII.

Or that we feel, at sight of human wo,
Superior to the sufferers, and, thus made
Contented with ourselves, at once we grow
Indulgent, and dispos'd to soothe and aid
The authors of that pleasantness we know ;
Whether this be the principle obey'd,
Or that (hypothesis perhaps the best)
There really dwells in man's corrupted breast

VIII.

A natural goodness, which, when there opposes
No selfish bias against the fine emotion,
To sudden sympathy the heart uncloses,
And tow'rd the injur'd wakes a brief devotion :
Be it as 't may, or as the reader chooses,
Our passengers were mov'd with strong commotion,
Shock'd by the scene we 've given and sequent quarrel,
And look'd with no kind eyes on ARTHUR CARRYL.

IX.

Especially the women ; for the men,
Indifferent more by nature, were restrain'd,
Haply, besides by common prudence. Then
You might perceive the difference which obtain'd
Among the three whose beauties grace my pen :
Not but that all their placidness regain'd
Full soon, and for the two we've lately nam'd,
Even CARRYL their brief umbrage had not blam'd.

X.

Considering him ill-bred, unfeeling, proud,
BIANCA glanc'd a lively indignation,
That seem'd as 't would emit itself aloud
Upon the unweeting youth. No irritation
In CONSTANCE' lovely features was avow'd,
But a sweet sorrow and commiseration,
As if she griev'd for nature brought so low,
To triumph o'er a bruise'd and prostrate foe.

XI.

With a grave dignity and fix'd regard,
Where mingled some surprise and some severity,
The high-soul'd daughter of the SAVOYARD
Ey'd the offender. But its slight austerity
Would not have seem'd to CARRYL passing hard,
Had he her notice heeded ; for, in verity,
He would have been content at more vexation
To win so fair a creature's observation.

XII.

But he, as you have read, in great anxiety
Was watching the result of FELIX' fall,
And when he turn'd, in quest of some variety,
ESTELLE was not regarding him at all,
And CONSTANCE, with a marvellous sobriety,
Was hearing PEBBLE lecture upon *Gaul*,
("A term," he said, "for *Cock*, by classic showing ;
Because your FRENCHMAN was for ever crowing.")

XIII.

But the bright daughter of the immortal city
Which whilom suckled Portias and Cornelias,
Found soon her indignation melt to pity, —
A pity admiring, like OPHELIA's (1);
And then, as happens with the gay and witty,
Whose metamorphoses are like aurelias',
Strange and entire, she judg'd ere very long,
Her haste had done the gentleman much wrong.

XIV.

The master's and the man's exceeding sadness,
The sullen aspect which the wounded bore,
His rage, transporting him well nigh to madness,
After the scuffle, and his taunts before,
And in his countenance that settled badness,
So different from the look our hero's wore,
Nor less the deep abasement he 'd betray'd
At CARRYL's whisper, loathing, yet afraid ;

(1) For HAMLET.

XV.

And finally the singular veneration
In which the hunchback seem'd to hold his master,
So mix'd of love, respect, and admiration,
His own behavior since that sad disaster,
His look which spoke no vulgar education,
All this united made BIANCA cast her
Harsh thoughts aside, and straight our lucky hero
Rose on her scale to blood-heat up from zero.

XVI.

Some others of the passengers beside,
Who look'd from time to time upon the scene,
And now the sufferer, now the inflicter ey'd,
And now the latter's master, though between
All three the intervals were rather wide,
For MASSINGER (the wounded man, I mean)
A-midships sate, (he would not go below,)
CARRYL more aft, the valet near the bow, —

XVII.

Some others like BIANCA judg'd, I say,
Betwixt this double party, or this treble.
Among the rest (when done, or put away,
Were song and lecture) they who came with PEBBLE ;
Himself exempt ; for learning, some sly way,
Whence ARTHUR came, he damn'd him for a rebel, —
But modestly ; for, know, the good soul's phrases
Were “darn !” for damn, and for Hell's brimstone
“blazes !”

XVIII.

BIANCA having dropp'd her yellow glasses,
And Fancy now a rosy lens supplying,
The lively maid with satisfaction passes
Her view o'er CARRYL's form, and, in it eyeing
The requisite proportions, straightway classes
The swain among her pattern men ; then, plying
Her quick bright glances to explore each feature,
Pronounces him a quite engaging creature.

XIX.

CARRYL, whose eyes had been upon a tour
Of observation on the people round him,
Where there was aught of beautiful most sure
To sojourn longest, and at last had bound him
To gentle CONSTANCE, to awaken pure
Thoughts of pure days to sadden and confound him,
As you have read, (though what has met your view
He saw not at one sight, nor even at two,) —

XX.

CARRYL, just then, towards BIANCA rais'd
His long gray eyes, and caught hers fix'd upon him.
Their steady pupils more intensely blaz'd,
Trembled, perhaps, but did not seek to shun him.
It seem'd as if she meant, so full she gaz'd,
To petrify him, or at least to stun him.
But only CARRYL's eyes were turn'd to stone ;
They mov'd not ; and BIANCA dropp'd her own.

XXI.

And a deep blush o'erspread her cheek and brow,
And dy'd her neck the purple of the rose.
Discomfited, but careful not to show
What might too warm an interest disclose,
She drew, with motion negligent and slow,
Her veil upon the prospect, and arose,
And presently was seen to pace the deck,
Quite at her ease, and arm'd for fresh attack.

XXII.

Now be it known that ARTHUR had one fault, —
His only one perhaps, like MILTON'S ADAM, —
A proneness to be taken by the salt
Thrown on his tail by damosel or madam ;
Weakness most sore ! which made him often halt
In his best path ; and then, though it would mad him
To find the night o'ertake his amorous dallying,
The loiterer rarely could succeed in rallying.

XXIII.

Not on the forest oak with surer aim,
And stroke more fatal, falls the forked fire,
From heaven down-rushing, than the subtile flame,
Shot from the sky of love and warm desire
In Beauty's eyes, on ARTHUR'S spirit came,
(Drawn by the loveliest feelings that inspire
The heart's sweet passion,) shivering ere its time
His peace, and blasting virtues yet in prime.

XXIV.

As with the heroes of the olden song,
 Whom Fable clothes with superhuman pow'rs,
 The faculties which lift them from the throng
 One point impairs, and levels quite with ours ;
 Or to the charter of their fates belong
 Some hard conditions, which curtail their hours ; —
 ANGLANTE's lord was tender in the sole,
 And took especial care to keep it whole : (1)

XXV.

ORRILLO's fate a single hair suspended (2) ;
 Bold FERRAÛ, with sevenfold temper'd steel,

(1) ORLANDO is described as invulnerable in every part of his body, except the soles of his feet, the which, his poet tells us, and we readily believe, he guarded *con ogni studio ed arte*, studiously and with art. The knight of SPAIN (second line of the next stanza) bore an equally charmed life, being mortal only in the part whereat, in the language of the bard, the infant receives its first nourishment, *nel ventre ancor serrato*. This spot, accordingly, he took care to cover as mentioned in the text, *sempre, Di sette piastre fatte a buone tempre*. See the *Orl. Fur.* xii. 47, 48.

(2) ORRILLO ; — a necromancer and robber, in the *Orlando*, who enjoyed the enviable faculty of replacing any of his members, as well as his head, as fast as they were lopped from the body. ASTOLFO, discovering that his power of vitality lay in a single hair of his head, snatches up the latter, after striking it from the owner's shoulders, runs away with it on horseback, and, to make sure work, shaves the entire scalp, *using his sword as a razor*, and holding the

The mother's mark between his flanks defended ;
 Nor less familiar than ACHILLES' heel,
 That fatal brand on which the life depended
 Of CENEUS' heir, when she, whose heart could feel
 Joy for his valor, curs'd the prize it won,
 And in the nephew ceas'd to know the son ; — (1)

XXVI.

So ARTHUR's frailty was the mortal spot
 That marr'd an otherwise immortal nature ;

head *per lo naso*, by the nose ; whereupon the face grows livid, the eyes roll back in their sockets, and the decapitated trunk, which was following, at full speed on horseback, the English knight, falls from the saddle a corpse. See *Orl. Fur. Cto.* xv. 64–87. This amusing fable was probably suggested by the ancient superstition of PROSERPINA and the fated lock, of which we have so beautiful an illustration at the close of the fourth *Æneid*.

(1) At the birth of MELEAGER, son of CENEUS, king of CALYDON, the Destinies were present, and declared that his life should last while a brand, which they threw upon the fire, should be unconsumed. Immediately his mother, ALTHEA, snatched the billet from the hearth, extinguished it, and treasured it. MELEAGER, having slain the Calydonian boar, gave the spoils to ATALANTA, who had been the first to wound the monster. His uncles, in their jealousy, took them from her, using at the time injurious expressions ; and the hero slew them. ALTHEA, on her way to the temples, to render thanks for her son's good fortune, met the escort with the bodies of her brothers, and, in a transport of mingled grief and anger, hurrying back to the palace, restored the billet to the flames. As the last cinder crumbled into ashes, MELEAGER expired. See the *Metam.* of OVID, lib. viii. fab. 4.

Where sordid thought and low desire were not,
 But qualities of high, celestial feature.
 His weakness was what fell to ADAM's lot,
 And foul'd with sin JEHOVAH's brightest creature ;
 And worshipping the stars of woman's eyes
 Expell'd him from the Eden of the wise.

XXVII.

“Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
 Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster ?” (1)
 I mean not to apologize for sin
 In quoting which from human-nature's master ;
 But this I say, — where pleasure is to win,
 The warm of blood will run the race much faster,
 Than he, whose chilly spirits tempt him never
 To *heat*, in any way, his sluggish *liver*. (2)

XXVIII.

Yet deem not ARTHUR sensual ; though warm,
 His nature was essentially poetical.
 Enamour'd of the excellence of form,
 (Pray pardon me these stanzas exegetical,)
 He sought therewith combin'd a higher charm, —
 Though finding it most often antithetical, —
 The charm of moral worth : as I shall prove,
 His love was passion, but his passion love.

(1) *Merchant of Venice*, Act i. Sc. 1.

(2) “ And let thy liver rather heat with wine,” etc. *Same ; same passage.*

XXIX.

Essentially poetical, to him
All beauty was divinity, and Heaven
Shone in the stars not more than in the dim
And shadowy forest, and a voice was given
To the minutest insect life, to hymn
Sweet adoration like the birds, and even
Attraction in the homeliest things that crawl, —
For GOD was in them, and the soul of all.

XXX.

But most in woman's beauty ARTHUR saw
The image of Creative Love complete.
'T was there he worshipp'd, and if not with awe,
(For this, sensation's thrill was all too sweet,)
Yet with an ecstasy that seem'd to draw
All feelings to its vortex ; and the beat
Of his strong pulse, if caus'd by passion then,
Was not the kind that stirs the mass of men.

XXXI.

BIANCA's charms could not the observation
Escape of so experienc'd an eye ;
And when our hero saw her perturbation,
CUPID, in common phrase, a bolt let fly,
That caus'd, of course, the usual titillation,
Precursor of the thrills that make us sigh ;
And ARTHUR for a while look'd red and stupid :
He makes one feel so foolish, that vile CUPID !

XXXII.

Then he too rose (not CUPID, but our hero,)
 And took his seat where BLANCHE had just been seated,
 And looking o'er the poop as blank as zero,
 He made the lady fear she had been cheated ;
 But soon she found he was not quite a Nero,
 For presently her little heart he treated
 With sidelong glances, neither harsh nor haughty :
 And BLANCHE return'd them ; which was very naughty.

XXXIII.

Now all this time the packet was in motion,
 As I suppos'd the reader might suppose,
 And, though the day was fine, a slight commotion
 Was ruffling up the ugly sea that flows
 'Twixt FRANCE and ENGLAND, worse than open ocean,
 As every one that 's try'd them both well knows,
 And spite of gayety, and even flirtation,
 Poor BLANCHE began to feel an odd sensation.

XXXIV.

And soon the color of her lovely cheek,
 That had a tone voluptuous and mellow,
 Was seen to leave the picture, streak by streak,
 Which turn'd first pale, and presently pale yellow.
 But still, perhaps in pride to seem less weak
 Than many a maid and more than one stout fellow,
 She resolutely pac'd the deck along,
 But with a step less equal and less strong.

XXXV.

At length (by accident, I deem) she dropp'd
One of her gloves before young CARRYL's feet,
And as, when lifting it he rose, she stopp'd,
Thank'd him in French, with smile and gesture sweet,
Then turn'd, o' th' sudden, like a green bough lopp'd,
Which droops, not falls, she sunk into a seat,
Close by our hero, who, in consternation,
Began to proffer his commiseration.

XXXVI.

This took BIANCA as her proper right ;
And then she took — a glass of simple water,
Apologizing first with all her might,
In the set phrases which her breeding taught her,
For the vast trouble her unlucky plight
Was giving his politeness, which besought her
Not to suppose that what in any measure
Could give her ease was aught to him but pleasure.

XXXVII.

This mutual and polite exaggeration
Being finish'd to their mutual content,
The fair one, with a languid inclination,
Against the rails her person backward leant,
Her blue eyes clos'd, and in this situation
Rested a little space, which ARTHUR spent
In following up his amorous prolusions,
By drawing physiognomical conclusions.

XXXVIII.

He mark'd her perfect forehead, and thence drew
The flattering portrait of a finished mind ;
Then on the brows he fix'd his raptur'd view
That never yet were match'd, that I can find,
And judg'd her gentle-temper'd, which was true,
But lively, and capricious, although kind ;
Then glancing at her downcast lids, he goes
Straight to the lips, — not liking much her nose.

XXXIX.

What beauty there, what wit, what soul display'd !
But there was something else he scarce expected.
Already had he notic'd that the maid
Was somewhat, in her tone of voice, affected ;
And now about her lips he thought there play'd
A consciousness of triumph, and detected,
Or fancy'd he detected, in her smile,
Not more of amiability than guile.

XL.

He, who knows much of women, knows mistrust.
Though he were open as the very day,
Less prone to doubt than infancy, yet must
Suspicion work at last her secret way,
By Disappointment guided and Disgust,
Into his heart, to make no transient stay.
ARTHUR, by curs'd experience taught in vain,
Would doubt and trust, to doubt and trust again.

XLI.

And now the demon of distrust awoke,
And stirring in his breast with motion sore,
Poor BLANCHE's chain of fascination broke,
And CARRYL's pulse beat freely as before ;
And presently when BLANCHE arose, and took
Her way unsteady to the cabin door,
He offer'd her his hand with such ill grace,
She begg'd he would by no means leave his place.

XLII.

BIANCA's figure was not made for motion,
At least before a scrutinizing eye ;
And ARTHUR, having now his amorous notion
Shook off, was more dispos'd to laugh than sigh.
“ By Jove ! ” he said, “ her flesh rolls like an ocean
On those huge hips, which are a mile too high ! . .
I wonder that she does not dress more snugly . . .
And then, that nose of hers is so damn'd ugly ! ”

XLIII.

All this was what the playbooks call *aside*,
Or in the sanctum of the speaker's mind.
And then his fancy took a sudden stride
To his far home, and friends there left behind.
Delicious travel ! to the dull earth ty'd
While creeps the body, crippled or confin'd,
To mount a steed whose hoofs outrun the Day,
And scour o'er hills and ocean far away !

XLIV.

'T is to have two existences in one,
And be enfranchis'd in the soul, ere dead :
High privilege ! of poets not alone,
But shar'd by brains of feathers and of lead :
(Thus, in our time, that ass of asses, S——E,
By his long ears his sister spirit led,
In sympathetic converse through the air,
From Narragansett to the Lord knows where.)

XLV.

Yet sad it is, though sweet, while far from home,
To wander in imagination back,
When he, whose feet in foreign climates roam,
Travels all lonesome in a crowded track,
And finds unshar'd his pleasures even become
Dispiriting and vapid ; for the pack
Of mutual wo is borne with less annoy
Than lonely, if there can be lonely joy.

XLVI.

So CARRYL found it ; for his heart was warm,
And look'd for sympathy, roam where he would.
Before his vision rose the stately form
Of his young sister, gentle, fair, and good ;
He seem'd to feel her kisses ; and a swarm
Of other thoughts, that wake "the melting mood,"
Gather'd about his heart, and strove to rise.
He turn'd to CONSTANCE, not to shame his eyes.

XLVII.

He turn'd, and from the sea his vacant gaze
Withdrew, to contemplate not CONSTANCE VERE,
But meet BIANCA, who, to his amaze,
Was coming tow'rds him with a look as clear
And kind, as she had known him all her days,
Or had not found him formal and severe.
Pale she was still, but languid now no more ;
And her large eyes look'd softer than before.

XLVIII.

Without a single moment's hesitation,
She took again the seat which she had quitted,
And, with great swiftness of enunciation,
From her most delicate mouth of rose emitted
Fresh compliments, upon an obligation
Whereof she would have been ten times acquitted
For only one of those sweet looks, with which
She made the copy of her thanks so rich.

XLIX.

“ *Monsieur* has been so very, very kind !
I know not what I should have done,” quoth she,
“ Without his help. A trifle ? Never mind :
Though such to you, it has not been to me.
Better ? O, thank you, sir ! I really find
Myself quite well : my spirits, as you see,
Are light enough : indeed, they never sag.”
And here she drew a book out from her bag.

L.

“D’ you read Italian ? Yes ? Ah ! that is well !
 Perhaps you speak it ? *Bene !* I ’m delighted.
 I French ? O, no ! I fancy you might tell
 By my false accent . . . Nay ! you ’re not invited
 To coin me compliments : if I excel
 In your kind eyes, you surely are near-sighted :
 I am of ROME. And *Monsieur*, whence is he ?
 AMERICA ? That world beyond the sea ?

LI.

“ I thought you English : but, ’t is all the same.
 No ? Well then, nearly. Do you much admire
 Our poets ? Here are some of modern name ;
 A sort of album of the Tuscan quire :
Parini, Pindemonte, more of fame ;
 Ode, song, and sonnet, all you can desire.”
 And, opening the book about midway,
 She read aloud MANZONI’S *Fifth of May*.

LII.

Aloud ; that is, to CARRYL ; who express’d
 No way surprise, and had none to dissemble.
 Unlike that fry of travellers profess’d,
 From Captain BASIL down to F——y K———,
 Who find all strange that feather’d not the nest
 Of their own littleness, and make us tremble

Lest, in their zeal to show us somewhere tainted,
They prove our mother one of Hell's own sainted (1) ;

LIII.

Unlike these "learned Thebans" (2), ARTHUR paid
No human thing the deference of wonder,
But, like the facile GREEK (3) whose shield display'd
Wing'd EROS brandishing his grandsire's thunder,
All manners suited him, and he was made
To suit all manners, nor so gross a blunder
Committed, as to think that all mankind
In breaking eggs should have the self-same mind. (4)

(1) They, who are very violent in charging particular vices or faults on others, may, in almost every case, be suspected of possessing them to a greater degree themselves. True virtue is essentially charitable. And as this is true of individuals, so it is of states.

(2) "I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban." LEAR of *Tom o' Bedlam*. *K. Lear*, Act iii. Sc. 4.

(3) ALCIBIADES; whose vain but pertinent device, Cupid armed with a thunderbolt, is well known.

(4) See GULLIVER's account of the war between the *Big and Little Endians*, chap. iv. of the *Voyage to Lilliput*.

Captain MARRYAT, or Major HAMILTON, or some other, or all of these philosophic tourists, found their refinement excessively outraged by a habit, which the greater part of the AMERICANS have presumed to adopt without asking permission of the ENGLISH, namely, that of emptying eggs, at breakfast, into a wineglass, instead of eating them from the shell. There is a class of men, whose notions of good-breeding never go beyond external forms, and even in these are confined to such as they have seen practised

LIV.

He listen'd gravely, while BIANCA read
 From *Ei fu* even down to *lui posò* (1),
 But never knew one word of all she said,
 His thoughts being where his eyes were fix'd, I trow ;
 And who, when just in reach two lips so red
 Were playing fast and loose, would care to know,
 Unless his heart were hoary grown, or stony,
 What mischief they were doing to *Manzoni* ?

LV.

CARRYL forgot his doubts, forgot no less
 The hips which he had found "a mile too high,"
 Forgot the ill adjustment of her dress,
 Forgot her nose, — no, that was in his eye ;
 But even in this he could not but confess
 His sudden spleen had all but made him lie :
 The nose, no doubt, was plain, — being thick, yet
 small, —
 But was not "so damn'd ugly," after all.

in their own country. Such persons should not travel. How shall they bear to use chopsticks in CHINA, make a spoon of their fingers in TURKEY, or brandish an iron fork of two prongs in the wilds of western AMERICA ? It is a misery before which all others shrink in comparison ; and its record justly takes the place of questions of social order, public morals, and civil polity.

(1) The Alpha and Omega of *Il Cinque Maggio*, the Ode in question.

LVI.

The recitation o'er, *BLANCHE* clos'd the book,
And raising her bright eyes to *CARRYL*'s face,
Seem'd no wise disconcerted by his look,
But smiling with a most bewitching grace,
The converse she had suddenly forsook
As suddenly resum'd, nor gave him space
Upon the ode his sentiments to tell.
Perhaps she felt he had not listen'd well.

LVII.

“So far from home ! from friends and kin so far !
Do you not fear to travel thus alone ?
Ah, true ! your man. Most fortunate you are,
Or most unfortunate, of all I 've known.
You ask me, why. Civility should bar
Perhaps my answer ; but I 'll venture on :
His face speaks merit rare, which if not his,
That shape says little for his services.”

LVIII.

With a most natural action, as she spake,
BIANCA, looking where the hunchback sate,
Saw an expression she could not mistake
In his sad eyes, which seem'd to indicate
A sort of trouble for his master's sake ;
Or thus, perhaps, her conscience might translate
His earnest gaze ; and shame and indignation
To her pale cheeks call'd back their lost carnation.

LIX.

As instantly she turn'd away her eyes,
FELIX withdrew not his, and CARRYL's own,
Which naturally, and likewise from surprise
At the maid's blushes, after hers had flown,
Saw FELIX' look ; whence he too felt arise
(The expression being only too well known)
The scarlet of his cheek, which quick disdain
To be so mov'd but dy'd a deeper grain.

LX.

However, to BIANCA's observation
He thus reply'd : — “ You have not judg'd him ill ;
His understanding is above his station,
Which 't is no choice of mine that he should fill :
I feel the ridicule his malformation
Attaches to my taste, but much more still
A self-reproach that one of so much mind
Should rank, through me, with men of servile kind.

LXI.

“ True, 't is no fault of mine, as I have said,
But springs from his perverseness, or, more truly,
From a too grateful heart, by which misled,
He estimates small kindnesses unduly.
In this one point, despite his sober head
And docile temper, FELIX proves unruly :
Excess, which very few will have the sin
To answer for of oft indulging in.

LXII.

“ But, should we meet again, as I will hope,”
 (Here CARRYL sunk his voice unconsciously ;
 While BLANCHE affected not to mark his scope,) —
 “ I will relate to you his history.
 ’T is a sad tale ; for he has had to cope
 With cares that ceas’d not till he follow’d me, —
 Oppression, want, all griefs that men befall,
 And love, (though strange it seem,) the worst of all.”

LXIII.

One moment BLANCHE was silent. When again
 Her sweet lips open’d, in a softer tone
 The round full Tuscan pour’d its honey’d strain,
 As if it imitated CARRYL’s own.
 Were their hearts bound by sympathetic chain,
 Or link magnetic ? which, veridic S——E ?
 I know not ; but the sound to CARRYL comes
 Soft as to thee the touch of LORA’s thumbs.

LXIV.

“ You visit ITALY, I dare to say ? ”
 (CARRYL assented ; but he thought her curious ;)
 “ But, doubtless, first awhile in PARIS stay,
 Particularly if you be luxurious :
 And much is there, in truth, that will repay
 A long sojourn, with interest usurious.
 The rest of FRANCE is speedily gone through ;
 For PARIS seen leaves little else to view.

LXV.

“The valleys of the Alps will then receive you.
 No ? Are not sure ? Well, let us so suppose :
 And surely in the dog-days 't will not grieve you
 To have the Jungfrau's (1) sempiternal snows,
 Or the White Mountain's icy peaks, relieve you
 Of waste caloric. When your winter clothes
 You next put on, the plains of ITALY
 Will be around you, and a world to see.

LXVI.

“To visit all, betwixt the Po and Tiber,
 That is of note, would take you until Lent,
 Though in the effort straining every fibre.
 Your Carnoval will thus in ROME be spent ;
 Unless to view St. Mark's (2), as men describe her,
 In vice and folly steep'd, be your intent.
 If so, be sure to be in time at ROME
 To see the lighting of ST. PETER's dome (3).

(1) *The Jungfrau* ; a lofty mountain, of most imposing aspect, in the Bernese OBERLAND. *The White Mountain*, in the next line, is “Mont Blanc,” (*Le Mont Blanc*.)

(2) VENICE ; where the mummary of the Carnoval, bad as it is everywhere, is carried, they say, to an extreme of absurdity and licentiousness seen nowhere else.

(3) Which takes place at Easter, when, at the instant of night-fall, the grand cupola, the front of the basilica, and the porticos are illuminated by 683 torches, lighted in a moment by 254 men, and sometimes by 891 torches lighted by 365 men, *over and above* 4400 *great lanterns*, “che si accendono prima, e formano un grazioso

LXVII.

“NAPLES But I am chalking out your route !
 I ’d better gallop back with you to CALAIS.”
 (Smil’d CARRYL ; but this did not put her out ;
 His lip curl’d not in scorn, far less in malice.)
 “Like us, you put up at *Dessin’s*, no doubt.
 The best inn there. You ’ll find it quite a palace.
 Ah ! there ’s the yellow shore of FRANCE in view.
 The Princess beckons. Pardon. Sir, adieu.”

LXVIII.

“The *princess* beckons ? Who the deuse is she ?
 Eh ! what ! The devil ! have I been so caught ?”
 (Thus ARTHUR to himself, but inwardly,
 As BLANCHE retired from him.) “Faith, I thought
 Those two old women, ugly though they be,
 Were of her kin at least. I might have taught
 Myself much better, had I been less blind ;
 For ’mas and maiden aunts are not so kind ;

LXIX.

“Especially on this side of the water,
 Where they are more of dragons than with us,
 For reasons privy, nor permit a daughter,
 Or niece, a freedom deem’d indecorous

lume quasi di un ricamo.” See FEA : *Descriz. di Roma* ; ed. 6^{ta}.
 Tom. i. pp. 54, 55. Thousands of people crowd to ROME about
 this time, and thousands protract their stay in the pontifical city,
 for the sole purpose of beholding the illumination.

For virgins only, till some man hath bought her,
When the tir'd monsters cease to watch her thus,
And the freed wife may ogle whom she will,
Nor aunt or mother ever dream of ill.

LXX.

“ But surely from her mien, her conversation,
This merry wench, though doubtless of their train,
Can never tend them in a servile station ;
And this her present attitude makes plain.”
And as these thoughts, with some slight variation,
Meander'd through the folds of CARRYL's brain,
His eyes, which naturally, as she retreated,
Had follow'd BLANCHE until he saw her seated

LXXI.

Beside the elder princess, mark'd her telling
Something that seem'd of interest to each,
While the old lady caught the accents, welling
From the rose-border'd and fresh fount of speech,
With smiles and glances at the youth, compelling
Him, spite of passion to suppose a breach
Of trust in BLANCHE, which, though it woke no rancor,
Yet made him for an instant long to spank her.

LXXII.

But CARRYL, notwithstanding his warm blood,
Was far too philosophical, or gay,
('T is much the same,) to keep an angry mood,
Especially tow'rds woman, knowing they

Have been permitted, ever since the Flood,
 To break through canons tamer men obey,
 (And doubtless wisely, — since enjoyment 's seated
 Not more in cheating than in being cheated (1).)

LXXIII.

Besides, at present, he had little reason
 To feel displeasure, *BLANCHE* being not to blame,
 But his own heedlessness, since, out of season,
 Reckless of ridicule and dead to shame,
 And out of place (which is to Love flat treason,)
 He needs must trifle with a casual flame,
 And make himself an object of surprise
 And theme of jest to all that us'd their eyes.

LXXIV.

ARTHUR felt vex'd ; but how had throbb'd his heart
 With grief and self-conviction ! had he known,
 Not that his cousin and his foe took part
 In scoffing at the weakness he had shown ;
 Not that the sapient *PEBBLE* did impart,
 In what he meant should seem an under-tone,
 To his fair spouse, his charitable fear,
 That *CARRYL*'s wiles would cost yon maiden dear ;

- (1) “Doubtless the pleasure is as great
 Of being cheated as to cheat.”

So says *BUTLER*, with more wit and shrewdness than grammar,
 (*Hudib.* Pt. ii. Cto iii. 1.) Were there fewer dupes in the world,
 the number of the knaves would be sensibly less. A self-evident
 proposition. To apply it to the explication of the couplet in my
 text will not be difficult.

LXXV.

Nor that the dame, with supercilious smile,
Made answer, that his vision must be dim ;
For if on either side were thought of guile,
The maid, more likely, was seducing him,
(Even as she spoke, admiring all the while
ARTHUR's broad shoulders and his length of limb,
And thinking, were he bent to go astray,
What pity a mere girl should teach the way.)

LXXVI.

But that the gentle CONSTANCE show'd surprise,
And felt (her innocent nature knew not why)
Once more her former prejudice arise
Against our hero, while ESTELLE's large eye
Plainly evinc'd she deem'd him little wise.
She had, before, not rated him too high.
A trifle now, as then a heart of stone,
Seem'd he whose soul was likest to her own !

LXXVII.

ARTHUR felt vex'd, — being somewhat disappointed, —
But then, as I have writ, was not so long ;
His mind being, like his body, too well jointed
To feel regrets, which never shake the strong,
Much less the supple, when at least anointed
With that rare oil, whose use the vulgar throng
Know not, though making at all times pretence
To its possession, — simply, common sense.

LXXVIII.

So, from his fellow-passengers he turn'd
 To contemplate the fast-expanding shore ;
 But in its barren reach could be discern'd
 No charm his love-sick fancy to restore :
 CUPID, who will not easily be spurn'd,
 No doubt his purple fillet wav'd before
 His vision, that nor sea, nor land, nor skies,
 He saw, but only *BLANCHE*'s star-bright eyes.

LXXIX.

O Love ! (I mean now to be sentimental.)
 O Love ! we call thee pleasure, — and thou art ;
 But to that portion of us term'd the mental,
 Which is, as it may happen, head or heart,
 (And where to most thy task is incidental,)
 'T is aught but liveliness thou dost impart.
 Laugh lovers may, but never by thy choosing ;
 Thou mak'st them take so damnably to musing.

LXXX.

All senses then are consecrate to thee :
 Vainly the eye is summon'd to admire
 The site of cities ; and fine scenery
 May stir the poet's, not the lover's fire.
CONSTANTINOPLE, fair *PARTHENOPE* (1),
GENOA the Superb would only tire,

(1) The first name of the city afterwards called *Neapolis* ;

Could they at all detain love-stricken eyes ;
Nor would the Bay of Islands much surprise, —

LXXXI.

(That bay which one in panorama sees.
The bills describe it as a wondrous place ;
And therefore I ; for which I hope the fees
Will be remitted in my special case.)
I say, the *Bay of Islands* would not please.
How then should CALAIS' harbour, with a face
The ugliest perhaps e'er fam'd in story (1),
Drive out the image of BLANCHE GAIOCORE ?

LXXXII.

But lo ! the Pier is reach'd: Heav'ns ! what a bustle
On board the packet, and upon the quay !
Clatter men's boots, and women's dresses rustle,
And tongues shout orders which few hands obey ;
And grooms and waiting-men their betters jostle,
Or, struggling to make room, obstruct the way ;
And FRENCHMEN'S voices, clamoring on the pier,
Sound like a Babel to the English ear.

whence in Italian, *Napoli*, and, in French and English, *Naples*.

(1) CALAIS is famous for the siege it sustained, for a twelve-month, (to wit, from August, 1346, to the end of the same month in 1347,) against the forces of EDWARD III. of ENGLAND.

LXXXIII.

And now beware you guard your luggage well ;
 For every porter claims it as his prize,
 Seizes it, though your breast with choler swell,
 And bears it piecemeal off before your eyes.
 In vain your valet gives the man to hell,
 Or threatens blows ; the CALAISAN (1) replies
 With double zeal and fresh asseverations,
 And serves you in despite of protestations.

LXXXIV.

Meantime a dozen dirty hands extend
 A dozen cards ; a dozen tongues declare
 The names of inns they 're taught to recommend : —
 "The Royal, sir ? A card. Speak English there." —
 (Idly you shake the head, in vain expend
 Your breath :) "The Crown, *monsieur*. *Rue de la Mer*. —
 Quillac's ?" The vagabonds will not hear *Nô*.
 Take all their pasteboard, if you 'd have them go.

LXXXV.

Amid this hubbub, which the steam escaping
 Now from the waste-pipe, with a sullen roar,
 Confounded worse, our hero landed, shaping
 His course by three French porters gone before,

(1) The French write *Calésien*, which JOHNES, in his translation of FROISSARD, metaphrases by *Calesian* ; but the true English word for a citizen of CALAIS would be *Calaisan*, directly formed from *Calais*.

Jarring incessantly, and FELIX keeping
A watchful eye upon the trunks they bore ;
But first his pass demanded at the key,
Awoke a thought of home and liberty.

LXXXVI.

“ To what hotel, sir, shall these things be taken ? ”
The porters ask’d : and FELIX said, “ *Dessin’s.* ”
But FELIX was, for once at least, mistaken ;
For CARRYL silently had chang’d his plans.
BIANCA’s hint had all to pieces shaken
His first intention ; nor will one, who scans
The motive narrowly, consider strange,
Though started by caprice, this sudden change.

LXXXVII.

Though frank, and liberal as the air of heaven,
Which yields to all things and pervadeth all,
Our hero was but man ; and love that ’s given
Too freely in a little time will pall :
We rate most highly that for which we ’ve striven,
And watch’d, and waited, though it prove but small.
BIANCA’s frankness, and desire to please,
Alternately thaw CARRYL’s heart and freeze.

LXXXVIII.

’T is the same feelings in this matter move
Now Eve, now Adam. Had BIANCA been
Coy, and reluctant, and reserv’d, the love
Of ARTHUR would have lack’d no spur, I ween,

And she, in turn, had hardly prov'd above
 Inconstant passion and caprice of mien ;
 Except she were impatient to surrender,
 As widows be, and maids no longer tender.

LXXXIX.

Thought ARTHUR then : “ I would that little brain
 Had been less busy ! I must change my mind, —
 Or seem too anxious. This would make her vain.
 The hook is not yet swallow'd, she shall find ! ”
 CUPID, who since they 'd left the bark, had lain
 Quite still in ARTHUR's fob, but not quite blind,
 At this resolve laugh'd gaily in his sleeve,
 Foreseeing future sport we may believe.

XC.

But he, within whose waistcoat-fold was laid,
 Though not without suspect, ÆNEAS' brother,
 His destination having alter'd, bade
 The varlets take his luggage to some other :
 “ The *Royal*, in the *Star*, will do,” he said ;
 And on they mov'd. But FÉLIX could not smother
 Some slight surprise, suggesting, “ He forgot
Dessin's was famous”. . . Cries the youth, “ For
 what ? ”

XCI.

“ It is the place where STERNE, that ribald wit,
 Sojourn'd upon his way to PARIS ; where
 Some portion of his merry tour was writ ”. . .
 “ The truth of which I think you would not swear,”

Quoth CARRYL : “ and moreover, where he met
The lowly Monk, and that most gentle fair,
Whose small soft fingers, throbbing through her glove,
Made YORICK spite his ‘ breeches ’ guess at love.(1)

XCII.

“ No, I have not forgot ; but you, my friend,
Have you to learn that such things I despise ?
No pilgrim devotee am I, to wend
Long journeys to the sepulchre where lies
The slough of some great poet, or to bend
In awe o’er musty relics of the wise.
Urns, tombs, to me, are simply tombs and urns,
A room no marvel, though you name it *Sterne’s* (2).

XCIII.

“ No, FELIX ; such realities for me
Are clogs to fancy, and not aids. And here
The spot’s sole interest comes from history : ”
“ King EDWARD’s leaguer, and the brave SAINT-
PIERRE ? ”
“ The same. You have the story fresh, I see.
It is a brief one, if the inn is near :
Pray tell it me ; for well I know you can.”
Bow’d FELIX, blush’d, and, modest, thus began : —

(1) See, in the *Sentimental Journey*, the chapters headed *The Monk*, *The Remise*, etc. *Spite his “breeches,”* — spite of his sacerdotal character. See the *Journey*.

(2) At *Dessin’s*, say the guide-books, is shown a room where STERNE is said to have written part of his *Sentimental Journey*. The door is inscribed, “ *This is Sterne’s room.* ”

XCIV.

“ ’T was after CRECI’s day of great renown,
When folly wrought the lilies fell mischance (1),
The victor on the fifth day sat him down
Before the ramparts of this key of FRANCE (2).
JOHN of VIENNE then govern’d in the town ;
Than whom a bolder knight ne’er shiver’d lance.
So, hopeless to achieve the place by storm,
The British king laid siege to it in form.

XCV.

“ He cast intrenchments on each landward side,
And built a town of huts to hold his men,
Where winter’s sleet and rain might be defy’d ;
For autumn weather was commencing then.
The CALAISANS with food were well supply’d
By sea ; but when this came to EDWARD’s ken,
He rais’d a wooden castle ’twixt the shore
And town, and intercepted every store.

(1) The ENGLISH owed their success in the battle of CRECI, not more to the prudence and valor of their sovereign, and the skilful disposition of his slender forces, than to the impetuosity, overconfidence, and want of discipline of the enemy, whose very numbers, under their mismanagement, were a material cause of their defeat, and certainly, when once the fortune of the day had turned against them, rendered it irretrievable. HUME has therefore said, that “ the whole ” affair was “ rather a rout than a battle.”

(2) The battle of CRECI was fought on a Saturday, and, on Thursday of the next week, EDWARD, whose promptness in action (that great requisite in a commander) was never anywhere more conspicuous than in FRANCE, appeared before the walls of CALAIS.

XCVI.

“ And now began the leagur’d to despair.
No succor from king PHILIP seem’d at hand.
In little time, so scanty grew their fare,
The famine would be more than they could stand.
Yet all the useless mouths they number’d there
Had been expell’d, by DE VIENNE’s command ;
(All whom the royal BRITON fed, men say,
And pitying sent, with money, on their way.)

XCVII.

“ Nor when at length the citizens descry’d,
From their beleagur’d walls, the white tents spread,
Upon the hill of Sangate, far and wide,
Which told them of an army thither led
To raise the siege and combat on their side,
Did Hope long flatter them ; for EDWARD sped
A force to guard the approaches to the town
And keep the hostile FRENCH from coming down.

XCVIII.

“ The passes of approach were only two ;
One by the downs ; the other o’er a swamp
Spann’d by a single bridge, the which a few,
But chosen spirits, of right valiant stamp,
Maintain’d with ease. So after much ado
Of parley, and some fight, the FRENCH decamp,
Retire to AMIENS, are disbanded there,
And leave the CALAISANS to their despair.

XCIX.

“ Upon the ramparts, for his townsmen’s sake,
And at their prayer, stood then the bold VIENNE,
And made a sign for parley. Thus he spake,
To the deputed BRITONS : ‘ Gentlemen,
Our lord and sovereign set us here to take
Good care of this his town and castle. Then,
Being strong, we did so, and should do so still,
But that the means are wanting to our will.

C.

“ ‘ Go tell your king, whose gallantry we know,
We have done our best, but now can do no more,
Yet feel a hope his clemency will show
Compassion, and that, seeing we give o’er
Into his hands the town, he will forego
All vengeance meditated on the score
Of past resistance, and dismiss us free,
To seek a new home where’er that shall be.

CI.

“ ‘ His loss, our town will quit it, and our treasure.’
To which Sir WALTER MANNY (of the two (1)
Sent to VIENNE) reply’d : ‘ Our master’s pleasure
Is known to us ; and thus it is in few : —
The king is wroth with you beyond all measure,
And will not hear of terms. Without ado,
You must submit ; and, as may be his will,
Some he will put to ransom, others kill.’

(1) Sir WALTER MANNY and the lord BASSET. FROISSARD.

CII.

“ Then answer'd DE VIENNE. Thus answer'd he :
‘ Too hard are these conditions. We be here
Not many knights and squires, who 've done as ye
In a like case had done, and though severe
Have been our sufferings, yet prepar'd are we
To brave the extremest ills that men can bear,
Before the merest hind that mans our wall
Shall fare worse than the best among us all.

CIII.

“ ‘ I therefore beg you would return and crave
Compassion for us, which, for that I know
Your king is great of mind as well as brave,
I trust he will, through God's dear mercy, show.'
Return'd the knights, and pray'd the king to wave
His purpose ; but the monarch answer'd, no.
Then said Sir WALTER, full of grief and shame,
‘ My lord, you may in this be much to blame.

CIV.

“ ‘ Hereafter, if you send us to maintain
A town or castle, we shall have less heart,
Seeing that if this people's prayer be vain,
And you should slay them for the valiant part
And loyal they have acted, it is plain
The FRENCH will do the like, should chance impart
A like occasion 'gainst us.' Gave accord
The barons round the throne. Then thus their lord :

CV.

“ ‘ I am not, gentlemen, so obstinate
Against the general will to set my face.
Return, Sir WALTER, to the town, and state
This to the governor : the only grace
He may expect is, if, to avert the fate
Which hangs o’er all, six persons of the place,
From among those the townsmen count their best,
Shall give themselves, atonement for the rest.

CVI.

“ ‘ The six, bare-headed, and with naked feet,
With halters round their necks, the city’s keys
Borne in their hands, shall come before my seat,
And yield themselves, to suffer what I please.
The rest shall, thereupon, forgiveness meet.’
Back to the town Sir WALTER carry’d these
Conditions, where VIENNE was waiting still,
Upon the battlements, the victor’s will.

CVII.

“ ‘ Straight to the market-place went DE VIENNE.
The bell was rung, and at the alarum came
All classes of the people, women, men,
The young, the old, all but the infirm and lame,
To learn the fate that waited them ; and when
The cruel news was told, so sad the exclaim
Which rose from the despairing crowd, that more
Than one then wept who ’d shed no tear before.

CVIII.

“ Even down VIENNE’s bold cheek the heart’s warm rain
Shower’d fast and big.” — Here paus’d that valet rare ;
For now our couple with the porters gain
The inn they seek, and FELIX must have care
To expedite those matters which detain
Your new-come traveller, and then repair
To CARRYL’s chamber, where the youth ’s preparing
Before his soup to take a little airing.

CIX.

Not for the air, (he ’d had enough at sea,)
But to kill time, which even Carryls feel,
When in some dull strange town they chance to be,
Condemn’d to wait, and waiting for their meal,
An enemy that will not lightly flee,
Nor let them either from the combat steal.
Besides, our hero really had in view
To stretch his limbs, and something else to do.

CX.

Accordingly, with FELIX, from the hotel
He sally’d out, directed by a plan
They had of CALAIS, and I know not well
Why on the street, wherein *Hôtel Dessin*
Was printed on the chart, his eyes first fell ;
But thitherward he turn’d. Meanwhile, his man
Resum’d, as on they move with paces slow,
His story of five hundred years ago.

CXI.

“ The city, I have said, was in despair ;
When rose the wealthiest of the town, and said,
(His name is written *Eustache de Saint-Pierre* :)
‘ It were a pity that for lack of bread
This crowd should perish, if a few may bear
The grief of all, and suffer in their stead.
Believing I shall find God’s grace, I name
Myself the first, of those the ENGLISH claim.’

CXII.

“ EUSTACE was all but worshipp’d ; many fell
Down at his feet, and bath’d them with their tears.
All that men want, not less in good than ill,
Is but example ; many an act appears
Too lofty even to attempt, until
Some valiant spirit achieves it, when the fears
Of thousands Emulation scatters fast.
He that first clumb the Alps was not the last.

CXIII.

“ Five others, one by one, of equal station,
Offer’d themselves, to share the good man’s fate.
The number thus complete, mid lamentation
From the vast crowd that on the martyrs wait,
And bless them, yet bewail their situation,
The lord VIENNE conducts them to the gate,
Thence to the barriers, where Sir WALTER stands,
And there consigns them to the BRITON’s hands.

CXIV.

“ ‘ As governor of CALAIS,’ (such his speech,)
‘ And with the inhabitants’ consent, to you
These six I do deliver, who are each
Of the most wealthy, and respected too,
Among us. I most earnestly beseech
You, sir, of your great gentleness, to sue
The king for mercy, that they may not die.’
To which Sir WALTER MANNY made reply :

CXV.

“ ‘ My sovereign’s will I know not, tow’rds these men ;
But in their aid my service shall be lent
Rest sure.’ The barriers were open’d then.
The six advance unto the royal tent ;
And back unto the town rides DE VIENNE.
And now into the royal presence went
Sir WALTER, follow’d by the six, who kneeling,
With hands uplifted, and with eyes appealing,

CXVI.

“ Thus said : ‘ Most gallant king, lo, at your feet,
Six citizens of CALAIS, with the keys
Of town and castle, who have come to meet
Whatever penalty your grace shall please,
Atonement for the city, yet entreat,
With humble hearts, and on their bended knees,
You will in your great nobleness extend
Compassion, and your heart to mercy lend.’

CXVII.

“The barons, knights, and squires, assembled there,
Were mov’d with pity at so sad a sight ;
But the king ey’d the men with sullen air,
And order’d them to be dispatch’d outright.
In vain his servants pray’d him to forbear ;
He heeded not. Then spake that valiant knight,
Sir WALTER MANNY, and said : ‘ My liege and king,
Let me beseech you not to do this thing !

CXVIII.

“ ‘ Wide are you known for nobleness of heart.
O stain not by this act your just renown !
If, for the lofty and intrepid part
These men have volunteer’d to save their town,
You slay them, ’t will be bruited you depart
From rectitude, and are remorseless grown.’
‘ So be it,’ was the monarch’s cold reply ;
‘ Give orders that the headsman come : they die ! ’

CXIX.

“ At this dread moment, when suspense seem’d o’er,
The queen, then greatly gone in pregnancy,
Fell on her knees, and said, ‘ With peril sore,
Ah, gentle sir, since I have cross’d the sea,
No favor have I ask’d. I now implore,
For CHRIST’s sweet sake, and for your love to me,
Your grace to have compassion on these men.’
She wept. The king look’d on, long silent ; then,

CXX.

“ ‘ Ah me, fair lady ! ’ (thus the monarch spake ;)
 ‘ I would that anywhere you ’d been but here !
 I may not slight your dear entreaty. Take
 These men, and as shall best to you appear
 So use them ; they are pardon’d for your sake.’
 To her pavilion with right gladsome cheer
 PHILIPPA led the six, their generous deed
 Extoll’d as it deserv’d, then had them freed

CXXI.

“ From the degrading halter, saw them fed,
 New cloth’d them, and to each (a mark of grace)
 Six nobles gave, and caus’d them to be led
 Safe from the camp. (1) And here ’s the market-place,”

(1) Able historians, including HUME, have doubted the absolute truth of this adventure of the six citizens; and why? Simply, because it rests upon the sole authority of FROISSARD. M. LEVESQUE assures us, with some heat, that an incident so remarkable would not have been omitted in the Chronicle of St. Denis, and other contemporary histories, had it been generally known; and, if known at all, it must have been known widely. Yet the great pestilence which ravaged all EUROPE, shortly after this very siege of Calais, is scarcely alluded to by FROISSARD, and not at all, if we be to take the Chronicles as printed in the French editions*; whereas all the other chroniclers describe it with some particularity. Now, if FROISSARD thought of little or no historical importance what in their eyes was matter of great moment, why should not they have slighted what appeared to him to be worthy of a record? The taste

* FROISSARD’S brief allusion to the plague is found in the *Additions, from MSS. in the Hafod Library*, which appear in the translation of Mr. JOHNES.

Quoth FELIX, "where this EUSTACE' bust, 't is said,
Adorns the town-hall's front, beside the face

of the latter would be naturally and irresistibly directed to this romantic incident of the siege, while the unvaried and depressing horrors of a pestilence would present nothing to interest an imagination, that delighted to revel in the more brilliant and exciting scenes of battle which the age was constantly furnishing. Besides, not to predicate any thing upon the tastes, however well ascertained, of an individual so many ages dead,* it may be asserted generally, that the omission of any single incident by any one or more obscure chroniclers is no proof that it did not occur, or that its details have been falsified by another contemporary writer in whose memoirs it does occur. As for the ENGLISHMAN, ROBERT OF AVESBURY, might he not have omitted such a story as being little to the credit of his sovereign? †

Again, we are told that the severity of EDWARD in the case of

* From the accounts he has given of himself in various places, we learn that he was *all his life a lover of the chase, of music, festivals, dress, of the pleasures of the table, of wine, and of women*: (See the memoir by SAINTE PALAYE, or any good biographical dictionary.) This would be the very character to pass over so lightly an account of a pestilence. Besides, the canon of CHIMAY sat down to his task with the very purpose, as his opening words assure us, of describing exclusively deeds of arms, the gallant enterprises of heroes and of their companions, all things connected with the *wars* of that age of chivalry, — in short, what may in general be termed the romantic part of the history of his time. A pestilence, however fearful, could have no place in such a plan. When BOCCACCIO, with his eye upon Thucydides, gives us a minute detail of this same calamity as it visited the plains of ITALY, it is because it forms the very ground work of his story, the cause which is supposed to bring together the gay relaters of the hundred novels.

† "This story of the six burgesses of CALAIS, like all other extraordinary stories, is somewhat to be suspected; and so much the more, as AVESBURY, p. 167, who is particular in his narration of the surrender of CALAIS, says nothing of it, and, on the contrary, *extols in general the king's generosity and lenity to the inhabitants*." HUME. *Note*.

The last clause of this passage may help one to form an answer to my question. — By the by, it is odd that HUME should attempt to draw a moral conclusion from an incident which he considers problematical. See *Hist. of England*, chap. xv., concluding paragraph. His inference is not quite philosophical it is true; but even if it were, it must fall to pieces unless based upon established fact.

Of Guise's Hem!" He gave his throat a clearing;
For CARRYL was no longer within hearing.

the six burgesses is altogether inconsistent with the acknowledged generosity of his character.* Yet it was by order of this same EDWARD, only a twelvemonth previously, that quarter was refused on the day of Creci, and on the morning which succeeded that battle. Nay, we are told that on this latter day, which was foggy, artifice was resorted to in order to decoy the straggling FRENCH to the English stations, where they were massacred in what may well be called cold blood, since quarter was refused alike to those who surrendered and to those who fought. To argue upon the truth of an isolated fact from a man's general character is to make no allowance for human inconstancy. Moreover, the mixture of great barbarity with great generosity, not unknown in the heroes of every time, may be said to have been a particular feature of the times of which we are speaking; and the same conqueror, who displayed himself to those who were expelled from CALAIS so truly generous, (truly, because their expulsion from the place was made for the very purpose of enabling the governor to prolong the defence,) might well be so exasperated by the duration of the siege, and by his loss of time, and men, and money, as to wish to visit on the heads of some few the punishment he had reserved perhaps for all.† His inhumanity was but part of his humanity; to have been more humane had been (taking the age into consideration) almost superhuman, and would certainly have entitled the royal victor to be ranked in nobleness of heart above the conquerors of all ages, modern as well as remote. Let me add that this seeming inconsistency of EDWARD'S, which is considered as making questionable

* See, on this page, note †.

† In 1370, when CHARLES, then king of FRANCE, was rapidly regaining his conquered provinces, EDWARD was so irritated that he threatened to put to death all the French hostages that remained in his hands. He did not indeed put this savage threat into execution: neither did he maintain his purpose against the CALAISANS; but the mere conception of such a deed was still more ungenerous and cruel in the former case than in the latter.

CXXII.

Just as the hunchback's story found an ending,
They reach'd the market-place, as we have seen ;

the entire story, is, to me, no little argument of its verity. It is representing man as he is, as he has been, as he ever will be.

Well, EDWARD will not listen to the remonstrances of his servants. This too is natural, and for two reasons : the first, that when a man is both angry and in the wrong, advice and remonstrance only exasperate him and render him more obstinate ; the second, that no one loves dictation, certainly no king, and that pride alone is sufficient to deter one from listening to those whose very advice shows them to be conscious at once of his unreasonableness and of their own superiority in judgment. What now if we should say, that the monarch was not angry after all, but only affected severity, in order to punish by the terror of impending execution those, whom, because of the town they represented, he thought, with the reasoning of a man, and a conqueror, and above all a king, it was not right to pardon absolutely ? The supposition implies nothing improbable ; though myself I do not think it reasonable.*

Next the Queen is brought before us, and the censor pronounces it unworthy of the monarch, and therefore unlikely, that he should have granted to her entreaties what he denied to the merits of the burghesses, and to the remonstrances of his nobles. It were a sufficient answer to say, that when a man is beginning to be beaten, even in an argument, the last person that assails him will have the credit of the victory. But the tears of the queen, her imploring posture, her artful yet gentle appeal to his favor, her touching adjuration, the delicate condition in which he saw her, these surely

* EDWARD was always more generous than just ; and, as a king, he was certainly arbitrary. This is fully proved in the summary which HUME has given of the principal events of his reign.

P. S. VOLTAIRE, I perceive, was of the opinion that EDWARD did not mean to put the men to death. But in founding this supposition on the known generosity of the king's character, he forgot, I think, his philosophy in that very skepticism which in other cases gave it birth.

When suddenly our hero sees, descending
The town-hall steps,—not EUSTACE,—nor the Queen,—

would be more powerful over the mind of EDWARD, especially if at the moment wavering, than the counsel of bearded and warlike men, which in itself, because they were his subjects and vassals, could not but be offensive. Besides it was of a piece with the chivalry of the day,* as it belongs to the gallantry of all ages, to give to women what is refused to justice and to mercy. And if it were not, did not CAIUS MARCIUS do as much, and more? and was EDWARD more resolute, a better soldier, or a loftier spirit, than the conqueror of CORIOLI? I think it is not anywhere so written.

To finish the arguments of M. LEVESQUE, he sees too an inconsistency in the queen's conduct, because she afterwards obtained the confiscation of the house of JOHN DAIRE, one of the six, and a further inconsistency in the acts of EDWARD, because he loads with gifts the same EUSTACE DE SAINT-PIERRE whom he was so near beheading; and he convicts SAINT-PIERRE of treachery to his country, because he accepted the presents of the conqueror, and deigned to live in the city whence his fellow-townsmen had been almost all expelled. The queen, it is to be presumed, was a woman; her availing herself of an unavoidable calamity, and taking for her own use the property which must have been confiscated, if not to herself to others, was no reason why she should consent to see the owner's head struck off, if prayers and tears would keep it on his shoulders. The very generosity of EDWARD must have made him love the nobleness of SAINT-PIERRE, when once forgiven; and to wish to secure to himself a soul of such a stamp was as natural

* HUME says, "This age was the reign of chivalry and gallantry." I need not remind the reader that it was EDWARD III. who instituted the order of the Garter, the origin of which badge of chivalry, though it rests upon less authority than the story of the six burgesses of CALAIS, (being, I believe, a mere tradition,) yet like the latter bears with it its own evidence of authenticity. EDWARD was in fact a true knight, as distinguished for gallantry as for courage; and there is not on record a hero of the time, including the very best that fall under that name, as DU GUESCLIN, CHANDOS, and even the prince of WALES himself, that would not have deemed it a disgrace to refuse to a kneeling and weeping princess a favor much more inconsistent with justice and humanity than that for which PHILIPPA supplicated.

But living *BLANCHE*. He could not think of lending Attention now to *FELIX*' prose, I ween.

as for *SAINT-PIERRE* to feel grateful to the hand which had spared him when in its power, and proud of the attention shown him by a monarch, and of the trust reposed in him by a victorious enemy. That this trust was to the prejudice of his own countrymen, and that the benefits received from *EDWARD* were to recompense him for a breach of natural faith, is nowhere shown, nor will a sneer be allowed to be an argument to prove it.

Finally, the minuteness with which *FROISSARD* has detailed the whole incident in question, the simplicity of his language and its adherence to nature, the very conduct of the characters in that little drama, (and which, as we have seen, has been objected to as inconsistent!) all these particulars are internal evidences of the truth of the story. Indeed, if it be an invention of the chronicler, or an enlargement and embellishment of some more meagre and less brilliant circumstances, we shall be obliged to allow, that from the sacred hand which penned the tale of *JOSEPH*, down to the elegant biographer of *FERDINAND* and *ISABELLA*, there has never lived the historian that could match him in the counterfeit of nature, and that even the dramatist *SHAKESPEARE* himself, in adapting the discourse of his real characters to the fictitious scenes in which they figure, was but a fool to this same simple *JOHN FROISSARD*.

P. S. Since I have carried this note to such an unintended length, it will but little more fatigue the reader if I add the following remarks. *FROISSARD* is very generally, though perhaps unjustly, accused by the *FRENCH* of partiality to the *ENGLISH*. If indeed the historian were in the interests of the latter nation more than in those of any of the various others with which he had in turn to do, he could never have been more so than when he presented the first part of his chronicles to *PHILIPPA*. It is in this part that the siege of *CALAIS* is recounted. How comes it that he should have told a circumstance so injurious to the character of *EDWARD*; a story which *M. LEVESQUE* would have to be of his invention or of his embellishment? There would have been little wisdom in carrying his performance to a court where there were so many persons who

To con the poetry of BLANCHE's eyes
Is sweeter task. So o'er the square he flies.

could not fail to know at once, from their own experience, the truth or falsehood of every particular therein recounted. Now the siege of CALAIS happened when FROISSARD was but ten years old. The first part of the Chronicle, he tells us at its very outset, he copied from the writings left by JOHN LE BEL (which have not come down to us). Can there be any doubt that this romantic incident, among others, had a place in the narrative of his predecessor? FROISSARD, therefore, would not at any rate be the inventor of this story; and his contemporaries would only have omitted it, simply because it fell not into their hands. Upon all that part of his history which he borrowed from another, he professes, and is known, to have bestowed unusual pains, revising and correcting it several times, in his great regard for accuracy. (See p. xxx, *note*, of the 1st Vol. of JOHNES's *Froissard*, ed. of 1839.)

In truth, the same praise may be bestowed upon FROISSARD that is given to the historian whom in some particulars he much resembles, HERODOTUS; a sincere wish, and a firm intention to do justice, subject to the infirmity perhaps of occasional prejudice, which will influence all men at times, and of a credulity to which the age wherein he lived was prone. No historian perhaps ever existed that shows so little partiality of any kind, or whose narratives, however romantic, have less of the coloring of exaggeration. "Le bon FROISSARD," says one who was well calculated to appreciate, at its proper value, the simplicity and ingenuousness of the Herodotus of chivalry, "le bon FROISSARD a marché en son entreprise d'une si franche naïveté, qu'ayant faict une faute, il ne craint aucunement de la recognoistre et corriger, en l'endroit où il en a esté adverty, et nous represente la diversité mesme des bruits qui couroyent, et les differens rapports qu'on luy faisoit. C'est la matiere de l'Histoire nuë et informe: chacun en peut faire son profit autant qu'il a d'entendement." This is a character of no little candor. See *Essais de Montaigne*, Liv. ii. chap. 10. Tom. iii. p. 81, éd. de COSTE, or (at p. xli. Vol. i. of JOHNES's *Froissard*, ed. of 1839) the observations of SAINTE-PALAYE, who has cited the same passage.

CXXIII.

I mean to say, he quicken'd his slow pace,
As far as pride, or Cupid, would allow.
He saw the blood run riot in the face
Of BLANCHE, as soon as near enough to bow.
But she, who was all ease, if not all grace,
Took care her lips should not as much avow, —
So straight assail'd him in her usual fashion,
To show her nerves were nowise shook by passion.

CXXIV.

“ She 'd rambled out,” she said, “ to see the city ;
Suppos'd that the *signór* had done the same ;
But fear'd that there was nothing very pretty ;
And fancy'd that the town look'd mean and tame ;
That on the whole 't was rather out of pity
She 'd suffer'd one they *cicerónè* name
In her own land, and whom he 'd found beside her,
About so prison-like a place to guide her.

CXXV.

“ But then, the *valet* (1) serv'd as a protection,
An escort which she could not do without ;
And, where there was no room to make selection,
One priz'd the service of the dullest lout.”
Therewith, our hero begg'd to take direction
Of her perambulations round about.
“ He knew no more of CALAIS than did she ;
But that was nought, where there was nought to see.

(1) *Valets de place* is the name of these persons.

CXXVI.

“ He would advise her therefore to dismiss
Her servant, and take up with him instead.”
Archly the little ROMAN smil’d at this ;
“ His counsel was not scriptural,” she said ;
“ They might perchance their way together miss ;
The blind should never by the blind be led.
Would he join forces ? she was nothing loath ;
The man could go before, and serve for both.”

CXXVII.

So CARRYL and BIANCA, side by side,
Walk’d on together, and the guide before.
FELIX, who ’d linger’d, for a moment ey’d
The group so sadly that his eyes ran o’er :
“ More love ? ” he mutter’d to himself, and sigh’d ;
“ More time misspent, more heart-ache, and O ! more . . .
Alas ! and yet so good ! ’ ’T was all his say :
He turn’d him round, and walk’d another way.

CXXVIII.

Ere many minutes, ARTHUR had succeeded
In laughing his companion into reason.
In sober truth the *valet* was not needed ;
He did a something he might charge his fees on, —
Show’d the few lions, but they were not heeded ;
And all his histories were out of season.
The streets were straight ; then CARRYL had his chart :
To follow one’s own nose was no great art.

CXXIX.

So by themselves the gentle couple bent
Their footsteps to the ramparts. Strange to say,
Their lighter spirits for a time seem spent,
Now nothing interferes to balk their play.
With eyes cast down, they on in silence went,
As they were measuring the public way.
At length BIANCA ask'd, with accents low,
"How came they first acquainted ? did he know ?"

CXXX.

CARRYI., albeit he felt a slight surprise,
Thinking perhaps she knew as well as he,
Yet answer'd gallantly, "To analyse
Our pleasures is to set their essence free,
To get at nothing ; which is sure not wise.
I am too happy now, that I should be
At all tormented by a wish of knowing
To what blest accident my joy is owing.

CXXXI.

"Moreover," — playfully the swain declares, —
The while his lip a smile half-mocking wore, —
"My heart, dear lady, just at present swears
That it has known you thirty years or more.
Pardon my memory, that no trace it bears
Of what must thus have happen'd long before
Or you or I was born. But let me blame
The faithless creature, that she dropp'd your name.

CXXXII.

" In future, not to trust to faith so light
 A charge so precious, suffer me to pray
 That you would condescend your name to write
 Upon this leaf, or any other way
 Enable me in Memory's despite
 To keep the recollection of this day
 Secure, by knowing to whose grace I owe
 A pleasure Fortune does not oft bestow."

CXXXIII.

So saying, smiling, with a sportive air,
 Yet gallantly withal, and with much grace,
 The little chart, which in his hand he bare,
 CARRYL transferr'd to BLANCHE, whose lovely face
 Blush'd faintly like a budding rose, and ware
 A look of hesitation, for a space.
 Then, in a hand not coarse, though bold and steady,
 She wrote for ARTHUR what we know already.

CXXXIV.

"Thanks," said the youth; "and there; a fair exchange,"
 And handed her a card of his address.
 BLANCHE seem'd to think the whole proceeding strange,
 (And, sooth to say, she could not deem it less,)
 But, being dispos'd to give his humor range,
 With a sweet laugh that did her thoughts express
 The billet took. Just then a voice, quite near,
 Exclaim'd in English, "Taking notes, too! Queer!"

CXXXV.

The voice was neither pleasant, nor refin'd, —
 Not bass, nor tenor, bariton, nor treble,
 But a strange medley of all four combin'd,
 That prov'd the owner was a desperate rebel
 Against all harmony of every kind.
 Our gallant turn'd, and lo, where Mr. PEBBLE !
 The master of the bagpipe stood alone,
 And must have meant for CARRYL's ear its drone.

CXXXVI.

“ Sir ! ” cry'd our hero. — Not so huge a leap
 Made DORALICE's pony, when the art
 Of MALAGIGI caus'd the devil to creep
 Into its bowels ; (1) not, at least, a start
 So sudden, (for my Muse prefers to keep
 To truth ;) as PEBBLE, when, on CARRYL's part
 Anticipating a more rude attack,
 He leapt, not forward like the nag, but back.

- (1) Nel mansueto ubino, che sul dosso
 Avea la figlia del re Stordilano,
 Fece entrare un degli angel di Minosso
 Sol con parole il frate di Viviano :
 E quel, che dianzi mai non s'era mosso,
 Se non quanto ubbidito avea alla mano,
 Or d' improvviso spiccò in aria un salto,
 Che trenta piè fu lungo, e sedici alto.

Orl. Furioso, xxvi. 129.

CXXXVII.

At length recovering from the sound and stroke
 Of ARTHUR's voice and ARTHUR's flashing eyes,
 This other pibrach from the cornmuse (1) broke
 In tones of mingled terror and surprise :
 "Why what 's the matter now ?" ('t was thus he spoke ;)
 "I hope I have offended in no wise ?
 But if I have, when peaceful my intent is,
 I must, as OVID says, be *compos mentis* (2)."

(1) *Cornmuse* (*cornemuse*, Fr., *cornamusa*, Ital.). This name for that very ancient and classical instrument, the *bagpipe*,* was long ago made English by CHAUCER. See the *House of Fame*, Bk. iii. 128. The word coalesces well and elegantly with the language, and forms a useful synonym for the purposes of poetry.

(2) The proficient on NERO's instrument must have meant to use the law-phrase, *non compos mentis*.

* The precise antiquity of this rude instrument is not ascertained, though for several reasons it may be supposed to be considerable. It was known to the GREEKS under the name of *doros* (*saccus e corio factus*, a bag made of hide.) See BARTHOLINUS, *De Tib. Vet.* iii. 7, who cites an epistle attributed to ST. JEROME, where the latter describes the instrument under the term *choros* (which SAUMAISE thought should be written *doros*). SÆTONIUS, in his Life of NERO (c. lxiv.), mentions that emperor as having vowed to act the part of an *utricularius*, (which MARTIAL calls, from the Greek, *ascaules*, (Ep. x. 3,) and SENECA, perhaps, *pithaulæ* (Epist. x. 77,)) that is, of a *bagpiper*; and the poet VIRGIL is generally thought to allude to this instrument in a descriptive periphrasis, in his *Copa*. These, it will be perceived, are comparatively modern authorities.

In the *Santa-Croce* palace at ROME, there is a low-relief of an ancient bagpipe, with a single pipe and two reeds. It is mentioned by MONTFAUCON, BIANCHINI, and other antiquaries. There is a representation of it likewise in FERRARIO; *Cost. Ant. e Mod.* — Europa. iii. Tav. 121. On page 82 (note) of the same volume (ed. 2a.) we are told, that *the most ancient and perhaps the only monument in which is seen a species of cornmuse properly so called is a cameo published by FICORONI; Masch. Scen. Tav. 83.*

CXXXVIII.

“Matter?” quoth ARTHUR, but with much ado,
 For now he felt most strongly mov’d to laughter;
 “Offended? Pray, what interest have you
 In this young lady, that you dare, and after
 So very impudent a fashion too,
 To interfere between us?” Had a rafter
 By some rare chance then fallen, and PEBBLE wounded,
 He had felt worse, but not much worse confounded.

CXXXIX.

“Lord!” he exclaim’d, and “Goodness gracious me!”
 When seeing a smile on CARRYL’s handsome face,
 He fell a laughing, and so heartily,
 It actually convuls’d him for a space.
 “I only thought, sir, that you seem’d to be,
 As I, collecting notes about this place.” . . .
 “Comparing them,” said ARTHUR, “I suppose.”
 Then PEBBLE laid a finger on his nose:

CXL.

“Good! Bravo! Very good! — Well, as I say” . . .
 (CARRYL turn’d round.) “Do hear my explanation!” . . .
 “I ’m satisfy’d,” said ARTHUR; “sir, good day. —
 What would you have?” he added, in vexation,
 And some disgust, as PEBBLE stopp’d the way,
 And seiz’d a button to maintain his station:
 “The devil, sir! if you must speak, be quick.
 And speak in French, if we ’re to hear you speak.

CXLI.

“ Was ever such an ass ! ” he said aside,
 In her own tongue, to BLANCHE, who look'd amaz'd,
 And now her escort, now the cockney cy'd,
 Nor doubted that the latter must be craz'd.
 But, when she saw him walking by their side,
 And CARRYL's bidding him speak French had rais'd
 Her curiosity, with secret mirth
 She waited for the laboring mountain's birth.

CXLII.

It heav'd ; it strain'd ; and lo ! the mouse came out :
 “ *Je veux vous . . . je vous* 'T is no use to try !
 I never really know what I 'm about
 Whenever, where there 's no necessity,
 I travel from my long-accustom'd route,
 And put a *je* for *you*, and *vous* for *I*.
 I beg, young gentleman, you 'll not withstand
 My speaking in a tongue I understand.

CXLIIL.

“ That is, I mean, I manage with facility.
 And if that lady be the bar indeed,
 And your request was made in mere civility,
 You can interpret me in case of need ;
 For which, no doubt, you have the due ability.”
 “ In Heaven's name,” cry'd ARTHUR, “ then proceed !
 We want to be alone, as you should know.
 In few words then, and quick ; and let us go.”

CXLIV.

As fly the sparkles from the whirling stone
 Of the knife-grinder, him whom CANNING sung,
 Whose hat had in 't a hole, nor that alone,
 But eke his breeches : (1) so, so many, sprung,
 So fast, the tones from PEBBLE'S bagpipe-drone,
 When CARRY'L'S word let loose his flying tongue.
 But first, in such strange French as made her smile,
 He ask'd BIANCA'S patience for a while.

CXLV.

He told, how when he cross'd the narrow sea
 To visit FRANCE, although he had in view
 To make the Tour, and see what others see,
 And gratify his wife and children too,
 He with the *dulce* mix'd the *utile*,
 And made for two small birds one Pebble do ;
 For he was troubled with the *cacoethes* (2)
 And held in hate the dark flood known as Lethe's.

CXLVI.

He said his mother, just before his birth,
 Had dream'd she was deliver'd of a book,

- (1) " Needy knife-grinder ! whither are you going ?
 Rough is the road, your wheel is out of order ;
 Bleak blows the blast ; your hat has got a hole in 't,
 So have your breeches ! "

Poetry of the Anti-jacobin. 10.

- (2) Sc. scribendi. Literally, the " *evil habit of writing.*" A

Wherein were writ the strangest things on earth,
 Which everybody else for nonsense took :
 But merry jests were there that woke her mirth,
 And tales of blood her soul with terror shook ;
 The title, *Memoirs, Essays, Ballads, Sketches* ;
 The frontispiece, a woman in man's breeches.

CXLVII.

That as she gaz'd, behold it came to pass,
 The woman's face with hair was overgrown,
 The ears shot up, and, tapering off like grass,
 Became too long for human head to own.
 The neighbours said, the child would prove an ass, —
 Her better half, an author widely known,
 Who should delight in things that women use,
 And have his ears prick'd always up for news.

CXLVIII.

The foal was dropp'd. From ages long ago
 The sire selected it a mighty name ;
 And the young MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO
 Became in later days for letter'd fame
 A stubborn candidate ; nor only so,
 But for all notoriety that came
 Convenient. Now, he was upon the tour,
 To make a book, like SAPPHO's (1) should endure.

phrase of JUVENAL'S. PEBBLE, who had met the expression
 somewhere, mistakes it for encomium.

(1) STRABO'S?

CXLIX.

Therefore, no sooner had he reach'd the inn
 Than out he sally'd with his notes in hand,
 Determin'd at the entrance to begin,
 And spy out every nuisance in the land,
 And bring it to account for all its sin.
 That, under the impression ARTHUR plann'd
 The like from what he saw, he thought it "queer,"
 And utter'd his surprise somewhat too near.

CL.

"And now," said ARTHUR, "you have done your story,
 Once more, good day," and, bowing, onward pass'd.
 But, just then, PEBBLE was in all his glory ;
 "Stay !" he cry'd, following ; "Pray, why so fast ?"
 ARTHUR grew angry ; for BLANCHE GAIOCORE
 Look'd anxious and displeas'd. This must not last.
 Yet how on such a man to fix a quarrel ?
 'T were too absurd. "What would you now ?" said
 CARRYL,

CLI.

And very gravely : "Sir, this is imposing
 Too much on my forbearance. Have you done ?"
 "Done ?" cry'd the genius, not a blush disclosing
 On his coarse face ; "why, sir, I 've scarce begun !
 Know that, young gentleman, I am reposing
 A trust in you not given to every one.
 Saving the Baron, and some fifty more,
 My *Rambles* have been nam'd to none before.

CLII.

“ I call them *Rambles in Midsummer*, though
 The spring is not yet over. . . . But I see
 You are impatient, and as CÍCERO,
 My namesake writes, *Festína lenite* (1).
 But tell me where you lodge, before you go ;
 For, sir, in truth, as I hate flattery,
 Your looks delight me ; though, I must confess,
 When first I saw your face, it pleas'd me less.

CLIII.

“ Your name I know ; perhaps that lady's too ;
 And more of both of you than you suppose.”
 Cry'd ARTHUR to himself, “ The deuse you do !
 This fellow means that I should wring his nose,” —
 Yet let the droll his monologue go through ;
 Albeit in reason's spite his color rose.
 “ Now don't be angry ! Tell me where you stay ;
 I 've much to ask, and somewhat too to say.

CLIV.

“ *Royale* ? You don't ? That 's lucky ! So do I !
 I always go where ENGLISHMEN resort.
 I hate your foreigners : they are so sly,
 And keep such nasty kitchens ; and, in short,
 Are so unlike ourselves : and that is why
 I hated you at first ; though men report
 You Yankees are improving ; and no wonder, —
 You are our bastards ; and we made a blunder

(1) Lente. *Make haste slowly* ; a well-known apophthegm.

CLV.

“ In not legitimating you, instead
 Of flogging you as long we were able,”
 (CARRYL bow'd low.) “ I dine, where with my bread
 I swallow knowledge, at the public table.
 You 'll meet me there ? The Baron in my stead
 Eats with my wife : he 's proud and hates a Babel, —
 (Yet is a whig, like you ! while I 'm all tory !)
 CARRYL, *adieu ; addio*, Miss Magory.”

CLVI.

Much ARTHUR laugh'd, when PEBBLE's vulgar feature,
 And awkward person, were no longer near
 To bar his merriment. “ A meddling creature ! ”
 (He said to BLANCHE,) “ and impudent, 't is clear,
 Yet no doubt harmless. But I must beseech your
 Forgiveness that I seem'd to lend an ear
 So patient to his chattering. In truth,
 I could not treat him harshly,” said the youth.

CLVII.

Then, much to her amusement, he translated
 All he had heard from PEBBLE ; who, that hour,
 In CONSTANCE' presence, to his wife related
 How BLANCHE had fallen into CARRYL's pow'r :
 “ He 'd try'd to save her, but was glad,” he stated,
 “ To hurry from the abuse both chose to show'r.
 For *him*,” he added, sighing, — “ Such a sinner ! ”
 And went to dress, to meet the youth at dinner.

CLVIII.

If ever man, since first the unborn was driven
From Eden's bowers, and EVE conceiv'd in sin,
Was happy, it was ARTHUR : not that given
To him in plenty had the world's goods been ;
For he had heir'd but little, nor had thriven
By means which others use that mammon win :
Not that he was in aspiration blest ;
For Hope had mock'd him, as she mocks the rest :

CLIX.

Nor that he was more virtuous, better bred,
More wise, or better made, than most men are ;
For all these qualities have never led
Alone to happiness ; they rather bar
From its access, — high expectations spread
Before us, which we chase to find too far,
And purify the heart, and senses fine,
That these may agonize, and that may pine :

CLX.

But that he was not envious : that to see
Delight in others woke delight in him :
Their happiness was his felicity ;
Their good success made not his prospects dim ;
To solace Grief, and bid Affliction flee,
Fill'd up his large heart, even to the brim,
With that sweet sense of universal love,
Which souls benignant share with HEAVEN above.

CLXI.

This feeling ARTHUR carry'd to excess ;
And all excess is weakness. Thus the fear
Of doing aught that might the heart distress,
Or chafe the interest, or make appear
The blush of shame or of uneasiness
Over the face of others, though not dear,
Nor even esteem'd, with whom in life he mix'd,
Made him at times seem wavering and unfix'd.

CLXII.

Hence men less noble, and of harsher mind,
And women of small heart, as many be,
Upon a soul so facile and so kind,
And trustful even to credulity,
Impos'd with ease ; though when the youth would find,
As never fail'd, their little honesty,
His wrath was hot, and, if it burn'd not long,
He learn'd to know the wronger by the wrong.

CLXIII.

He seem'd to join two natures in his own,
But not in like degree : one, — oftenest seen,
And which conspicuous in his visage shown, —
Soft, warm, confiding, loving, and serene ;
The other, fierce and haughty, which had grown
Perhaps to have ascendant, but between
The two Philosophy had thrust her hand,
To favor that, and this to keep at stand.

CLXIV.

However, — to return from my digression, —
 'T was thus, to do a pleasure, if he could,
 CARRYL had made to PEBBLE his concession,
 Though, certainly, he was not in the mood,
 Now of his pineal gland had got possession
 A darling passion, to permit a rude,
 And vulgar ass, with self-invited bray,
 To frighten Cupid almost clean away.

CLXV.

Yet, had he known, that by the phrase, *In truth*
I could not treat him harshly, he had made
 A great stroke with BIANCA, who, in sooth,
 Herself good-natur'd, was at heart afraid
 CARRYL was not, remembering the youth
 That very morn had some hot blood betray'd,
 Had he known this, he would have own'd, I trow,
 An ass's bray comes sometimes apropos.

CLXVI.

Long laugh'd the youth and maid, as I have sung,
 At the poor beast's expense. (1) Said ARTHUR then :

(1) I hope that nobody will act towards me, in this place, the part historians have done to old FROISSARD in the matter of the siege of CALAIS, and accuse me of inconsistency. I have written this stanza, and the one which follows, with my eyes wide open, not in the least forgetting the character I had drawn of CARRYL and of BIANCA. CARRYL would not have laughed in PEBBLE's

“ How wantonly indeed hath Fortune flung,
 Blind that she is, her favors among men !
 Look at this very ENGLISHMAN. Among
 His equals in degree, not one in ten,
 I might say in ten thousand, would you find
 Meaner in spirit, or more dull of mind.

CLXVII.

“ Heartless, pedantic, ignorant, ill-bred,
 Coarse-featur’d, rude in person, and of speech
 Plebeian as his manners, Fate has shed
 Around him many blessings, made him rich,
 (At least ’t would seem so,) given him to wed
 A lovely woman, far above his pitch,
 Bless’d him with offspring, — more, it well may be.
 Now look at FELIX ; what on earth has he ?

face, nor would BIANCA ; they were both too amiable, and too urbane. Neither would they have amused themselves by portraying him in caricature to a third party. They laughed at the buffoonery which had been exhibited before them, without a reference to the pantaloon who had enacted it, and without a possibility of doing him an injury. And when, directly afterwards, CARRYL grows warm in comparing PEBBLE’S lot with that of FELIX, and talks with an energy that has something in it of asperity, it is because of this comparison. It is not malice which prompts him, but a moral indignation, such as at times inspires the most amiable and the most gentle, when their sense of justice is nice and easily outraged.

And thus it is, that the bitterest satirists have, not unfrequently, been in society the most amiable of men, while on the contrary the mildest and meekest writers have often been found, when mixing with the world, to be cynical, petulant, unaccommodating, and malignant. The head and heart are very usually at variance.

CLXVIII.

“FELIX, my servant, — what has Fortune given
To him ? And yet is he, in mind and soul,
Voice, manners, feature, — I was almost driven
To say, in form, — worth fifty like this fool !” . . .
“You are unjust to Fortune, or to HEAVEN,”
Quoth BLANCHE with sweetness ; “for, upon the whole,
Such as you make him, FELIX must be fully
As blest, his way, and more than this MARC TULLY.”

CLXIX.

“Yes, if that wisdom were a compensation,
Or virtue, or both qualities combin’d,
For so entire and sad a deprivation
As FELIX bears of all those gifts we find
Are needed to extort the admiration,
The love, or even sufferance of mankind.
Ah ! did you know, poor wretch how sore oppress’d
His life was once, you would not deem him bless’d !”

CLXX.

“Perhaps,” reply’d BIANCA, “the *Signore*
Will, — nay I have his promise so to do, —
Recount some portion of his servant’s story ?”
“With pleasure,” CARRYL said. “The tale, though true,
(But would the *Signorina* GAIOCORE
Be seated ? No ?) is such, that there are few
Of fiction have its pathos ; surely none
In bitter moral can o’ertop this one.

CLXXI.

“ Were I an ENGLISHMAN, of lofty station,
High birth, great fortune, none could feel surprise,
That I should have a man of education,
Like FELIX, of good manners, moral, wise,
To travel with me in a situation,”
(BIANCA’S color mounted to her eyes,
Unseen of CARRYL,) “ humble certainly,
And servile, as it would appear to be ;

CLXXII.

“ But coming, as we both do, from a land
Where all men, civilly, are equals born,
And often socially may take their stand
According to the talents which adorn
Their several natures, that I should command
The services of one like FELIX LORN,
Poor though he be, is strange ; but what is quite
As strange, I do it in my own despite.

CLXXIII.

“ There is a mystery which even I
Have never solv’d, about this ill-starr’d creature.
He loves me dearly ; with a love so high,
So constant, and so tender,” (every feature
In CARRYL’S face here quiver’d, and his eye
Grew moist, his voice too falter’d,) — “ that — the nature
Of woman seldom with the like has blest her.
I know one instance only ; in — my sister.

CLXXIV.

“ His birth he tells not, save that it is mean ;
Mean even with us, and shameful everywhere :
The curse of Custom, which has dar’d to screen
The sire from forfeits that the child must bear.
Hence, when I sought with earnestness to wean
Poor FELIX from his purpose ; and his pray’r . . .
But, pardon me ; against all rule I ’m sinning ;
Beginning by the end is not beginning.

CLXXV.

“ In a small State, dear lady, of the score
And six great sovereignties, whose stars compose
The galaxy of Freedom, — by the shore
Where the blue Western Ocean ebbs and flows,
There lies an island, call’d in days of yore,
Ere the Strip’d Banner o’er the Red Cross rose,
The New World’s Eden, but now chiefly known
For fish, fine harbors, pretty girls, and stone.

CLXXVI.

“ Its soil is still the same, its air as pure ;
Its people, — better ’t would be hard to find ;
But motion onward cannot aye endure,
And NEWPORT and the isle have gone behind.
Yet its fine beaches are attractions sure,
Which draw in crowds the gay and roving kind ;
For there is yet the glorious surf to swim in,
And the sea fog still beautifies the women.

CLXXVII.

“ Scarcely nine moons have glisten’d on that wave,
Since I went thither ; not to use its waters, —
Though ’t is a joy in their strong foam to lave, —
Nor to eat fish, — nor ogle wives and daughters
That come to get complexions, or to save, —
But see alive what every rhyme-book slaughters,
And bathe my senses in the cooling airs
In which the sonnet-making men drown theirs.

CLXXVIII.

“ My chief enjoyment was, at middle day,
Or in the early morn, to mount a horse,
(No man then stirring,) and, full speed, away
Over the sounding beach the creature force,
Chas’d by the mist, which seem’d to wet like spray,
And got before, as if to bar my course :
A taste perhaps my mother gave to me ;
She being born, like VENUS, on the sea.

CLXXIX.

“ (A beauty, too, she was. Poor Mother !) . . . Well,
One morning, ere the sun had left the sea,
I ’d gallop’d o’er one beach as you ’ve heard tell,
And, reining up, was passing leisurely —
The sandy road and grass-grown soil which swell
Between it and the third, (for there are three, —
And ’t was the midmost which began my route,)
When, starting suddenly, my horse flew out.

CLXXX.

“ I look’d involuntarily. Alone,
Before me on the road, and yet aside,
Seated, or rather crouch’d, upon a stone,
What might be either man or boy I spy’d,
The shape was such. Unmov’d as if ’t had grown
Out of the soil, or to the spot were ty’d,
It sat, the face hid in its hands, and these
In turn supported on their owner’s knees.

CLXXXI.

“ Dress’d was the form in black, of decent trim,
Though soil’d with dust ; a hat before him lay,
Out of his reach, and resting on the brim,
As if ’t had fallen, and had roll’d away ;
Beside him, on a staff, the unrind’d limb
Of some green sapling, fasten’d to its spray,
Was a small bundle, whose proportions show’d
A book or two ek’d out its scanty load.

CLXXXII.

“ My horse still restive, as we came abreast
I rais’d my voice to soothe him. At the sound,
The figure started from his state of rest,
And, gazing with a wilder’d stare around,
Disclos’d a face, — so haggard ! so distressed
In look ! so wild, as of a mind unsound ! —
And pallid cheeks, which more unsightly seem’d
From tears, quite visible, that down them stream’d.

CLXXXIII.

“ ’T was but a moment’s glance ; for, quick as thought,
Recovering he turn’d his eyes on me, —
Asham’d, displeas’d, as fancying I sought
To watch him, seeing what I should not see,
Then darted forward, seiz’d his hat, and caught
His bundle from the ground so hurriedly,
The beast I rode, now scar’d anew, sprang out,
And bore me at a run along the route.

CLXXXIV.

“ This occupy’d me for a little space.
But having rein’d him in, I look’d around.
The wretched being had resum’d his place,
In the same posture, as when first there found ;
Only, his head was cover’d, and his face
More rais’d, though still inclining to the ground.
’T was strange ! I long’d to pity him, to aid,
But dreaded giving pain, and felt afraid

CLXXXV.

“ Of being deem’d intrusive. On I rode.
But aye that figure was before my mind.
The face, which, seen but for a moment, show’d,
Through all its anguish, something quite refin’d,
The books I had observ’d, or thought were stow’d
In his small bundle, inspir’d an undefin’d
Yet eager wish to know his situation,
That cross’d to strengthen my commiseration.

CLXXXVI.

“ Again But I must weary you, I fear.” . . .
“ O no, indeed,” said BLANCHE; “ how could that be?” . . .
“ The road was straight, the morning air was clear,
Not yet the mist had risen from the sea.
I turn’d me in the saddle, and though near
No longer now, the man could plainly see,
Quiet no more, but acting in a mode
Which madness, or a mortal anguish show’d.

CLXXXVII.

“ The wretched creature was upon his feet.
He wrung his hands, then seem’d to rend his hair
(His head again uncover’d), and then beat
His breast and brow with gestures of despair ;
Anon he kneel’d down by the rocky seat,
And rais’d his clasp’d hands as in act of pray’r ;
Then, of a sudden, as if shot dead, fell
Prone on the dewy grass, and lay quite still.

CLXXXVIII.

“ Already, I had turn’d my horse’s head.
A moment, and I reach’d the sufferer’s side.
But, starting up when heard the heavy tread,
And facing me with mingled shame and pride,
‘ What is it brings you back to me ? ’ he said ;
‘ I have not sought to interrupt your ride ;
Leave *me*, too, to my morning’s pleasure ’ ; and,
This said, he turn’d, and took his hat in hand,

CLXXXIX.

“ And bundle, and was making for the shore.
 But these his words, so different from the speech
 Of vulgar tongues, confirm'd me but the more
 In my resolve. ‘ One moment ! I beseech ’ . . .
 I cry'd, and put myself his way before,
 And, leaping from the saddle, try'd to reach
 His arm to stop him. But the man drew back,
 And, heaving o'er his neck his scanty pack,

CXC.

“ ‘ Why do you, — what right have you,’ he exclaim'd,
 ‘ To interrupt me ? is the road not free ? ’
 He 'd fac'd me, and, with look not now asham'd,
 But angry, spoke, and with asperity.
 ‘ Stay ! ’ I rejoin'd : ‘ How am I to be blam'd,
 If seeing you suffering, as you seem'd to be,
 I yielded to the wish to ? . . . and . . . indeed ' . . .
 He ey'd me coldly : I could not proceed.

CXCI.

“ My hesitation, my embarrass'd mien,
 Seem'd to surprise, to move him ; but he cry'd,
 A moment after, in a tone of spleen,
 And even of rudeness, ‘ Go ! resume your ride,
 And keep your pity for the rich and mean,
 Who ask and pay for it.’ I stepp'd aside,
 Without a word, — I had no word to say, —
 And watch'd him sadly as he walk'd away,

CXCII.

“ He seem’d to feel my manner ; for again
He turn’d on me his red and haggard eyes.
‘ Can it be possible another’s pain,’
He said, in tones of doubt and of surprise,
‘ Should move compassion ? No, no, — no ! ’t is vain,
And worse than vain in me, who should be wise
In human sympathy, to look to find
Kindness in men because their words are kind.’

CXCIII.

“ ’T was useless to persist ; he would not stay,
Nor listen more, — yet after I had got
Remounted, and was fairly on my way,
Sought quietly again the self-same spot
Whence haply I had driven him away,
And, when I turn’d (forget him I could not)
From time to time, was seated, seeming calm,
With head deject, and cheek upon his palm.

CXCIV.

“ And now I was the road about descending
Towards the third beach, when, on looking round
For the last time, behold the stranger wending,
With rapid footsteps, o’er the travell’d ground !
But in a contrary direction tending
From that wherein for pleasure I was bound.
His head was bare ; nor hand, nor shoulder bore
The slender staff and burden, as before.

CXCIV.

“ My mind misgave me. Why, I need not mention ;
The man’s strange passion, and the neighbouring sea
Will lead you to suspect his fell intention,
As they at once suggested it to me.
But while, with throbbing heart, for its prevention
I drew my bridle short, and rapidly
Spurr’d o’er the sand, I dreaded I should come
In time to witness, not prevent his doom.

CXCVI.

“ My hope was that the unhappy man would take
Not to the surf, but, in his desperation,
For the high bank and steepy crags would make
That form the smooth shore’s southern termination.
Deep there the flood, and there the billows break
Against the rocks, in constant agitation,
Sending at times, when seas be rough, their spray
With roar and fury up the cliffs mid-way.

CXCVII.

“ Thus, without giving him alarm, I might
Keep nigh enough to intercept him, ere
He should be able to ascend the height ;
For all unapt to climb he did appear,
So much he was misshap’d, that hapless wight.
But still there was no little cause to fear,
That, should he turn and see me, my intent
Might only hasten what I would prevent.

CXCVIII.

“ The chance was small. But Heaven came in aid.
The man had kept straight onward, even as I
Had hop’d and look’d for ; and now, much afraid
I should alarm him if I came too nigh,
I ’d drawn my rein, as soon as I had made
The space betwixt us less by half, and high
Upon the sands was riding, where the ground
Being loose, my horse’s hoofs gave little sound.

CXCIX.

“ The tide was coming in, and with its roar
Favor’d my object ; and the mist, already
Spread like a cloud of smoke the horizon o’er,
Was driving onward with a motion steady
And rapid, and had soon attain’d the shore.
And now, thus shrouded, at a rate more speedy
Over the sand I flew, my horse’s head
Scarce seeing for the mist, scarce heard his tread.

CC.

“ The fog is gone. Ten paces from me, lo,
The man I seek ! He hears ; he sees ; he flies ;
Up, up the cliff with certain step ; nor slow ;
No, no ! so swift, I scarce believe my eyes.
Calling, adjuring, after him I go,
Touch, have him ; but upon the slippery rise
Stumbles my horse. I could no more hold on.
A spring, — a leap, — a splash ; the man was gone.”

CCI.

Here, in the very middle of his tale,
Just as his speech was growing animated,
And BLANCHE was listening with a cheek quite pale,
Her warm heart beating, and her eyes dilated,
CARRYL was cut short by a sound of wail,
From one in strange misventure implicated.
What sound this was, what scene, and who the man too,
Shall be recounted in another Canto.

END OF THE FIRST AND

SECOND CANTOS OF ARTHUR CARRYL.

* * * * *

——, —TH, 18—.

La mia sorella, che tra bella e buona
Non so qual fosse più.

DANTE. *Purg.* XXIV. 5.

* * * * *

———, —TH, 18—.

ON this, the day, my sister, when thou gav'st
Thy spirit back to Him who lent it thee,
And the young soul, yet virgin of all stain,
Beneath its new-fledg'd wings receiv'd the gale
That bore it to the valleys of the bless'd,
Far from a world for which it was too good, —
On this the day that still for me revives
Thy final agony, that last dim hour
It was deny'd thy brother to make bright,
Yet, with a tearful but delicious sense,
Brings thy immaculate virtue to my view,
It will methinks be well, with the mind's eye,
To gaze the vista of thy blameless life.
'T will soothe my grief, and not dishonor *thee*.
Is 't not thy spirit hovers o'er me now,
Touching my lips ? My sister ! O, my sister !

In the fourth quarter of the year's small round,
Four score and sixteen hours from the day
When MARY'S Son was given to the world,
'T is five and twenty winters past, I read,

That then, what time the wakeful bird proclaims
To the cold stars the second hour of morn,
A lovely flower, upon the natal stem
Where my own bud of life its germ put forth,
Expos'd its downy surface to the air.
Never was bloom more favor'd of the skies.
For God beheld its beauty, and the flower
Designing to transplant, when fully blown,
To where its loveliness should never fade,
And its rich scent breathe ever unconsum'd,
Set over it his angels. On its top
Glisten'd each morn the honey-dew of heaven,
And the bright sun its grain dy'd vermil-red.
Increas'd the flower, admir'd of Heaven and men,
And, when its cup was fully op'd, diffus'd
Such ravishing fragrance as enslav'd the sense.
'T was then the Almighty, from the height of Heaven,
Stretch'd forth his arm, and took it to himself.

Such was my sister. Of her earlier years
I not remember ; for, too near of age,
I was unheedful of her dawning worth,
Nor, as with thee, my other, later loss !
Over her infancy and blushing prime
Kept an unchanging and a fond regard.
But they who knew her best have still describ'd her
Gentle and docile, yet of fearless heart,
Loving, and lovely, and belov'd of all,
In nothing selfish, and, in speech and thought,
From the great vice and weakness of her sex,
That stain of little minds, from falsehood free,
Since thought and speech were hers ; which I believe :

For not from out the sorb the sweet peach blushes, (1)
 Nor turns the prickly thistle to a rose.
 And beautiful she grew, how very beautiful !
 With eyes so large, and dark, so full of soul !
 And brows that look'd like purity itself,
 And were the very index of her mind,
 Telling of harmony, and holy thought,
 And high resolve with resignation mix'd,
 And contemplation sad yet not severe, —
 And a sweet smile, which round the innocent mouth,
 Whose hue was of the newly-budding rose,
 Play'd with a heaven-born grace that witch'd the heart ;
 Not always there, but, o'er the summer sky
 Of her serene and starry visage, flashing
 A light which pass'd away, — yet not so pass'd
 As passes the electric fire of storms,
 But leaving a soft radiance in its track,
 As 't were reflected from the effulgence gone ;
 Whether 't were so indeed, or fancied so,
 By those on whose delighted eyes, thrice bless'd,
 The ineffable beauty of its lustre fell.
 Well might they be delighted, fortunate they !
 For the light quiver'd from the virgin's heart.

As she grew up, and my eyes open'd more
 To her most manifest and expanding worth,
 We grew more fond ; we had been aye attach'd,
 (Indeed, she was the favorite of us all.
 Loving and lovely, could it well be else ?)

(1) Che tra li lazzi sorbi
 Si disconvien fruttare al dolce fico.

DANTE. *Inf.* xv. 65.

We grew more fond : and what a world of love
Was hers for me ! ungrateful that I was !
Who could but ill repay with my whole heart
Affection measureless and strong as hers.
For hers was twined likewise with her mind :
Her thoughts, her speech, her looks were full of me ;
All that she did was modell'd to my taste,
If modelling were needed, when, itself,
Aught that she did was almost sure to please,
Who was, in each thing, excellent and good,
And cast in such a mould, that grace to her
Seem'd natural as motion. Yet being such,
So good, so beautiful, so fine of form,
Such the devotion, I might even say
The fond idolatry of her regard,
That Flattery had no compliment so dear
As that which told her she resembled me,
Who (Heaven doth know it, and, alas, myself
Only too well !) was even so like to her
As brass is to the gold it most resembles ;
A metal of like color, but soon tarnish'd,
Mix'd of two others, both of baser sort,
Weightless, intractile, and of odor vile.

How happy were our days ! how jocund too !
For though contemplative, as I have said,
She was of cheerful mood, my most fair sister,
Taking delight in all things, all things good,
And gifted with a deal of playful wit,
And a rich humor that was ever prompt
For jest, or repartee, or frolic gay,
When jest and repartee and frolic gay

Did harm to no one and found willing butt.
For she had too much heart, too much of that
Sweet spirit of amiability, that quick
Benevolence, which wanting, social rank
And mental culture never can confer
The manner that is truly styl'd well-bred,
To earn abroad the perilous name of wit :
The ball was toss'd at home, and 'twixt ourselves ;
And never one or other took offence,
Whichever side the merry game might win.
Then did my wit, which has been drooping since,
Spring up perennial, and bear daily fruit,
Prolific by proximity with hers.
Then did the house reëcho with my laugh
(Since heard so seldom,) and the very walls
Bore witness to my spirit's happy vein,
Scrawl'd o'er with epigram, and sprightly song,
And tender madrigal of mocking verse,
Half satire and half praise, and both sincere,
Pour'd forth in unpremeditated strain
Upon my many loves, whom well she knew,
Pour'd in a foreign tongue, that lawful eyes
Alone might con their sense or note their rhyme.
All which in after days (when 'neath the sod
The heart lay still that once had beat for me
As never, never woman's will beat more)
I found transcrib'd, the poorest, as the best,
In her dear hand, and heedfully laid by,
As they were oracles, or things of price ;
Laid by, as never jewels yet were laid,
Never by her ; and one, which I had writ
Some day with idle finger, when the walls

Were coated, from the dampness of the air,
 With gray humidity, and sweated dew,
 Transferr'd (though little worth it) to the leaves
 Of her portfolio, mid the copied wealth
 Of genuine bards and sages. As I look'd
 With a dim eye upon this mark of love,
 And admiration surely ill bestow'd,
 Lo, on another page, where I myself
 Had written with my pencil a brief note
 Upon as brief a maxim of BRUYÈRE's,
 (Whence got I know not ; for, by me directed,
 She never conn'd a lore that wounds the heart,)
 And which, as I had pencill'd it unseen,
 Was mark'd with the initials of my name,
 My eye fell on this couplet (from, I think,
 Some popular poet) 'neath my cypher writ,
 So writ as to apply to me alone :
*He is the sunshine of my life ; and like
 A flower I liv'd and flourish'd in his sight.*
 Written 't had been when I was far away,
 Far from the heart I never should have left.
 Judge of my feelings when I found it there !

Studious she was, my fair and gentle sister ;
 But all her studies were advis'd by me.
 Hence never was her heavenly mind defil'd
 By lessons other maidens use to con.
 No noxious novels, no licentious plays,
 However sanction'd by a Shakspeare's name,
 Came undiluted to her mental lips.
 She drank their waters purify'd ; their fruit
 She gather'd from the double-bearing tree,

When its pernicious apples had been pluck'd
And rank excrescences all lopp'd away.
A service for the which how well repaid
Had been the gardener by her frequent thanks,
If his own sense of duty well perform'd,
If the angelic beauty of her eyes,
Which look'd not as the eyes of others look,
And the expression of her innocent mouth,
That index of a heart which knew no guile
And never had indulg'd a thought impure,
If these had not repaid him o'er and o'er.
And yet how few, how very few, indeed,
Of women have a mind so stor'd as hers !
How few whose natural gifts are so complete !

In time she was betroth'd. And soon a change
Took place in that fair being which all remark'd.
She was no longer cheerful, but grew dull ;
So that I oft would banter her, averring
That Cupid's bird-bolts had shot dead her wit.
Alas, poor girl ! she was too fond of me
(As I have learn'd too late,) to give her thoughts
So fully to a lover as that imply'd ;
And I was jesting all the while at Death.
But as her fair cheek sunk not, and her form
Lost not its beautiful symmetry, none dream'd
Of health impair'd whereof she not complain'd.
Thus pass'd a year, another. Strange to say !
Her flesh had wasted not, had even increas'd !
But when the third set in, it brought a cough,
A troublesome cough, which nothing could abate.
Yet, as it was the icy season now,

And the physicians (men they were of note)
Pronounc'd it nothing, and she not complain'd,
(Poor thing ! she was too saint-like to complain,
Too great of heart to have a thought of fear,
Too wrapt in others to regard herself)
Her mother was not much alarm'd ; and I,
Whose temper never knew despondence, I,
Still mocking (wo is me !) her spirits deject,
Shrunk not to leave her for a distant tour,
(Cause of regret which cannot wholly die,)
And parted, never to behold her more.
O me, my sister ! my best, my first lov'd !
Hadst thou no word, no warning to oppose ?
No doubt that would have given me alarm ;
For many such must have occur'd to thee ?
Alas ! alas ! thy life was self-denying ;
Thou would'st not speak, because it was thy wish
To keep me near thee, and mine was to go.
But well, well, well, do I remember now
Thy mournful smile and melancholy eyes,
When for the third, last time I kiss'd farewell,
And thou hadst no voice left to say, Good bye.
O, that I had not been too blind to see !
O, that my heart had been as true as thine !

I cross'd the sea. My sister's bridal-day
Was fix'd to follow close on my return.
I was not absent long ; for I grew sick,
And sigh'd for home ; since all the time away
I had not had one letter from my friends,
Though I had written many as my wont,
And most to her who more than all the rest,

More than all things created, fill'd my soul.
This time she would have known it had she liv'd,
This time my letters would have told her so ;
For hitherto, deterr'd by what I deem'd
Justice to others, I had ne'er evinc'd
In outward act the preference I felt.
But now I was determin'd to be free,
And make her sure of what she but believ'd.

Such were my calculations, such the plans
Of perfect happiness I had laid out,
For her and for myself when we should meet,
That when the ship drew nigh the wish'd-for shore,
And on my cheek I felt again the breeze
That blew from my lov'd home, where she then slept,
(Alas, I little thought what dreamless sleep !)
Strange horrible forebodings seiz'd my mind.
For disappointment had throughout my life
Follow'd so constantly each ardent wish,
That now my hopes and longings seem'd too bright,
And Fancy shifted the enchanting scene
For darker colors and a landscape drear.
Dire visions now disturb'd my nightly rest ;
Thrice did I see my sister in her shroud,
Thrice started from my sleep, I knew not why,
And found the pillow wet with recent tears.

We landed ; and, as never yet before
When I had been from home, my heart so quick
Beat in that hour I scarce had breath to breathe.
Behold by accident the very first
Known person that I meet, not seeking me,

Nor knowing I was come, who was not look'd for,
 Is he to whom my sister's hand was pledg'd !
 But oh ! the very shadow of himself ;
 So wan, so thin, so broken-down he seem'd.
 He too had been away, and had return'd
 One hour too late to see her in her grave.

That day, four months before, * * * * * lay
 Breathing her last, and thinking not on him,
 On him the lover, but on me, on me.
 It was the afternoon, and round the bed
 Her brothers were all gather'd ; all but one.
 Her mother held the sufferer in her arms,
 And her two sisters, one on either side,
 Gaz'd on her angel face and silent wept.
 She never in her loveliest hour had look'd
 More beautiful, poor girl ! than she did then.
 When suddenly a loud and rapid ring
 Was heard at the hall-door. A letter came,
 A packet for * * * * *. 'T was from me.
 My name was mention'd in a whisper'd tone
 Among the group, who ask'd if it were well
 To tell her I had cross'd the ocean safe.
 But she had heard the sound she held most dear.
 Just then, one of the brothers, who had stepp'd
 A moment from the room, came softly back.
 The blessed creature open'd her dim eyes,
 On which the sleep of death was fast descending,
 And caught the figure, and she faintly cry'd,
 "Oh me ! I thought 't was * * * * *, that had come !
 Is it you, * * * * * ? " It was all she said.

After this moment, the fast-failing breath
Was heard in inarticulate sounds alone.
And when the hand of her that gave her life
Press'd on the beautiful lids, that never more
Should ope to shed their light, oh God ! on me,
The spirit that ascended to the stars
Bore on its subtile, and invisible essence,
One image Death could dim, but not efface.

ODES.

O D E I V.

PRELUDE.

Not in the highway,
Trode by the vulgar,
Muse, let us wander !
Take me where flowing
Murmurs Permessus ;
Where Aganippe
Sparkles celestial,
Haunt of thy sisters.
There on thy mountain,
Lull'd by the breezes,
Gather we flowers
Never yet woven,
Never in chaplets
Seen by the starr'd West.
There shall the spirits,
Hovering round us,
That in the old time,
Under thy guidance,
Chanted enraptur'd,
View with complacence
Efforts so daring,
While, o'er the sweet harp
Touch'd by the Teian
Bard as he warbled,
Or on the vary'd

Chords of ALCÆUS,
 Glisten my fingers ;
 Dulcetly warbling
 Ivycrown'd BACCHUS,
BACCHUS and VENUS ;
 Rose-wreath'd my tresses,
 Flashing my eyeballs
 Passion and rapture,
 Rapture inebriate ;
 While at my shoulder
 Love, like a cherub,
 Folding his pinions
 Dy'd in the rainbow,
 Nods to the measure.

* * * (1)

ODE V.

THOUGH ABSENT FROM HIS MISTRESS, THE POET SEES HER STILL
 WITH THE EYES OF FANCY.

I HAVE withdrawn me, SYBIL, from thy sight ;
 Yet still thy image floats these eyes before ;

(1) The above poem, written at a sitting, here terminated, and when a long time afterwards I came across it, and I would resume it, I found that I had neglected to make a memorandum of the design as it was to have been completed ; and my memory could not supply the omission. To continue it I have not now time. Considering it however as a successful application of an ancient measure to English poetry, and that it will make a very fair introduction to the amatory portion of the odes, I have inserted it accordingly.

Deck'd in the very garb it lately wore,
It comes before me, and thus doubly bright.
I count the well-known graces o'er and o'er,
And all my pulses tingle with delight.

There are the brows my lips were wont to press !
The glossy hair my fingers joy'd to twine !
The large gray eyes, that on my own would shine
Till the soul sicken'd with excess of bliss !
The burning cheek, so often touch'd to mine,
And the full lip that quiver'd to my kiss !

Thy throat, thy swelling breasts ! I see thee all !
Thou smilest ; and I cannot bid thee hence.
Again I list, with ecstasy intense,
Thy voice whose whisper'd accents wont to fall
Sweeter than music on my raptur'd sense.
I name thee, and thou comest to my call.

Come to my arms, thou beauteous vision ! come !
Come, since thou wilt, and let my brain have rest.
O, ease thy head upon my throbbing breast,
And nestle in the heart that is thy home !
Sigh not, my SYBIL ! while we are thus blest,
Think'st thou thy poet ever more will roam ?

No ! by those lips whose inner edge I press ;
By the sweet breath that mixes now with mine ;
By those twin stars whose rays upon me shine,
And the white lids whose fringes tempt my kiss ;
By that soft voice, that step I deem divine,
And all that makes my peril and my bliss !

Ah me ! I have withdrawn me from thy sight ;
But still thy image floats these eyes before.
Avails it not I see thy charms no more,
For Fancy brings them to the mind as bright.
I come, enchantress ! fling thy fetters o'er
My soul again, and give back my delight !

ODE VI.

THE WISH.

I WOULD I were a little bird,
With wings to wander at my will !
I 'd wend my way, unseen, unheard,
And light upon thy window-sill.
Then should I be perhaps preferr'd
To be thy pet, and love thee still.

Then wouldst thou take me in thy hand,
And smooth the plumage of my crest,
And speak to me with accents bland,
And fold me gently to thy breast ;
And not the happiest in the land,
Of happy men, would be so blest.

And thou perhaps wouldst praise my song,
Unknowing it was love I sung,
And I the amorous lay prolong,
To be commended of thy tongue,
Nor heed the transport of the throng
That, far less happy, round thee hung.

And then, I know, thy lips would press
 Their joy on my half-open bill,
 And smile to mark my voice grow less,
 My dim eye close, and body thrill,
 And give me quick a new caress,
 And cry, " There, wanton, take thy fill ! "

And then, — but then, O shouldst thou take
 And hide me in that breast of snow,
 My little heart, o'erfill'd, would break,
 With ecstasy thou couldst not know.
 Ah ! let me first the thought forsake !
 I would not be thy bird ; no, no !

ODE VII.

THE POET ADDRESSES THE LIPS OF HIS MISTRESS.

DELICATE, half-open'd roses,
 Which discloses
 Loveliest mouth the gods have given,
 Why so coyly be denying
 When I 'm dying
 To inhale your sweets of Heaven ?

Could my kisses of desire,
 By their fire,

Wither up your virgin beauty ?
Goods we have enough for sparing
 To be sharing
Is it not a solemn duty ?

Lips my lady makes so smiling
 For beguiling,
Where the profit to deceive me ?
If the smile that round you glances
 So entrances,
Kisses would do more, believe me.

Think, your bloom and shape together
 Soon must wither.
Odor gone, and dry the flower,
Who the rivell'd leaves will gather ?
 Let us rather
Taste their sweets the present hour.

Roses, is it ye replying ?
 “ Better dying,
Than be gather'd and rejected !
Were our sweets upon you lavish'd,
 Others ravish'd
Soon would be, and more expected.

“ She, who yields her lover kisses,
 Greater blisses
But prepares for his enjoying ;
To the old, his passion feeding,
 New succeeding ;
None enough where all are cloying.”

Roses, true. No more I press me
To possess ye, —
Better pleas'd your sweets to treasure
Where they grow, than, rudely hasting
To be tasting,
Bruise your stem for selfish pleasure.

Delicate, half-open'd roses,
Which discloses
Loveliest mouth the gods have given,
Still your virgin newness cherish,
Though I perish,
Panting for your sweets of Heaven !

ODE VIII.

REGRET.

O LOVELIEST of bowers !
The stream beside thee flowing,
The many-scented flowers
About thy trellis growing,
Bring back, with how much sadness !
My hours of vanish'd gladness.

Was 't not when in the heaven
Day's parting fires were glowing,
And cattle, homeward driven,
Along the fields were lowing,

When sombre grew the mountain,
And light forsook the fountain,

Upon thy seat I plac'd me,
Thy leafy shadows round me,
And ELLEN's beauty grac'd thee ;
To whom with vows I bound me,
To love, and love her ever,
While flow'd that gentle river ?

She listen'd to my story,
Believ'd the love I taught her,
Till shone in all her glory
The moon upon the water,
And for the hues of even
There glow'd a brighter heaven.

Then long we seem'd attending
The crickets' lazy chorus,
(Its murmurs softly blending
The rivulet before us,
The polish'd pebbles laving,)
Nor less the willows waving.

Her hand my own encloses,
The while my arms enfold her,
And timidly reposes
Her head upon my shoulder,
The dark hair o'er it streaming,
Through which her eyes were gleaming.

But tears rain'd down in sorrow,
Her breast heav'd with emotion,

For I should be, the morrow,
Afloat upon the ocean,
And anxious thoughts beset her,
Through fear I should forget her.

But love soon dry'd the shower,
Restor'd the peace between us.
We left the shady bower
That never more should screen us ;
And tow'rd her father's dwelling
I took my way with ELLEN.

Then to my breast I drew her,
And kiss'd her lips of Heaven,
With kisses — never truer,
More fond by man were given :
They were the first, and only ;
For I, — I now am lonely.

And must the truest pleasure
Be always thus the briefest ?
Each good we fain would treasure
Soon waste ; most soon the chiefest ?
Where, ELLEN, are thy graces ?
Thy worth ? I see their places.

O loveliest of bowers !
The stream beside thee flowing,
The many-scented flowers
About thy trellis growing,
Bring back, with too much sadness !
My hours of vanish'd gladness.

O D E IX.

LA CONSOLAZIONE.

Su la riva giacendo
D' un vago fiumicello,
Che, limpido correndo
Per mezzo un praticello
Di be' fioretti ornato,
Faceva un canto grato,

Pensava de' miei mali,
Dal suon del rio attristato.
Di Memoria sull' ali
Le mie lutte col Fato
Passaro in mente, e a rea
Sorte quest' io dicea :

“ Perchè mia culla ornaro
Le dolci Nove a fiori,
E in bocca mi baciaro
Gli scherzevoli Amori,
Facendomi assonnare
Con lor soave aliare ?

“ Ecco che senza frutto
È il mio lungo labore,
Ed ho trovato lutto,
Lasso ! tutto mio amore ;

E non ancor fuggate
Son le visioni amate.

“ Fatto com' altri spirti,
Non sarei sì desioso
Del lauro, nè tra i mirti
Vaneggierei amoroso ;
Spinto da due passioni,
Freno alla volta e sproni.

“ Dispietata Fortuna !
Ecco del tuo partito :
All' anima comuna
Pasto senz' appetito,
All' altre dai ad avere
Disio, non il godere.”

A pena i' detto avea,
Ch' un piccolin fringuello,
Che un vermicel tenea,
In sur un ramicello
D' un albero vicino,
Nel becco suo piccino,

Fu subito ferito
Da un moscardo rapace.
Levaselo l' ardito
Nell' artiglio tenace,
Dispiega l' ali, e via
Ei su per l' aer sen gia ;

Quando ecco che si cala
Una aquila dell' alto.
Ella, movendo l' ala
Con larghe ruote, assalto
Fa incontra e, senza pugna,
Il rapitore adugna.

Lascia cadere in giuso
La preda morta il fello ;
Ed a vicenda suso
Poggia ver ciel lo snello
Re d' augei, col guadagno
Del artiglio grifagno.

Mentr' io miro la possa
E prestezza di sue ale,
Rimbomba l' aria, e, scossa
Ed impiagata male,
Della sommità altera
Cade la aquila fera.

“ Ed egli chi ha tirata
La canna, dond' è uscito
Quel suono ed è mandata
La palla, onde ferito
È il volator sì forte,
Anch' ei si dee alla Morte.

“ Cotale è la Natura.
Chi sorge a penne stese
Impara di sua altura,

Alle non altrui spese,
Non ha da ascender solo
Chi sen va in aria a volo.

“ Che non ? però, calcato,
Chi striscia per la sabbia
Un non men duro fato,
Ed un più vil, par ch' abbia,
Se non che faccia, guasto,
A altra creatura pasto.

“ Giacchè il forte si sotto
Caccia l' umile e 'l frale,
Da essere ei stesso rotto
Di alcun altro cotale,
Che al fin getta il Destino
A terra a capo chino ;

“ Nè virtù, nè innocenza,
Nè fe, nè veritade,
Quaggiù con frodolenza,
Malizia, e falsitade
Non si possono, e niente
In terra è permanente ;

“ Ingiusto pur son io,
Non che alla sorte ingrato,
Ch' io vo piangendo il mio
Tristo e solingo stato,
Perchè mi fugge Onore,
E seguitami Amore.

"S' io soffrisco pel vero,
 La Verità mi paga.
 Benchè in abito nero
 Già sia Fortuna, e vaga,
 Vivrà, quando sia stanca,
 Con me, ed in veste bianca."

Spariscon, questo detto,
 Le nubi di mio core.
 Non più del ruscelletto
 Il suon m' attrista ; e l' ore
 Rallegrano e gli augei
 I lassi spirti miei.

X.

CANZONET.

EYES, that are my adoration,
 Eyes I love to desperation, —
 Since, when madden'd by your glances
 Every pulse within me dances,
 Much, O very much I fear me,
 I would give my soul's salvation
 To retain ye ever near me, —
 'Neath what cloud of coyness hiding,
 Stars whose light my spirit misses,

Is your beauty now abiding ?
O, by all the burning kisses
On your rosy lids I 've given,
Eyes whose blue is that of heaven,
Let your splendor once more reach me !
Darling eyes, I do beseech ye ;
Though, when madden'd by your glances
Every pulse within me dances,
Much, ah, very much I fear me,
I would give my soul's salvation
To retain ye ever near me,
Eyes that are my adoration,
Eyes I love to desperation !

XI.

CANZONET.

O THAT I might do over, over,
All I have done since first I met thee !
Then should I soon my peace recover,
My study only to forget thee,
If so I might do over, over,
All I have done since first I met thee.
That voice, unheard, no longer thrilling,
That step, unseen, no more delighting,
The hand I press'd, when thou wert willing,
My raptur'd pulse no more exciting,

Those eyes . . . Alas ! I but discover
The self-same perils still beset me !
I should, I should, do over, over,
All I have done since first I met thee !

EPISTLES.

PREFACE.

THE *Epistle to Juvenal* is written in hexameter. The following remarks were intended as a note to one of the lines; but, on account of their length, they are inserted here.

Many of the ancient measures, however pedants have affected to deride them when applied to modern poetry, are perfectly susceptible of adaptation to our language, and felicitously so, when used with judgment, and by a correct ear. Of these I do not consider the Hexameter to be one. In every language, I believe, of modern EUROPE attempts have been made to imitate it; but with small success. In English, it was sought to be introduced so long ago as the time of Sir PHILIP SIDNEY. Hence POPE has said, (*Im. of Hor. B. ii. Ep. 1.*):

“And SIDNEY’S verse halts ill on Roman feet.”

My own objection to the rythm is not that it *halts*, but that it *gallops*. The number of small words which, from the genius of modern languages, and especially of the English and French, enter so necessarily into composition, and which in English receive but rarely any stress of the voice, render it almost impossible to make this measure in our language otherwise than of pure dactyls; that is, if it be indeed made, not as Mr. SOUTHEY’S hexameters, which halt with SIDNEY’S, and are not capable of scansion, but correctly and musically. Of this I was aware before I tried the measure in the present instance, having attempted it for a metaphrase of the sixth *Æneid*, and found, that while the translation could thus be given literally, *line for line*, the verse had a wearisome monotony, such

as in fact would prevail in Latin verse, did all the hexameters *cant*, like the famous

Quadrupedante putrem sonitû quatit úngula cdm̃pum,

or in Greek, if all were made to *bound*, like

Aútis epéita pedónde kulíndeto láas anáides.

Thus the *Epistle to Juvenal* will be found, not to halt indeed, but to move with a gait so little varied, that the poem, were it longer than it is, would inevitably put the reader to sleep. Why, having known beforehand from experiment this perilous monotony, I should have persisted in using the measure, will appear when the reader shall have come to the poem and its fellow epistles. He will find that the conceit, which prompted such a choice of metre, is though sportive, not improper; while I flatter myself that the matter, as well as the brevity of the poem, will ensure him from nodding.

In the *Epistle* occurs this line:

Whirl my brisk thoughts o'er the leaf, on the wheels of thy spondees and dactyls.

In the word *spondee*, if we have regard merely to the vowel sounds, the last syllable is as evidently long in English, as the first is short. Both are long in Latin. In *dactyl*, the first syllable, according to the sound of the vowel, is short, while it is long in Latin; the last syllable is short, both in Latin and in English. Yet where does the stress of the voice fall in these words, however placed in English? Evidently on the first syllable of each; and consequently the other is heard with less force and is articulated with a quicker breathing; in a word, the latter is to all intents and purposes *short* from its position, and the former is to all intents and purposes *long* by the same position. Therefore in the verse just quoted, if the words . . *spondees and | dactyls*, instead of having the stress on the syllables thus indicated by a sharp accent, were to be printed thus, — . . *spōndēes ānd | dāctyls*, — we should have marked perfectly the musical *times* of the feet, which is all that is required, — and, be it observed, all that is *understood*, in Greek or Latin, even by the best prosodians. To assert that *ee* cannot represent a short syllable, in other words, that it is not actually abbreviated by the force of the preceding accent, simply because it has, when standing by itself, the sound of the diphthong, or what is known as long *e*, is

quite as absurd as it would be to scan the verse by classic rules, and say, the *o* is long by its position before two consonants, *etc.*, *etc.* And yet, both these absurdities have actually been committed through pedantry or through malice, and most probably in either case ignorantly and with a want of ear, by those who have affected to ridicule similar attempts by others, whether made, as now, in sport, or, as in Ode IV., with seriousness, to nationalize any of the poetic metres of the ancients. The reader will easily perceive, that by making *spondees* the last word, I could have met the chief objection of these cavillers; but I have consulted common sense and a tolerable ear, and having from my outset as an author set my face against all cant and against all unreasonable dictation, I do not care to succumb to them even in this trifle; for any such submission is a dereliction of principle.

Let me add, without being thought to dictate in my turn, that no one who has gone through the first elements of music, or whom nature has taught to feel a lively pleasure in what is called in music *time*, when duly observed, even in the rise and fall of a blacksmith's hammer, (the *thesis* and *arsis* of prosodians,) and without which he may despair of ever writing verse, that no one, so instructed or so constituted, will fail to perceive the melody of this measure by beating the time mentally, according to the feet, or *bars*, thus:

(1) Lord of the | iron | harp ! || thou | master of | diction sa|tiric,
 Who, with the | scourge of | song, || lash'd | vices in | monarch and
 | people,
 And, to the | scoff of the | age, || and the | scorn of all | ages suc-
 | ceeding,
 Bar'd the rank | ulcers of | sin || in the | loins of the | Mistress of
 | Nations ! *etc.*

Here of the second of these verses I would observe, that the same license (if such may be called what is in fact a result of rhythmic harmony, or the dictate simply of common sense,) that the same

(1) The double mark, the mere English reader will permit me to remind him, denotes what is called the *cæsural pause*, the *metrical rest* or *repose*, which, in all languages, occurs somewhere in all verses of any length, and is where the voice rests a brief instant; a practice in reading essential to harmony, but which is most frequently neglected.

liberty which, as is known to prosodians, prevails in ancient verse, of making on certain occasions a short syllable long by the mere stress of the voice (1), obtains likewise in our own. But in the present case the mere force with which the word *scourge* is necessarily uttered requires so great a *time*, that though the particle *of*, which immediately follows, receives no accent whatever, yet *scourge of* stands actually and correctly for a spondee. That I have not been compelled to this apparent license by the demands of my verse, it is advisable that I should show the reader, by letting him see that it might have been written,

Who, with the | scóurgēs ōf | song, *etc.*,
or, Who, with the | scóurge ōf thý | sǒng, *etc.*

In the hexameter which in the body of the Epistle is cited from Juvenal,

“Speluncis. Adeo senuerunt Jupiter ét Mars,”

et, as the reader will perceive, is long; it is the *arsis*, the *movimento in battere* or *motion of the hand downward*, (2) of the concluding spondee, or *bar*. How is this produced? We say, by position; yet it is the metre which compels us to let the stress of the voice fall upon this simple *et*. It is an *accented*, or rather an *enforced note*. (3) Now, as we have intimated above, the stress alone would be sufficient under certain circumstances to lengthen the time of the particle, although the next word began with a vowel. This being the case, the emphatic emission of the voice being allowed to *lengthen* a syllable, and a change in time being invariably attended by a corresponding change in the metrical accentuation, how does *quantity* differ from *accent*? In English we should say, with no greater violation of propriety than the Roman poet is guilty of in Latin, *Jupiter and Mars*; and, though indeed we should plead the metre, and not literal position, for the rhythmic

(1) In like manner, in music, the unaccented part of a measure is often made emphatic.

(2) Dr. CALLCOTT uses the term *arsis* for the weak part of a measure, applying *thesis* to the depression of the hand. But surely this is following the letter and not the sense of words.

(3) And without this musical accentuation or emphasis, though *et Mars* would be still a spondee, the verse might just as well terminate by an iambus. In fact, no hexameter verse, that ever was written, can be verse, except the penultimate syllable have the *arsis*, or musical accentuation.

length of the syllable, yet the time of *and* would still be long, the change of accent producing unavoidably a change of quantity. And why? Because accent and quantity are, in metrical composition, one and the same thing. What delicious verse would HOMER's be, if read according to the printed or grammatical accents! But we give ARISTOPHANES the BYZANTINE to the devil, and are guided by the *quantity*, and, behold, the accentuation thence arising makes us music. Latin verse, though composed by quantity, is invariably read according to accent, or to accent and quantity, never in accordance with quantity alone (except by those whose learning has destroyed their ear). Who for example, in this line of HORACE's,

“Pindarum quisquis studet æmulari,”

would think of reading, according to quantity, *Peindaroom queis-queis*, or, with the better and Italian sound, *Peendaroom quees-quees*. (1) The open vowels are made close, and we read *Pindarum quisquis*. How then does it happen that the music of the measure is not lost? Because, the *time* we make the same, by dwelling upon the syllables accented:

Pindarúm quisquis || studet æ'mulári.

What then do we lose in poetry by our ignorance of ancient pronunciation? Absolutely nothing, as far as rhythm is concerned. The mere position of the vowel sound before two consonants in *quisquis* necessarily makes the time long, whether you say *quis*, as the ENGLISH, or *quees* with the ITALIANS; and so of the first and last syllables of *Pindarum*: and it could have been nothing more in Latin. Let the reader drop one of the consonants, and he will find that *Pidarum*, pronounce the *i* open or close, cannot occupy the time of *Pindarum*, unless indeed he *dwell* upon the vowel, which is in fact to elongate it, as we have already said. Does anybody suppose that the *e* of *et*, in the verse from JUVENAL, was pronounced in any other manner by the ROMANS, or by the poet himself, than it

(1) Though in the time of HORACE, the politer ROMANS made the sound of the final *s* invariable, which an age or two before had been suppressed or pronounced at pleasure, I never will blaspheme that sweet lyric by believing that it should be heard in the above line, but I must think he would have read the metre thus:

Pindarum quisqui' studet æmulari.

would have been in prose? Yet it is *long*! long by its position. It is therefore probable, however some prosodians may dispute it, that little if any *real* difference existed between ancient quantity and modern accent, as regards rythmical construction. (1) This opinion will be found further illustrated in the *Parodies of Horace*.

I find that by changing my note into a preface, I have insensibly carried it beyond the bounds intended; yet I cannot leave this subject without going back to *Epistle II.*, and making a few remarks upon the heroic measure in English.

We too have *our* quantity, or something very like it in English verse, which is subject to similar laws, and is varied by similar licenses, with that of the ancients. An heroic verse we say consists of five iambuses; thus:

“Awā’ke | mÿ St.’ | Jōhn! || leā’ve | āll mē’a|nēr thī’ngs.”

Now, the same number of iambuses may be counted in an heroic verse, and yet the verse be not poetical. Its rythm may be defective; thus:

My St.’ | Jōhn, wā’ke! || ānd leā’ve | āll mē’a|nēr thī’ngs.

Does the reader see how the difference is produced? It is partly by the collocation of the words, partly by that of the *cæsura*, or middle rest of the voice, which is made to fall after the fourth half-foot, instead of after the fifth, which in the heroic measure is the exact middle of the verse. This latter is the most musical of all the pauses; (and therefore the FRENCH, in their longest measure, have, to the complete sacrifice of variety, made it invariable.)

Though I have not now the time to pursue this subject at the length I should delight to do, yet let me instance some verses from the second *Epistle*. Thus it opens:

How surely, || in this life’s still-changing state,
The brightest names || must share the common fate,
Doom’d in a day, || whose splendors soon are past,
To rise, || to culminate, || and set at last, etc.

(1) *When I say natu, the voice is elevated, and there is arsis in tu; when however ra, the voice is depressed, and there is thesis. [Natūra as our word insûrer.] — PRISCIAN on accents, as cited by HERMANN, De Metr. Poet. Græc. et Rom. i. 5.*

It will be perceived that the time of the first is too quick, and is inexact. Let us measure it :

Hõw sùre | lý ìn | thĩs lífe's | stĩll chán | gĩng státe.

The verse we see is defective ; its second foot is a *pyrrhic*. To give the verse its due *quantity*, the cæsura would have to fall after *in*. The next verse is correct in measure ; but the pause is ungraceful. The third and fourth are both musical. Now, that the inferiority in the second verse is not owing solely to the cæsura's falling after the fourth syllable is proved by the fact that the third is in this respect its very counterpart. Let us therefore test the composition of this latter and see where the difference lies :

Dóom'd ìn | ä dáy | whõse splén | dörs sóon | äre pást.

It will be seen that a *trochee* occupies the first place. We thus discover, that when the pause is after the second foot, the verse is better if commenced with an accented syllable. The fourth verse is the best of all : it has the grace of an additional cæsura, which here falls after the first foot. And, by the by, *cúminate* receives a secondary accent upon its final syllable, by reason of the repose :

To ríse | tõi cúl | mĩnáte || änd sét | ät lást.

Thus it will be seen that we really have *quantity* in our measures, and that these are subject, as I have said, to similar rules, and are varied by similar licenses with the measures of the ancients.

It is the due regard to these particulars of rythm, and especially the due adjustment of the cæsural pause, which form the excellence of POPE's measure ; and it is to the neglect or ignorance of these several points, that we are to ascribe the fault of most others who have attempted it. The cæsura is the stumbling block of the heroic verse ; and therefore poets have abandoned the couplet of POPE and DRYDEN, and run their verses into one another, as we see in the *Veiled Prophet* of Mr. MOORE. This practice, which the FRENCH call *enjambement*, destroys the music of the heroic measure, though it confers an infinitely greater ease in composition. (1)

(1) The reader will find that I have exemplified this error in a considerable part of the continuation of the *Vision*, appended to this volume. It was owing to the nature of the subject. In that particular instance I should have had to sacrifice a higher merit than versification. I therefore abandoned it ;

Of the *Epistle to Satan* I have only to say, that it was commenced in jest, but continued in earnest. I had thought merely to trifle; but the peril of my country, now threatened indirectly by a blow at one of the institutions of one of the States, as well as directly by other acts of wantonness or folly in her servants, has made me, in one or two places of the poem, severe, if not serious. I conjure every lover of his country, every one who would wish his children and his children's children to live with the same security, enjoying the same liberty, under the same laws that he himself does, I conjure him with my whole heart, to read it carefully both text and comment. But if he must neglect one or other, let it be the text.

but not without a regret that is in no wise yet abated. — I must add, that the *occasional* running of one verse into another is a positive grace. It is only the uniformity of the practice, or its being carried through too many consecutive lines that is displeasing. Further, I have no reference to blank verse.

EPISTLES.

I.

TO MILTON.

FROM this small planet, whose effulgent round
Great SATAN saw, what time, 'twixt Chaos' reign
And the far-shooting light of HEAVEN's walls,
He hung, suspended on his sail-broad vans,
Over the abysm of nothing, ere yet, lit
Upon the backside of the cónfus'd world,
He trod the *Paradise* uncouth of *Fools*, —
Saw glimmering, fasten'd by a golden chain
To the celestial vault ; from this dull lamp,
Upon whose rim I with some millions more
Find breathing-space, and light, and heat, — to thee,
Who haply long have pass'd the sea of pearl,
(But whether wafted in crystállin barge
By seraphs mann'd, or whirl'd along the flood
In the light chariot of the fiery steeds,
Is to thyself best known,) I humbly write,
Mov'd to the effort by an honest zeal,
With veneration mix'd, and love sincere.

Yet with no shade of awe do I approach,
 As he of Rydal-Mount, who, with ostent
 Of fear and genuflection of the mind,
 Works profanation to thy ensky'd muse,
 Aiming, with wildfire made for children's sport,
 To counterfeit thy thunder ;(1) not with awe ;

(1) "*Awe-stricken* as I am by contemplating the operations of the mind of this truly divine Poet, I scarcely dare venture to add, that 'An Address to an Infant' exhibits something of this communion and interchange," etc. WORDSWORTH'S *Preface*. (See *Vis. of Ru-beta*, p. 392.)

Yet this very man, who professes to be awed by contemplation of the labors of a human mind, has dared to say :

"Jehovah — with his thunder, and the choir
 Of shouting Angels, and the empyreal thrones —
I pass THEM unalarmed!"

It is true, this is merely bombast ; (and Mr. WORDSWORTH'S attempts at sublimity will, by the genuine critic, be almost always, if not always, found to be nothing more ;) yet is it not the less profane ; "For," as I have elsewhere remarked upon the same passage,

"For fools rush in, where Angels fear to tread."

And, in citing this line from the great moral poet, be it observed that the very words, which enable me to correct with so much emphasis this fustian metre-monger, are the brightest refutation of his slanders of a mighty name ; for this very line, whose brilliant antithesis is matched by its exquisite truth, is by the maligned POPE, by POPE the versifier, by ALEXANDER POPE, that factitious bard whose *arts* have poisoned the fountain-head of English poetry. What force in the expression ! how every word is made to bear its exact tint ! each divided and distinct from the other, yet all united by such imperceptible shades that the coloring is but one. For *fools RUSH IN*, where *Angels fear to TREAD*. Is not the whole picture painted visibly before us, on the canvass which never fades, on the canvass whose fabric no moth can injure, and whose brightness no dust can obscure ? Yet this line was from the pen, this

For such, immortal spirit, to none I yield
 That is, or has been, of the earth as I.
 Respect, and admiration, these, thy due
 Give I with all my heart ; even more at times
 Than I am wont to pay the CHIAN old,
 Who sang the implacable THESSALIAN's wrath
 And the lone wanderer of the rocky isle.
 In proof whereof, behold, to please thy sense,
 I slight the unison of tuneful rhyme,
 Albeit I judge its modulations sweet
 Only to suit thine ends thou didst reject,
 Lauding the strain, that left from fetters free
 Thy thoughts sublime, and made thy labors less, —
 An ease, dear MILTON, oftentimes sore abus'd ;
 As, now thou art where all is harmony,
 And hast the music of the spheres heard play,
 Pursuing, without pause, the resonant fugue
 Through the void infinite of heavenly space,
 Harmonious thunder ! thou must needs confess.

I write thy measure, and assume thy tone.
 As children, on a summer holyday,
 Launch on the bosom of some standing pool
 Their tiny craft, to simulate the course
 Of some huge ammiral. They, stooping by,
 View with delight the fairy frigate glide

picture from the pencil, of a youth of nineteen ! this brilliant piece, of fancy and truth combined, found its place in the cabinet of a didactic poem ! I am no enthusiast, especially in admiration, yet I say without scruple that this single verse is worth any consecutive thousand of those of the author of the *Excursion* ; and I confidently leave the question, for decision, to *posterity*.

Upright and steady on the noiseless stream,
Or urge with cautious breath the loitering keel ;
While, on the open main, their model, tost
From side to side betwixt the mountain waves,
Or plunging through the surge her roaring stem,
Masts, cordage, beams, all quivering as the gale
Weighs on the lessen'd canvass, — then becalm'd,
The gather'd sails loose-flapping, and her sides
Lazily heaving to the ocean swell,
Bears like proportion, in her varied state
And motions, to the mimic vessel's course,
As her vast hulk does to its scarce-seen form.
Even so my bark, upon a scantier stream
Manœuvres, with the trim and build of thine ;
Its course more smooth and uniform, as needs
For so diminutive and slight a mould ;
Its service, but the pastime of an hour.

Thus much for compliment ; thus much for gloss
Upon my strain. I now reclimb the steep
Wheredown I slid to visit earth awhile,
And scale again the golden stairs (1) to thee.
Thou art, great Father, (let me call thee so,)
Now seated, may I deem, in some sweet bower
Of Heaven's sure paradise, its roof o'erhung
With arching amaranth, and the tufted sod
Thick-grown with asphodel, and other flowers,
If such there be, that, to the Elysian haunts,

(1) I suppose, in this poem, the reader to be acquainted with the *Paradise Lost*. However, for the allusion here, and that to the *sea of pearl* in the first part, see the *Third Book*, 500 – 540. Both the pictures were borrowed by MILTON from the *Divina Commedia*.

From the forbidden garden of Man's sin,
 Remov'd, with never-fading beauty spring
 And never-wasting fragrance. By thee flow,
 O'er sands of gold, 'twixt banks for ever green,
 The murmurant waters of the fount of life,
 Making soft music for thy raptur'd ear.
 In him who sits beside thee do I see
 The Tuscan bard, whose song was set to grief
 Sharper perhaps than thine ? for he was curs'd
 With sight as well as sense. Thy teacher, he ;
 Thy teacher, but surpass'd. In converse now
 With his congenial spirit art thou wrapt.
 Before ye both two shapes of loftier mien
 Stand arm in arm, and listen to the sounds
 With smiles angelic-sweet. From time to time
 They mingle in the drama ; briefly though,
 As 't were in approbation, or reproof.
 From the deep reverence of thy regard
 Bent on the figure of more grave aspect,
 It should be he, the master-hand of GREECE,
 That struck the heroic shell, and made it yield
 'Neath his precipitate fingers, as instinct,
 Sounds never heard before, not listen'd since.
 The other, by the looks submiss yet fond,
 Wherewith thy fellow greets his lightest word,
 Should be the noblest singer of old ROME,
 His guide and safeguard through the pits of HELL,
 And nam'd *his master* ;(1) surely with small cause ;
 For never two were more unlike than they.

(1) DANTE represents the poet VIRGIL as guiding him through
 the *temporal and eternal fires* (Purgatory and Hell). He addresses
 him as his *Master*, his *Father* ; and VIRGIL calls him *Son*.

Thrice-blest communion ! intercourse of mind
I well might envy, ty'd to this frail flesh,
Did I believe it real, and not write
Rather according to the vulgar thought
Than from my mind ; for I am apt to think,
(Not fix'd ; since who on such a point can be ?)
That thou no more art MILTON, nor the three,
Thy peers, still DANTE, VIRGIL, and the old
Heroic bard of ASIA, but that all
Have lost all token of this lower world,
And in a new existence, brighter still,
If such ye merited (as well I deem,)
Pursue, or have pursu'd new trains of thought,
To be from other fetters like the flesh
Again releas'd, for stages brighter still ;
Till thus, from stage to stage, perhaps (who knoweth ?)
From star to star of the endless chain of worlds,
Passing, and purify'd, ye reach at length
The goal of being, the perfectness complete
Of your immortal essences, or be
Absorb'd into the bosom of your God,
Whence first ye emanated, brilliant rays
Of the great Sun of Suns, who is all Light,
There never more to know cloud or eclipse.

Yet, let me fancy that blest intercourse
Of spirit with spirit ; for it soothes the heart
Of weak humanity : and who would wish
From those, alas ! who 've bury'd half their souls
And love to dream the sever'd parts again
Will meet where shall be never, never more,
Division, who would wish to break the charm

With cold philosophy, or dreams as vain ?
Yes, let me fancy it ! How happy thou !
For I conceive the theme of thy discourse, —
Akin to that which prompts me now to write,
Yet doom'd by what I write to be disturb'd.
For when these lines shall reach that happy bower
(By what wing'd messenger I not inquire.
Perhaps thyself now hoverest o'er the page,
To catch their essence, and translate it there.
Or haply am I destin'd, I, ere long
To bear its import to thy wondering ear,)
Their news, but little look'd for, will amaze,
If not amaze, disturb the congress blest
Of poets who look back upon the World
And love the reminiscence of their fame.

Behold of the great twain the empire fallen,
And DANTE's throne and thine alike unfix'd !
Fools mount the steps, and men of feeble mind
Grasp at the sceptre, and affect the crown,
Whose weight they cannot lift, nor circle fill.
The prize beyond their reach, they rear instead
A parchment bonnet, dight with little bells,
And wield a leaden truncheon carv'd and trimm'd
With the like tinkling substitute for gems.
The usurpers have their parasites ; and these,
When the dull symbol 's rear'd and cap put on,
Lift up their mouths agape, and volumes roll
Of unintelligible sounds of laud,
Which the mere vulgar crowd that wait without
Take for brave sense, and echo, jubilant,
With imitative bray, and plaudits bold.

Then, when the tinsel'd mummer stirs abroad,
And the fool's pageant struts before their eyes,
And in the gaudy sun the small bells sparkle
And their shook sides ring out a slender sound,
Blinded, inebriate with the coarse delight,
They clap their ready hands amain, and shout,
“ 'T is MILTON'S self ! LO, DANTE come again !
O happy day ! O age most fortunate !
The Muse once more revisits the glad earth :
The people hear, renew'd and tenfold strong,
The very strains that thrill'd their fathers' ears.
O happy day ! O age of ages, this ! ”

O lamentable day ! Thus have I seen,
Thus do I see, and see with huge disdain,
Illustrious Parent, thy great art bely'd,
And a mean bard, of most ignoble skill,
Presumptuous strain, thy dulcet and grand tones,
That never yet were match'd by mortal reed,
To pipe with his shrill instrument, and term
(Just Heaven ! hast thou no wrath for poets' frauds ?)
An Infant's lullaby a song like thine !
And what is more, a base and stolid crowd
Welcome with joy uncouth the monstrous claim.
'T is as if men, who 'd watch'd an eagle soar
Until they lost him in the azure void,
Should straightway follow with their gaze some kite
That chanc'd to sail along the self-same track,
But nigher earth, and shout with stupid joy,
“ Lo you, another of the eyrie flown !
Ah, royal bird, thou too wilt seek the sun ! ”

Alas, great Parent ! and again, alas !
It is, I fear, in part thy proper fault ;
The fatal negligence wherein thou fellest,
When, from thy heavenward soar descending, thou
Didst fold upon the earth thy weary wings.
'T was then thou shouldst have been most wary, then
Thou shouldst have measur'd well thy laboring steps,
When in the ken and cognizance of those
Whose eyes were dazzled by thine upward flight
And lost thee sometimes when most nigh the sun.
For these observ'd thee falter, mark'd thy tread,
Where broken, where irregular, and where weak,
And found thy march on earth was nothing proud,
But dull as others', and forgot thy wings, —
Hence deem'd it easy to pursue thy path,
Tread with thy pace, and call their lounge a march.

Perhaps 't is well ; perfection rouses Hate,
And Envy loves not brightness never dimm'd.
Haply thou therefore art, for this alone,
Still grac'd with adoration, and^rinhalest
The incense of a throng that love thee not,
Nor sufferest so foul and large a wrong
As the great poet of the moral lay,
Who came behind thee, in a sequent age,
Whose wit, and melody, and wisdom rare
Gives Imperfection umbrage.

But this said
Reminds me that I have to write to him.
Unwillingly I leave thee. Yet, farewell !
More would I say but that there lacketh space,

And rarely has the full heart room to act.
Commend me to thy comates of the bower ;
Read them my words, and offer what I send :
The FLORENTINE, to him my deep respect ;
The Patriarch of Song, my filial kiss ;
And VIRGIL, O to him, give all my love !

EPISTLE II.

TO POPE.

How surely, in this life's still-changing state,
 The brightest names must share the common fate,
 Doom'd in a day, whose splendors soon are past,
 To rise, to culminate, and set at last,
 Thy great example, POPE, may well attest.
 Once, who like thee applauded, lov'd, carest ?
 But now thy muse, by knave and fool o'erthrown,
 Wakes rapture in the good and wise alone.

“ Unhappy wit, like most mistaken things,
 Atones not for that envy which it brings.”
 Such was the strain that swell'd thy tuneful throat,
 When EUROPE, with amazement (1), saw thee float,
 Adown the perilous tide of moral song,
 Bold but majestic, graceful and yet strong.
 Thy scarce-fledg'd plumes, refulgent on the wave,
 Receiv'd not more of lustre than they gave. (2)

(1) The *Essay on Criticism* was written when POPE was in his twentieth year. It does not display the exquisite grace and finish of his later poems, and is certainly wanting in method; but it is distinguished throughout by the same good sense, and, to a certain extent, by the same wit and knowledge of mankind, which have made their author the delight or the envy of succeeding poets.

(2) POPE may be considered to have opened a new field in didactic poetry. Though his model, in some respects, was HORACE, yet no one before him had written precisely like him; and I know not that any one has since.

May we not deem, that later, when thy name
 Had toilsome climb'd the summit of its fame,
 When, seated on the throne thy mind had rear'd,
 Thou sawest thy sceptre dreaded though rever'd,
 And while applauding millions shouted round,
 The hiss of Envy mingled with the sound,
 This very strain, the lesson of the youth,
 Then smote the man in all its moral truth ?
 Yet Hope still whisper'd thee, A time will come,
 When Fear shall sleep, and Envy's self be dumb,
 When, foe and flatterer alike no more,
 Sages will love, and tuneful wits adore,
 And all men laud, with unmalignant eyes,
 The verse whose charm, with rapture, makes them wise.
 Alas ! how wilt thou wonder, in thy sphere,
 To learn that Envy still survives thee here.
 O'er thy cold ashes crouch'd, the demon waits,
 And, writhing, syllables the name she hates,
 Draws on the dusty stone thy mortal shape,
 Nor spares thy morals, though thy song escape. (1)

(1) In the *Prologue to the Satires*, POPE had said :

“ The tale reviv'd, the lie so oft o'erthrown ;

* * * * *

The morals blacken'd when the writings 'scape,
 The libell'd person, and the pictur'd shape.”

Wise as he was in the human heart, little could the bard have dreamed that these atrocities would be repeated a hundred years after his death, and with all the passion of a fresh attack. His poetic fancy and his faultless ear, his pathos even, his occasional sublimity, might have been forgiven him ; but that he should unite sense, and wit, and wisdom, to the sweetest and most vigorous of muses, was an injury and an aggravation intolerable.

Lo ! where, a fustian nightcap o'er his brow,
 Stretch'd on some mead, or shelter'd in a mow,
 His jacket doff'd, one rusty shoe unlac'd,
 His stockings garterless, and hose unbrac'd,
 The scribe of ballads and false sonnets (1) sits,
 Jack Ketch and Rhadamanth of bards and wits !
 A roll of candle-wrapper serves his need,
 A pewter standish, and a sharpen'd reed.
 First, to inspire him with the proper mood,
 He chants, twice o'er, the *Children in the Wood*,
 With gesture fierce, then cons, with sweating face,
 Thy mean friend's rhapsody on *Chevy Chase* (2).

(1) Perhaps one of the most remarkable instances of Mr. WORDSWORTH'S deficiency of taste, and not the least Gothic of innovations in the art of versification, is the substitution of a bastard stanza of fourteen lines for the legitimate Italian sonnet.* The labors of poetasters are, it is true, greatly facilitated by this change, as in that which has taken place in the construction of the heroic couplet; but the music, of even their trivial compositions, how much of richness has it lost ! For the rest, Mr. WORDSWORTH'S *sonnets*, so lauded by the fellow-feeling of his admirers, are, like the loose verse of his *Excursion*, little else than prose, and prose of a very tiresome description.

(2) See in the *Spectator* (70, 74) the papers where ADDISON, a most incompetent critic, however agreeable as a writer, endeavours to run a parallel between *Chevy Chase*† and the *Æneid* ! A folly which will cause no wonder now, when Mr. WORDSWORTH and his admirers, and Mr. CARLYLE and his, have made us familiar with greater aberrances from reason.

* The innovation, however, is not originally his. SHAKSPEARE made it before him, and was his model, in a series of these anomalous stanzas, less prosaic, but more rugged, and very nearly as dull as his own.

† *Chevy Chase* is undoubtedly an excellent old ballad ; but it is made to appear ridiculous by thus placing its low proportions and rude structure side by side with the towering mass and finished architecture of the *Æneid*.

This done, he calls on COWPER with a sigh,
 And thrice names COTTON with a moisten'd eye,
 Then dips the reed, shuts either lid to see,
 And, at a stroke, damns DRYDEN, GRAY, and thee.

Who swings before him, on a fence or beam,
 The sire of *Madoc*, *Prince of Wales*, I deem ;
 Rhyme's Thalaba, who, worst of British foes,
 Smother'd JEANNE D'ARC in pyre of smouldering prose ;
 Wisest of men ! by whose recondite skill
 Great MARO fell, whom MÆVIUS could not kill.
 Not long upon his wooden steed astride,
 The book-learn'd harlequin affects to ride :
 Unfix'd as water, lo ! where swinging round,
 His right leg crook'd, its fellow seeks the ground.
 So women canter. Upright next he stands,
 Atiptoe, balancing, with outspread hands.
 Anon upon his croup he falls again,
 Seesaws awhile, then bounding, with a strain,
 Throws a brisk somersault, and on his head
 Lights, — his limbs folded, and his arms wide-spread.
 His pale face reddens, purples, blackens fast ;
 But still the brave brooks torture to the last,
 Till near to death he finds, with backward bound,
 His feet once more, but this time on the ground.
 There, his true element, the mummer sits
 Less giddy, and collects his scatter'd wits.

From time to time, his fellow with a smile
 Has watch'd his antics, musing all the while.
 These bounds and vaults re-fire the rustic's brain,
 Imp his maim'd wing, and swell his shrunken vein.

With double zeal, he flutters o'er the page,
 Froths at the mouth, and apes poetic rage,
 Spurns Earth itself when Zany's heels arise,
 And beards JEHOVAH thundering in his skies.

Now, what his weary spirits and hands resign,
 The reed poetic, and the vast design,
 The droll assumes, and lo ! the great in song
 Damn'd o'er again ! but with a will less strong.
 With his friend's cap he crowns in turn his skull,
 And prays the gods to make him doubly dull.
 The prayer is heard : in zigzag current flows,
 Thick, turbid, small, the dull, slow, laboring prose.
 He calls it verse, and, bookish, leaves the rhyme
 Unknown to poets of the olden time,
 But leaves the measure too. Before him, see !
 The ungarter'd clown, to wake the ecstasy,
 Acts in his turn an old familiar round
 Of antics o'er, — but acts them on the ground, —
 Creeps on all fours, or totters with a staff,
 Apes Goody's gossip and sweet Baby's laugh,
 Now cracks a whip, now bears a beggar's bag,
 Plays Puss-in-corner, Blind-man's-buff, and Tag,
 Scotch-hoppers, Leap-frog, Hustle-cap, and Tor, —
 Or gives the Moon one hare-brain'd Idiot more.
 The poet marks the scene, and from his reed
 Grandame, maid, infant, boy combin'd, proceed, —
 Teacher before, now acts a scholar's part
 And from his proselyte new learns his art,
 Notes his undress, and, bent to out-fool the fool,
 Makes bare his hinder parts, to keep him cool.

Then Eclogues creep, and boneless Ballads crawl ;
 These hair'd with rhyme, but blind grub insects all.
 To inspire, the rustic gapes, thrice clamors *Curr* !
 Calls it a hoot, and tags it with a *burr* ! (1)
 But soon the facile spirit shakes its wings,
 Heaves from the earth, and upward proudly springs,
 Awhile near heaven, on vigorous pennon, bold,
 Meets the sun's rays, and dips its plumes in gold,
 Then, hidden in some cloud, more lowly flies, —
 To soar again, and dazzle vulgar eyes.
 (But, first of all, I beg thee to suppose,
 He button'd up his breeches, ere he rose.)
Kehama, *Thalaba* then saw the light,
 Fantastic shapes, in motley vesture dight ;
 Now like their sire, as when he sail'd in air ;
 Now, as he cower'd, and left his blind side bare.

Kehama ? *Thalaba* ? Their fame, I see,
 Not yet hath reach'd the sphere of wit and thee.
 But ask, their history will BYRON tell,
 Who mock'd them here, on earth, perhaps too well.
 BYRON ! bright name ! Behold, poetic sage,
 Thy warmest advocate in this cold age.
 BRITAIN's best poet, since thy muse expired,
 Rich in thy wit, with all thy rapture fired,
 Grand, tender, oftentimes almost divine,
 But rough with dross as ore when in the mine, —
 Or like the mass, when fus'd its metals run,
 Mix'd with the floating scurf, distinct yet one, —

(1) “ The owlets *hoot*, the owlets *curr*,
 And Johnny's lips they *burr*, *burr*, *burr*.”
The Idiot Boy. (See *Vis. of R.* p. 396.)

He had the taste to feel thy better art,
 The candor to confess it, and the heart.
 Not strong enough his genius for the rein
 Thine brook'd with ease, more vigorous from the strain⁽¹⁾,
 Not weak enough to keep the ambling pace
 Of minds less mettled, and of meaner race,
 He left behind thy dull maligners' sect,
 And reach'd all merit, save to be correct.
 Persuaded of his own deficiency, still
 No envy stung him for thy better skill ;
 His mind too large, his spirit was too high.
 Cant he despis'd, and loath'd the bigot's lie,
 And, braving the despite to Truth still shown,
 Drew on himself thy foes, to back his own. (2)
 One voice like his a thousand wrongs requites,
 The zealot's slanders, and the dunce's slights ;
 One voice like this hereafter will outweigh
 All that a thousand meaner tongues may say,
 When Time, the vulgar muse that seldom spares,
 Graves deep his record, and effaces theirs.

(1) POPE has himself said, with his usual truth, though not with his usual grace :

"The winged courser, like a generous horse,
 Shows most true mettle when you check his course."

Essay on Crit. 86.

He is not, however, imitated in the text.

(2) BYRON, however, carried his admiration for POPE a little too far. I have read that he set his favorite above MILTON and above SHAKSPEARE. This was extravagance, if not infatuation. The poet's ardent spirit marred his judgment as a critic, which otherwise appears to have been sound. As in censure he degraded the object of his animadversion below its real level, so in praise he carried his eulogy beyond due bounds, — the very error of the age. Witness his admiration of SHERIDAN.

O, could I hope, that I too might pretend
To name myself thy advocate, thy friend !
That when thy sun shall mount, as mount ere long
It will again, the heaven of wit and song,
My little star before its path may gleam,
And indicate to men the coming beam !
Not without honor then the truthful tongue ;
Nor will my song have all in vain been sung.
That hour of joy and triumph will repair
Years of neglect, and sufferings still to bear.
For then, when Poesy shall live again,
And the true Nymphs replace a harlot train,
When Sense and Sound once more shall be ally'd,
And Art and Nature flourish side by side,
Shall men, uplifting their bedazzled eyes
From the long sleep, to mark thy brilliant rise,
Shout, in their rapture at the vanish'd night,
He, he too, saw, and durst announce the light !

EPISTLE III.

TO JUVENAL.

LORD of the iron harp ! thou master of diction satiric,
Who, with the scourge of song, lash'd vices in monarch
and people,
And to the scoff of the age, and the scorn of all ages
succeeding,
Bar'd the rank ulcers of sin in the loins of the Mistress
of Nations !
I, who have touch'd the same chords, but with an indif-
ferent finger,
Claim to belong to the quire, at whose head thou art
seated supernal.
More, I have read thee all through, from the first to the
ultimate spondee, —
Therefore am somewhat acquaint with thy spirit and
manner of thinking.
Knowing thee, then, I presume to address without more
introduction
Part of this packet to thee, and, out of respect to thy
manes, —
Owing not less unto thine than I render'd to POPE's and
to MILTON's, —
Whirl my brisk thoughts o'er the leaf, on the wheels of
thy spondees and dactyls.
Doubtless, by this time at least, thou art fully conver-
sant with English ;
But, shouldst thou stumble at all, lo ! POPE close at
hand to assist thee.

Last of the poets of ROME ! thou never wouldst dream
 from what region
 Cometh this greeting to thee ; no bard of thy kind hath
 yet mounted
 Up to the stars of the wise, from the bounds of the
 Ocean Atlantic.
 Green yet the world of the West, how should it yield
 matter for satire ?
 Hither no doubt, from thy LATIUM, the stone-eating
 husband of RHEA
 Fled from the vices of men, as thou in thy turn, rather
 later,
 Went to PENTAPOLIS (1). Here, the Saturnian age is
 restored :
 Witness ASTRÆA's own form on the dome of the palace
 of justice !
 Here, in his snug little cot, lives each one content with
 his neighbour,
 Envy, nor Hatred, nor Lust, nor any bad passion, triumphant ;
 Avarice known not in name, — for devil a soul hath a
 stiver.
 How then, you ask, do we live ? O, nothing on earth is
 more simple !

(1) JUVENAL, in his old age, was sent in honorable banishment to the African PENTAPOLIS.* He was a native of AQUINUM† in LATIUM, whither SATURN fled for refuge from JUPITER. The allegory of SATURN (Time)'s devouring his own children ; RHEA's deception ; the *Silver Age* ; are familiar to the commonest readers.

* Or CYRENAICA ; a province on the Mediterranean, between the modern kingdoms of TRIPOLI and EGYPT.

† Now Aquino ; between ROME and NAPLES, and northeast of TERRACINA. *Latium* is the modern *States of the Church*.

A. has no coat to his back ; or, B. is deficient in breeches :

C. makes them both without charge, and comes upon A. for his slippers,

While for his shelterless head B. gratefully shapes him a beaver.

'T is the perfection of peace ! social union most fully accomplish'd !

Man is a brother to man, not a rival, or slave, or oppressor.

Nay, in the compact of love, all creatures are joyful partakers.

Thus have I seen the new mother, whose fountains were over replenish'd,

When from the rose-tinted tube her cherub, with sigh of contentment,

Closing its innocent eyes, had withdrawn its soft lips in repletion,

Yield, with a smile, the rich fount, to be press'd by the gums of a kitten ;

Then, in her absence, the babe, on its back in the couch of Grimalkin,

Play with the visionless young, and the dam, with a civiliz'd pleasure,

Purring, and swinging her tail, lick, pat with her paws, and caress it.

Beautiful world ! What more ? Priests, lawyers, and doctors are useless ;

Sin being not, and a bond 'twixt the flesh and the Devil unheard of.

Women, too, lie not at all ; and the maidens, albeit bewitching,

Cold are as JUNO, and chaste as DIANA and PALLAS together.

Soft ! I have written too fast. Is 't not thou, in a satire the keenest,
Sure, of the dozen and four, that have made thee immortal, exclaimest :

*Quis tamen affirmat, nil actum in montibus, aut in
Speluncis ? Adeo senuerunt Jupiter et Mars ?* (1)

Vain to impose upon thee ! Dreams, visions of fantasy vanish.

Gone the Saturnian age. Up, up from the land of COLUMBUS

Rises the mist of corruption ; not thick yet as that, which the Old World

Wraps in a shade as of night, where-through the rare stars of the virtues

Glimmer with ray scarce seen, and at moments are lost altogether ;

No, not as yet, — but spreading, at noonday, the duskness of twilight,

Solar eclipse, as it were, on the cities and fields of the nation.

Temperance staggers unsham'd, and Chastity needs not her blushes ;

Avarice, plodding on foot, goes free of the jeers of his neighbours ;

(1) Sat. vi. ; on women. The poet has allowed that he had heard of one chaste woman, — who lived in the country. He then corrects himself :

Who yet so bold to affirm, that nothing is done in the mountains,
Or in the caverns ? Have Jove, then, and Mars fallen into senescence ?

Nor, in his glittering car, is the prodigal shunn'd for
excesses.

Over the bold and the timid the pestilent haze is ex-
panded.

Fear not, my JUVENAL, then, that thy art will be lost
to the New World.

Bards of thy sort will arise ; though never shall one
have thy power.

I, even I, had prepar'd, with the thunder of moral in-
vective,

Hurl'd at this mist of miasm, this visible fume of cor-
ruption,

Hurl'd long ago, in my nonage, to lessen the mass of
the vapor.

More who so vain to attempt ? Who so sanguine to
dream to disperse it ?

Forg'd were my bolts, but not temper'd. As thine was
their number ; but other,

Other their strength ; not, as thine, being wrought on
Cyclopean stithy.

These laid aside, while with fire, half-sportive, I shot at
RUBETA,

PUPA, and one or two more, of such petulant, brazen-
fac'd dunces,

Shall be forthcoming ere long, if the strength, that
should wield them, not fail me.

Think you their noise will be heard, in the regions of
brightness supernal ?

Proud should I be, could I deem, that thyself, POPE,
PERSIUS, and DRYDEN,

Others of similar note, would exult in the tuneful explo-
sion.

Meanwhile, my JUNIUS, farewell ; I must finish this
 letter abruptly :
 Time on the earth, as thou know'st, is not cheap, though
 with *you* in abundance :
 Then I 've a missive to write, of some length, to his
 sulphurous Highness.
 Start not ; though penn'd at one time, with thy own,
 and with POPE's, and with MILTON's,
 Not the same post will convey 't to the confines of utter-
 most darkness.
 W—BB will himself be the messenger, should he depart
 in due season.
 Else of the spirits that tend, at his desk, to subserve his
 occasions,
 Some one it may be will take it ; or, should a mere wish
 be sufficient,
 Doubt not his very good will to despatch it express to
 the Devil.*
 Therefore, dear DECIUS, adieu. Pray commend me to
 FLACCUS ; and tell him,
 Merely from love to his strain I have mimick'd a few of
 his measures,
 Giving the whilst, out of mischief, his sense in a parody'd
 version.

* Mem. As to wits, like thyself, no name of a dunce ever reaches,
 Save when he crosses their path,— which cannot be easy in HEAV-
 EN, —

He who is going to HELL, post-haste, with my missive to SATAN,
 Edits a news-sheet on earth, (ask POPE for the meaning,) where
 flourish

Principles always at top, but never i' th' midst or at bottom.

EPISTLE IV.

TO SATAN.

BEFORE your Highness's attention
 Invoking to my sheet's narration,
 I take the liberty to mention
 A source of doubt and some vexation.
 I wrote to MILTON in his measure,
 To POPE and JUVENAL in theirs,
 But know not just what rythmus bears
 The seal of your high approbation,
 Or to the infernal Nine gives pleasure.
 To write in DANTE's grave *terzetti*,
 Who made your back a stairs in HELL (1),
 Though it would suit me quite as well,
 Would weary and perhaps might fret ye.
 The strain wherein the Laureate raises
 To HEAVEN the soul of GEORGE the THIRD,
 From the great justice of its praises,
 Would be, I have no doubt, preferr'd. (2)

(1) The reader of the *Inferno* will remember the descent of the poets, in the last canto, down the spine of BEELZEBUB, in order to get to the other side of the world ; one of those grotesque absurdities by which the sublimity of ALIGHIERI is as much disfigured as that of his follower and imitator, MILTON, though more amusingly.

(2) The *Vision of Judgment* ; the poetry of which, if I may judge from the passages so liberally quoted in the twelfth volume of MURRAY's edition of *Byron*, has been too much censured. I mean the mere poetry of the language ; the rythm, like most other of Mr. SOUTHEY's versification, is reducible to no known law ; and

But that is JUVENAL's hexameter ;
 At least its author calls it so ;
 Though whether such, or mix'd pentameter,
 Derwentian heptameter,
 Octameter, or enneameter,
 The mists of Skiddaw only know. (1)
 But that, I say, is, or should be,
 The verse I wrote to DECIUS in ;
 And very far the thought from me,
 To put on an equality
 You, the dread Majesty of Sin,

often it is difficult to say whether it be any rhythm at all. The *equity* of the *Judgment* is a perfect farce. The following lines will be particularly admired by AMERICANS, who will have the pleasure of beholding the Father of their Country treated, for the first time, as a *tool* :

“ ‘ Here then at the Gate of Heaven we are met ! ’ said the spirit ;
 ‘ King of England ! albeit in life opposed to each other,
 Here we meet at last. Not unprepared for the meeting
 Ween I ; for we had both outlived all enmity, rendering
 Each to each that justice which each from each had withholden.
 In the course of events, to thee I seem'd as a Rebel,
 Thou a Tyrant to me ; — so strongly doth circumstance rule men
 During evil days, when right and wrong are confounded ! ’
 ‘ Washington ! ’ said the monarch, ‘ well hast thou spoken, and
 truly.

Just to thyself and to me. On them is the guilt of the contest
 Who, for wicked ends, with foul acts of faction and falsehood,
 Kindled and fed the flame : but verily they have their guerdon.
 Thou and I are free from offence. ’ ”

(1) *Greta Hall*, the seat of Mr. SOUTHEY, is close to the little town of KESWICK in CUMBERLAND, at the northern extremity of *Derwent-water*. *Skiddaw* is a mountain at the same end of the lake. *Derwent* is in Latin, *Derwentio*.

And a mere subject such as he ;
 You, of celestial porcelain,
 Albeit not free of flaw and stain,
 With him, whate'er his contents' worth,
 A vase, now potsherd, of the earth.
 Again, if it be SOUTHEY'S own, —
 And surely no one else could make it, —
 And if the Devil approve the tone
 In which his mystery 's made known,
 'T is much above my pitch I own,
 And (pardon, that I fling this stone !)
 The devil, for aught I care, may take it !
 Perhaps you are yourself a poet,
 Being king of fiction, as they say,
 And (MILTON and RUBETA (1) show it)
 Have had some practice in your day,
 When, first of all the angelic fires (2),
 You swept sublime the golden wires,
 And set, for superhuman ears,
 The diapason of the spheres.
 But having in Rubeta's Vision (3)
 Rais'd high the structure of your glory,
 Wherein, without your supervision,
 From basement-floor to attic-story,
 I 've carv'd the wonders of your reign,
 And done in stucco your connexion
 With the great hero of my strain,
 That personage whose sage direction
 Of your affairs should make you vain,

(1) See note 2, page 252.

(2) Seraphim.

(3) The Fifth Canto, whose completion I here anticipate.

Since a wise stewardship, 't is plain,
 Does honor to the lord's selection,
 Nor proves a source alone of gain ;
 Having, I say, by this erection,
 Obtain'd a right to your indulgence,
 I will, undazzled by the effulgence
 Of your high birth and present rule,
 Address you in an off-hand way,
 As though we both were made of clay,
 And had been chums at Harvard school.
 Your Highness will not be offended :
 The Prussian Cæsar (1) condescended
 To correspond with men of wit ;
 Nor all that he himself hath writ,
 Nor yet his triple glory blended,
 Of legislator, warrior, sage,
 His realm extended and defended,
 Have done so much to make him known,
 To readers of the present age,
 As that one circumstance alone.
 You are a king too, not the worst
 Of all the sceptred tribe accurst
 That have from NIMROD down been reckon'd,
 And will permit me, I dare swear,
 To assume to you a freer air
 Than ROLLIN, FONTINELLE, VOLTAIRE,
 CONDORCET, D'ARGENS, D'ALEMBERT,
 Assum'd tow'rd FREDERIC the Second.

(1) FREDERIC the Great. The term is used, merely in allusion to his having combined, like JULIUS, the qualities of the scholar and soldier. Otherwise, I see no particular resemblance in their characters, and none whatever in their fortunes.

Besides, a freeman born, I am
No awe-struck worshipper of crowns ;
And should my levity displease you,
Though may I die if I would tease you,
I beg to say that for your frowns
I really shall not care a damn.

Who are you, what may be your form,
Is more than I pretend to know.
I think you dwell in regions warm ;
My grandame always told me so.
But then she said, you had a tail,
And hoof divided, like a bull ;
And there, I think, her mind did fail ;
For that would be too wonderful.
One thing I hold beyond dispute ;
Which is, that to this upper ray
Your influence does sometimes shoot,
And in a most surprising way.
For, devil take me ! (this in jest,)
If I not feel you in my breast,
I mean your fire, oftentimes so stirring,
That though I were to get by heart
My Common Prayer book, part by part,
I could not keep this flesh from erring.
I feel you now ; for lo ! where rise,
Before my fancy, SYBIL's eyes !
But tell me, are you really he
Who, MILTON wills us to believe,
Lay coil'd beneath the fatal tree,
And made too wise our mother EVE ?
Or did you take another shape ;

An oran-outang, or an ape ?
 If doctors are to be believ'd,
 The tongue whose eloquence deceiv'd,
 Was one that neither hiss'd nor chatter'd,
 But quiver'd in a finer head,
 Though of what feature is not said,
 Nor do I think it could have matter'd.
 They say, you came equipp'd and mounted
 Upon a camel of great size ;
 And truly, if 't were in that wise,
 EVE's frailty cannot be accounted
 So very strange in one who 'd eyes ;
 For doubtless you appear'd in state,
 Like a fieldofficer at least,
 And must have shown upon your beast
 As something more than second rate ;
 Especially, if, as I read,
 The camel was the very snake,
 Which, serving you in that your need,
 Lost hind and fore legs for your sake. (1)

(1) " At nec hoc prætereundum, etc. But neither is this to be omitted, which our sages adduce in Medrasch ; *that the Serpent was ridden upon, and that his bulk was that of a camel, and that his rider was he who deceived Eve, and that this rider was Sammaël* ; which name they use absolutely of Satan. [The admirers of *Der Freischutz* will recognise an old acquaintance.] For you will find, that in many places they say ; *that Satan wished to hinder Abraham from binding Isaac ; in the same way, that he wished to hinder Isaac from obeying the will of his father.* But, elsewhere, in this same matter they say ; *Sammaël came to our father Abraham, and said to him ; Old man, hast thou lost thy wits ? Art thou crazed, etc.* Thus therefore it appears, that Sammaël is Satan himself, and that in that name there is some certain and hidden meaning, as in the

Though, in the Apocalypse, ST. JOHN
 Has got again his trotters on, (1)
 Making the same mistake, indeed,
 His namesake more sublime committed,
 Where in his verse he puts the steed
 For him by whom the steed was bitted.

And, by the by, that JOHN, — I mean
 Not him by whom the candles seven,
 With other curious things, were seen,
 Types fitter far for Earth than Heaven,
 But JOHN, the greatest of the name, —
 Has made your Highness to appear
 A hero such as men hold dear :
 A picture, though, more bright than clear ;
 Where you are seldom seen the same ;
 Great, but yet little ; kind, severe ;
 Not made to scorn, nor yet revere ;
 Where admiration with our fear
 And pity mingles with our blame. (2)

name Nachasch, that is, Serpent. They say too : *When he came (the Serpent) to deceive Eve, Sammaël was riding upon him, and God laughed to scorn the camel and his rider.*” *More Nérochim.* Pars ii. Cap. xxx. pp. 280, 281, ed. Buxt. fil. 4to. Basil. 1629.

(1) “ And the great *dragon* was cast out, that old *serpent*, called the Devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world.”. *Rev.* xii. 9.

(2) “ Darken’d so, yet shone
 Above them all th’ Archangel. But *his face*
Deep scars of thunder had entrench’d, and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride

Ah, LUCIFER ! hadst thou remain'd
 But such as thou wast painted first,
 Thy glory thou wouldst not have stain'd,
 But been respected, though accurst !
 It was a shabby trick at best,
 A simple woman to deceive.
 Or didst thou not, *at ear of Eve*
Squat like a toad, disturb her rest ?
 Perhaps 't is but the infirmity
 Of human art hath made thee vile,
 And thou didst never stoop to be
 Both insignificant and mean,
 Merely on purpose to beguile
 A creature so extremely green.

But to my promis'd information
 Respecting matters in this world,
 Whereof you 've had the gubernation
 Since, greatly to our delectation,
 From your own planet you were hurl'd.
 It will delight you then, to hear

Waiting revenge. Cruel his eye, but cast
 Signs of remorse and passion," *etc.* *Par. L* i. 599.

What a pity that he should have spoiled this picture (which, superb as it is, is not without its pendent in other parts of the poem) by afterwards making the form of LUCIFER utterly incapable of disfiguration ! But spirit and corporeal substance are constantly jumbled and opposed in this confused and contradictory manner throughout the *Paradise Lost*, so as almost to give one the impression that the poet scarcely knew, himself, what he would be at, and that he had not properly digested the plan of his composition. In genius the peer of SHAKSPEARE, MILTON is not less his parallel in faults.

That your affairs are not declining,
But that we still provide you here
The fuel wherewith to keep HELL shining.
Kings are as temperate as ever,
And human rights as much respected,
But subjects not so well-affected,
Alas ! to their well-meant endeavour, —
Which, in the end, must cost you dear.
ENGLAND, as usual, is just,
Nor ever profits by her might :
Champion of universal right,
She treads but tyrants in the dust.
What though she drenches with the gore
Of INDIA'S sons their native soil ?
Their land shall fructify the more,
Nor common crops repay their toil :
For, where that gore in rivers flows,
Behold, the plant of mercy grows ;
And peace shall flower on every turf
Where rots the carcase of a serf.
Justice heeds not their dying groan ;
Freedom stops not, to count their graves :
What ! shall they cavil at her slaves,
Who frees the slaves that others own ?
The STATES' weak vessels search'd for chains, (1)

(1) The same aggressions which brought on the last war, are again practised on our commerce, under a new pretext. It is time they should be stopped. Will our government never learn that with a people like the ENGLISH nothing is to be gained by forbearance ? Not that the slave trade should not be broken up ; I do not wish to be so misinterpreted : but what right has a foreign nation to search any vessel sailing under our flag where there is no treaty that allows the search ? If every American vessel on the

O'CONNEL's conscientious brogue, (1)
 Wipe from her shield such petty stains,
 And stamp elsewhere *Oppressor, Rogue*.
 What though on iron ball and shell
 A thousand souls seek *you* in HELL ;
 What though a thousand mount the sky ;
 At JOHN OF ACRE and BEYROOT ?
 For EUROPE's cause those missiles fly,
 For EUROPE's cause the cannon shoot.
 And though the walls no shot return,
 Has BRITAIN not her laurels won ?

coast of AFRICA is to be subjected to examination, let it be done by our own cruisers. Would the expense of an additional squadron be any thing in comparison with the cost of a war, which must come soon or late, unless prevented by immediate measures of vigor ? *

(1) Mr. O'CONNEL, as it is known to every reader, relieves his spleen at the oppression of his own country by gratuitous insults of a land more favored. To taunt, however ignorantly,† and to calumniate, however grossly, the people that shook off the yoke of English tyranny, would seem to be a lenient to the shoulders that are still galled by its pressure. This is natural to minds of the vulgar cast of Mr. DANIEL O'CONNEL's.

* There are three other causes, besides the one alluded to, either of which may one day bring about a war with ENGLAND. One of them is in actual operation. Yet how are we providing for the probable result ? By expending dimes where are needed dollars, and by patching fortresses instead of building fleets. Three quarters of a million for a "home squadron," for the entire seaboard ! Why, twice the sum would not defend the Lakes.

† A trifling acquaintance with the nature of our mixed government, which *decency* requires that every one should possess who pretends to talk about it, would have shown the Irish demagogue that though ENGLAND, carried away by a temporary enthusiasm, could purchase the freedom of the slaves in JAMAICA, and might have set them free, had she chosen it, without indemnity to the owners, the American government has no such power. The property of the States is their own, and none but themselves can touch it. A feature in our system of polity which, perhaps after all, Mr. O'CONNEL well understands ; but to avow it would have been to deny himself an opportunity of ranting on *universal emancipation*.

Go where the partridge falls, and learn
 The glory of a well-aim'd gun !
 Art thou the Devil, and not admire
 The mortal that dares handle fire ?
 In fine, what though her foot is planted
 In CHINA, never to recede ?
 Not for herself the foothold 's wanted ;
 All men shall profit by the deed. (1)
 And though a single heavy shot
 Would sink the best Cathayan junk,
 If broadsides pour it matters not ;
 Sufficient, that the craft is sunk ;
 And every CHINAMAN, that gory
 Drops through the water to damnation,
 Sends up a bubble to her glory,
 And fills her soul with exultation.
 Do I not tell you, that to kill
 Is proof of valor and of skill,
 Though that the slain were fast asleep, (2)
 Or ty'd like bulls, or held like sheep ?

(1) It was easy to foresee what would be the amount of British disinterestedness in the course of the abominable attack upon CHINA ; and the event has justified every suspicion. But it is amusing to find that while demanding possession of an island in the China seas, the ENGLISH still protest that they have no view to the peculiar interest of British commerce. With INDIA before our eyes, and the entire history of GREAT BRITAIN, we take the liberty to form our own opinion. A war begun in utter violation of all right (we may add, *divine and human*) can have no other than an iniquitous termination.

(2) As in the case of the *Caroline*, which, apart from all question of right, strikes us as one of the most cowardly affairs on record. Yet the British government talk of pensioning one of those who suf-

But when I tell you, that the end,
 (Next to possession of the soil)
 Of all this waste of ammunition,
 Is that the conquerors may send,
 Upon the Dragon's forc'd submission,
 The poison sown by Indian toil
 In INDIA's blood, to get them pelf,
 And bring on millions Hell's perdition,
 You 'll laugh, I think, like — your own self.

For FRANCE, your Highness will not frown
 To hear the people have consented
 To arm against themselves their town.
 But brief your joy, if, this repented,
 The townsmen shall begin to feel
 PARIS is made one great Bastille ;
 For then, 't is like, they 'll pull it down.

Of other countries might I tell
 Something of new, though not of strange ;
 But 't would be taking too much range.
 Suffice it, all are doing well,
 And strive your royal grace to earn.
 Pass we to matters less extern.

fered in the dirty act ! (An insult, by the by, in itself, and which alone, did we think proper, might be held a sufficient cause for war.) John Bull's avarice of military glory is a perfect whirlpool ; the smallest straw, the vilest filth, go down with the hugest and most precious masses that may come within the vortex.

The affair of the *Caroline* was not, however, in mind when I wrote the couplet. The allusion in the text is solely to Commodore ELLIOT's wanton destruction of the Chinese war-junks.

Doubtless, your Majesty is viewing,
 With grief, what Father MATTHEW 's doing ;
 Who (if I may pronounce), of all
 The Apostles since the great ST. PAUL, (1)
 Has labor'd most to your undoing.
 But be not anxious on that head ;
 For, this side of the ocean-water,
 A nation's arms to all are spread
 Whom taxes, or the want of bread,
 Or baffled villany have brought her : (2)

(1) Father MATTHEW has been termed, in IRELAND, the *Apostle of Temperance*.

(2) " We hold out," says Mr. TYLER in his Message to Congress, " We hold out to the people of other countries an invitation to come and settle among us as members of our rapidly growing family ; and, for the blessings which we offer them, we require of them to look upon our country as their country, and to unite with us in the great task of preserving our institutions, and thereby perpetuating our liberties." One would think that we were quite sufficient by ourselves to *preserve the institutions* our fathers transmitted to us and to *perpetuate the liberties* for which they fought: to ask it of foreigners is to ask the crow to change his feathers and the vulture to become the dove. And how can we *require* of these men to *look upon our country as their country*? Is it to be believed that those who have been reared abroad, who have some of them even grown gray in another land, who have been all their past life the subjects of a government totally diverse from ours, is it to be believed that these, ignorant moreover as they chiefly are of the very first elements of knowledge, let alone of the abstruse and complicated nature of political doctrines, is it to be believed that these men are to change their entire nature in five years, undo all the prejudices they have been imbibing from their infancy, mix thoroughly with a people whose language they can hardly speak, adopt their habits, their opinions, and finally merge all affection for the land they have left in a new love for a land of

And here, with what is found less dear in
Our shops than in the huts of ERIN,

strangers? Yes, all this our laws of naturalization sagaciously presume. And how does the result answer to this supposition. Witness the GERMANS in this city, who herd together, cherish their own language, even form a separate company of militia! commanded by their own officers!! and are in fact a people within a people, among us but not of us, voting for their own representatives, &c. &c., as if they were the children of the soil. AMERICA is indeed the asylum of nations; but it is a new thing for a house of refuge and of charity to surrender to its inmates the management of the household.

And this evil, (which will one day be the death of our liberties, already, in NEW YORK, half-stifled by its oppression,) this growing evil is encouraged by the personal and petty ambition of men in office, who in fact should scorn the suffrages of foreigners, yet who openly solicit them as if they were the test of AMERICAN virtue. Take the single instance of the present governor of this State, who actually proposed to have foreign teachers, using a foreign language, in the *public schools*, for the benefit of instructing the children of the refugees, in — the wisdom of their fathers, and the blessed and refining prejudices of their father-land, and of keeping them distinct from the children of AMERICANS. Hear his language: "I do not hesitate, therefore, to recommend the establishment of schools in which they may be instructed by *teachers speaking in the same language with themselves, and professing the same faith.*" This, having probably found it unpalatable to the good sense of his constituents, he directly contradicts in his last message. "I have not recommended," he there says, "nor do I seek *the education of any class in foreign languages, or in particular creeds of faith . . . I desire the education of the entire rising generation . . . and in that tongue which is the universal language of our countrymen.*"

The nature of this book will not permit me to enter, so fully as I could desire, into a subject that causes me more uneasiness than any other matter public or private that I know of, or that ever I have known. But I shall add certain facts which I trust will make

And with the laudable admission

a serious impression upon every reader, every reader who truly loves his country, and reveres her institutions.

"Of one thousand and fifty-eight children in the Alms-house of the city of NEW YORK, *one-sixth* part is of *American parentage*, one sixth was born abroad, and the remainder are the children of foreigners; and of two hundred and fifty children in the House of Refuge, *more than one half* were either *born abroad, or of foreign parents.*" *Gov.'s Mess.* Jan. 1841.

"The number of emigrants arriving at the port of NEW YORK, in 1828, was about twenty thousand. The number in 1840 was *sixty one thousand*" *Same.*

The last importation was of sixty or seventy Maltese beggars in a British vessel commanded by a British subject. The captain (or a *Friend of the Captain*, as he calls himself,) states in the *N. Y. American* that "\$ 670 was paid into the City Treasury to indemnify the city from any charge." For how many weeks does our munificent Corporation undertake to maintain sixty persons at \$11 a head?

"Not only paupers, but criminals, are transported from the interior of this country [GERMANY,] in order to be embarked for the U. STATES!

"A Mr. DE STEIN, formerly an officer in the service of the Duke of SAXE-GOTHA, has lately made propositions to the smaller states of SAXONY, for *transporting their criminals to the port of BREMEN*, and *embarking them there for the UNITED STATES* at seventy-five dollars per head! which offer *has been accepted by several* of them. The first transport of criminals, who *for the greater part have been condemned to hard labor for life*, (among them *two notorious robbers*, PFEIFER and ALBRECHT,) will leave GOTHA on the 15th of this month; and *it is intended*, by and by *to empty all the workhouses and jails of that country in this manner*. There is little doubt that several other states will imitate the nefarious practice. * * * It has of late, also, become a *general practice* in the towns and boroughs of GERMANY, to get rid of their *paupers and vicious members*, by collecting the means for effectuating their passage to the UNITED STATES [where Governor S—D will provide for them,] among the inhabitants, and *by supplying them from the public funds.*" *Letter from Mr. LIST, Consul for the U. S. at LEIPSIC*, dated

To all the best of us may claim,

March, 1837, and addressed to the Secretary of the Treasury. (*Beacon-Light.*)

"In a letter to the President, Aug. 12th, 1837, the Mayor of BALTIMORE states, that 'Fourteen *convicts* from BREMEN had been landed there. *They were shipped in irons, which were not taken off till they were near Fort McHenry.*'" (*Same.*)

Thus our taxes are increased for the support of people with whom we have no connexion, and who are a positive injury to the morals, character, and safety of our country. Many of them go directly to the almshouses, from the vessels in which they arrive; others are permitted to infest our streets in the manner which is seen daily, yet which would appear to be in no wise regarded by those whose duty it is to look into such serious evils. Is there a single man or woman among my readers who has ever, within a year or two, passed through Broadway, after nightfall, without being assailed by the importunate cries of begging children? Is there a single person who knows this country, and this people, that believes that these are the children of *native AMERICANS*? Again, the criminals who we see, from the letter of Mr. LIST, are, in their known character, shipped to this country, and others who undoubtedly must mix in considerable numbers with the poorer class of voluntary emigrants, all obtain that right of suffrage which equal, or probably minor offences against society, render unattainable by our own citizens; a right, moreover, which the native blacks, superior in all respects, in education, morals, good conduct, to the *mass* of emigrant IRISH, attached moreover to the soil where their fathers and their children were born, and where they themselves derive from their industry a support for which no man is taxed, but from which many men profit, a political right, I say, which the native blackman has to *purchase* by the possession of a certain amount of property! and which for this reason he cannot always assume, which, from unjust prejudices, he probably never *dares* assume.

Lastly, take these words of JEFFERSON's, as quoted with approbation by Mr. S——D: — "The Constitution has wisely provided

Before they 've learn'd even one iota

that for admission to certain offices of important trust, a residence should be required sufficient to develope character and design. *But might not the general character and capabilities of a citizen be safely communicated to every one manifesting a bona fide purpose of embarking his life and fortunes permanently with us?*"

Merely desiring the reader to note a remark which, to say the least of it, is repugnant to common sense, I recommend the following anecdote to Mr. S—D. Lately, in an interview with two foreigners, one an ENGLISHMAN, the other a SCOTCHMAN, the latter person took occasion to insult this country (a common occurrence with British subjects.) Among other things, he protested that there never was such another race of rogues as the merchants of NEW YORK. As well as my blood would allow me, I demonstrated to him that the characters of men were, under similar circumstances, much the same everywhere, and that, if there were any difference between the American merchants and the British as a mass, the balance was rather in favor of the former. The ENGLISHMAN, the juster of the two, partly sided with me, and perfectly agreed with me as to the general injustice and the ignorance of the SCOTCHMAN's observations; and the party broke up, as may be supposed, in much heat, and with no change of opinion on either side. One hour afterwards I learned that this same SCOTCHMAN was a *naturalized citizen of the UNITED STATES*. The ENGLISHMAN (as no one, who knows human nature, will be surprised to hear, after the ingenuous part he had taken) had never forsworn his allegiance to his country, though he has lived with us five times as long as the other. The SCOTCHMAN, equally with the ENGLISHMAN, was a gentleman, a man of good education and of some substance. — This fact I mention that it may be seen therefrom (for it is but *one* of many cases) how truly foreigners identify their interests and feelings with those of AMERICANS. But such a fact should not be needed to prove what must be evident to the plainest understanding; namely; that the adopted citizens of this country *never*, or, if ever, in *very rare instances*, become what Mr. S—D would probably call, after JEFFERSON, *bona fide* AMERICANS. In-

Of what befits their new condition, (1)

deed, *when a man*, under any circumstances whatever, *is ready to forswear his native land, it should be taken*, on the first face of it, *as evidence that he is unfit for the privileges of any other.*

It was THOMAS JEFFERSON, to whom we owe the curse of an alteration of the laws of naturalization, which, before his administration, exacted of the foreigner a residence of fourteen years previously to adoption. Yet I see that JEFFERSON is quoted as using this language: "I hope we may find some means, in future, of shielding ourselves from foreign influence, political, commercial, or in *whatever form it may be attempted.* I can scarcely withhold myself from joining in the wish of SILAS DEANE,—*that there were an ocean of fire between this and the old world:*" (a wish I have actually made, in another form, more than once.)

Mr. VAN BUREN too is cited as saying, "*Foreigners will make our elections a curse instead of a blessing.*"

(1) One of the most ridiculous features of the law of naturalization, or that would be so, could we laugh at what we seriously believe is destined to be the ruin of our country, is that it supposes foreigners, though they be totally unacquainted with English, to attain in five years what the native citizen is twenty-one, or, if you will count from his puberty, nine years in learning.

What does it avail me, whose family for five generations have paid taxes in the country, me, who am by blood and by hereditary right, and, what is still more to the purpose, by reason and in principle an AMERICAN, what does it avail me to go to the polls to vote against Mr. M——s, because he has disgraced the bench and trampled on the rights of the citizen, and against Mr. S——D, because he is sacrificing to his ambition the interests of his country, what does it avail, when the DUTCHMAN who clears my neighbour's sink of ordure, the GERMAN who, with a hand-cart and a wire, gathers up the filthy rags in the road between us, the IRISHMAN who sweeps the kennels, can by their numbers carry the election in favor of one and the other, and are certain to do so, because Mr. M——s is a leader of the party that pays them, and Mr. S——D is endeavouring to favor their respective nations at the expense

Or have contributed one quota
 Of the town-dues the natives pay ; (1)
 Before they even can spell one name
 Of those their voices bid command
 And tax the owners of the land ; (2)

of his own, and because neither DUTCHMAN, nor GERMAN, nor IRISHMAN, can read one letter of the names of those they vote for, and would not understand their merits or demerits if they could, and because, finally, though they did both read and understand, it would matter nothing to them, who have no stake in the land, and the entire associations of whose life are with other countries, and who feel themselves to be foreigners, and who know that all their political privileges cannot put them on a parity with the wealthier and more enlightened natives, it could matter nothing to them what form of government they were under, saving that under the worst their chances of profit would perhaps be greater, and that anarchy might bring about that change in their favor which no settled rule ever could.

(1) It cannot be supposed that the nightman, rag-gatherer, and scavenger aforesaid, pay taxes, when they possess no property. But this would be nothing ; for the law does not insist upon it (*except for black people*) as a qualification for the right of suffrage ; nor do I know that were it in my power to make it one, I would do so : but it is a point on which I have no doubt, nor can any other right-thinking man, that the inmates of almshouses and hospitals, the dependents of the public bounty, should not be admitted to this privilege. What then will the reader say, when I tell him that a physician of character, sometime attached to the city poor-house, informed me that the paupers were regularly turned out on the days of the elections, provided with the *proper* tickets (and no doubt with *something more*) to vote — for those who rule and tax the people that support them ! If this be not like standing on one's head, and using one's hands to walk on, I know not what is natural order, nor have any idea of propriety, of moral fitness, or of good government.

(2) It will be perceived, that with the suggestion of Governor

With these two moral aids, I say,
They 're nicely broken to your hand.

S——D's carried into effect, the very children who are born to the privileges of citizens would be in the same favorable state as their fathers for learning the qualifications of the candidates, unless they learned them exclusively through foreign organs of instruction, which certainly must be admirable guides in all things that concern our intricate policy.

A plan has been brought before the Legislature of this State for altering the present system of the Public Schools. It is backed by all the influence (much too large) of the Governor and of his minister the Secretary of State. As fortunately its discussion has been postponed till the next session, I shall take this opportunity to prove the utter fallacy of the Secretary's argument. I shall do this by merely taking up those points of his Report which have not been fully examined and overthrown by some of the journalists and their correspondents, — among others, particularly by the editor of the *N. Y. American*, who has proved himself, on this occasion, more the friend of his country than the supporter of a party ; * (for a journalist, a rare commendation, which almost wipes out all that I have been compelled to say of him in the *Vision*.)

Taking up the Secretary's Report in the order of its parts, let me first observe one sentence which has rather connexion with what has gone before than with the present note. Quoting, out of compliment, his principal, the Secretary says : " No system is perfect, *nor can liberty be safe, until all who are destined to exercise the rights of citizenship are brought within the schools.*" Yet we permit thousands, who have never seen the inside of *any* school, to exercise these rights at their discretion ! thousands too who have been reared under despotism, and whose souls have been trampled

* It has given me pleasure to observe the course which the *N. Y. American* has taken in this matter, (*O si sic omnia !*) It is, as far as I know, the only paper which has ventured to ascribe this plan to the mean ambition which would truckle to the religious bigotry, and insolent presumption of a foreign rabblement, solely for their suffrages ; to a bigotry which is at variance with our political theory, and to a presumption which betrays the contempt naturally felt by usurpers for those who tamely and *stupidly* surrender their dear-bought privileges.

So that upon the whole, if some
Few thousands elsewhere are made better,

into mud by the heel of oppression ! This moreover is a glorious inconsistency for the Governor, who thinks with JEFFERSON, and who would extend the right of suffrage ! We now proceed with Mr. SP—R's own language.

“ Let not error and prejudice be perpetuated, by being shut up and excluded from the light of science.” Does the Secretary suppose that Error and Prejudice will find the doors and windows more open in the sectarian schools which he proposes, especially in those of the Roman Catholic denomination ?

“ Even the moderate degree of religious instruction which the Public School Society imparts must be sectarian ; that is, it must favor one set of opinions in opposition to another, or others ; and it is believed that this will always be the result, in any course of education that the wit of man can devise.” This is an unqualified misstatement, founded in ignorance, or made without reflection ; and every man's private experience will show it to be so. I was brought up in three different schools : the first, where the teacher was a Presbyterian clergyman ; the second, an Episcopalian layman, under the direct supervision of one of the Episcopal churches of this city ; the third, a Baptist clergyman. The Bible was read, and prayers were said, in all of them ; but never was a single *article of faith*, so called, taught in any. Indeed, had there been, *how would one of us, boys under fifteen years of age, have comprehended it ?* Does Columbia College make Episcopals of all its students ? or do those who are graduated by the New York University become therefore Presbyterians ? No ; the schools as now established, public as well as private, teach *nothing but natural religion and simple Christianity*. This does not content the Catholics ; they would teach *doctrines*, impress upon the tender minds of children a hatred of all heresy, and a belief that eternal fire will be the punishment of those who dare to think for themselves, that is, (for it is nothing else, nor can Mr. SP—R or Mr. S—D make it otherwise,) of those *who dare to be in fact*, as well as name, *American citizens*.

... “ The example of a sister city, Boston, where the managers

Your Grace may gather from my letter
That here twice ten times o'er that sum

of the public schools are, and for years have been, elective by the people in their respective wards, — whose schools are equal, if not superior to any others in our country, — furnishes the most effectual answer to any apprehensions that might be indulged, from trusting the people with the selecting of the agents to administer a system that so nearly concerns them." Is BOSTON indeed to be, in this case, paralleled with NEW YORK? Has she too her thousands upon thousands of emigrant paupers?

"In that city [NEW YORK] less than one tenth of the population are receiving the benefit of any instruction, while in the interior more than one fourth of the whole population are returned as being in the common schools, without any enumeration of those placed in select schools.* The like proportion must exist in the city and in the interior of those who have already received all the education they or their parents desire, or who are engaged as apprentices, or in other employments preventing them from attendance at any place of instruction." This is talking at random. When the Secretary of State shall prove that the proportion of vagabond people is the same in the country that it is in a large city, and that city a seaport where thousands of pauper emigrants arrive every month from foreign parts, when he shall show that even the simple poor are the same in proportion in the interior of the State, — where few indeed are without their little home and homestead, scarcely any (if any, who are AMERICANS) that are subjects of public charity, — the same in proportion there as in the great city of NEW YORK, where whole streets are perfect dens of misery, and where dozens of families are piled together in one small house, filthy, ragged, ill-fed, utterly regardless of any thing but the beastly

* How true this statement, may be gathered from a single fact which, since the above note was written, has appeared in the hostile columns of the State journal. BROOKLYN, where the Common Schools are under the very system whose benefits the Governor would extend to NEW YORK, has *less than one third of all the children* taught, while NEW YORK (with all her ragamuffins) has *one half*! BUFFALO, SCHENECTADY, UTICA, TROY, HUDSON, and ALBANY, are quoted with nearly similar proportions! So much for the Secretary's interior places.

Are worse, or soon will so become.
Even now is seen in fermentation

enjoyment of the present moment, — if he shall show this, we will believe his statement ; but if he can show this, he will show more than we can yet discover, namely, that his Report is disinterested, and that himself, and the State Printer, in echoing the opinions of the Governor, are not doing the work of hired servants who flatter the vanity and pander the passions of their patron.

“ If after all that has been urged,” says, finally, the Secretary, in full confidence that he has been talking good sense, “ If after *all*, the apprehension should be indulged that any schools would be perverted to the purposes of a narrow and exclusive sectarianism [sectarism] during the hours allotted to instruction, instead of the proper subjects of a common school education, a remedy may be found by giving authority to the board of commissioners to investigate complaints of such an abuse ; and, upon satisfactory evidence, dissolve the offensive school, or withhold from it any share in the public school moneys.” But, if the commissioners be appointed by the votes of the wards, they will be, of course, fautors of Catholicism, wherever, as in the sixth ward, the IRISH are predominant. How then are we to get a reliable statement ? In fine, to give the last brush to this web of sophistry, certainly the thinnest that was ever spun from the bowels or brains of a statesman, — If the IRISH want Catholic schools, let them pay for them, not insist upon taxing AMERICANS and Protestants for the propagation of a mode of faith that is the very antipodes of rational liberty.

P. S. Since these remarks were written, the admirable Remonstrance of Mr. H——M K——UM has been published in the *N. Y. American*, and I find that the matter is even worse than I had supposed it, and that there is actually misrepresentation and direct evasion in the Report of the Secretary. I gather also, from the same paper, that the Governor, in addition to the wish of securing the votes of his *Irish* constituents, had an eye to the extension of his official patronage. This patronage furthers his ambition and enlarges his power ; (and we have seen that notwithstanding the efforts made by enlightened individuals to do away with the *Laws*

The haven of the land of GRATTAN,
 Mix'd with the mass of population
 Of this our island of MANHATTAN :
 And no one dares, save me alone,
 To wish your Highness joy thereon. (1)
 But I am in no pleasant station

of Inspection, laws which are at once a tax upon the people, a violation of our political principles, and a disgrace to common sense, we have as yet had no recommendation to repeal them from the Executive branch of the government.)

Mr. K——UM concludes his able argument by an eloquent tribute to the excellence of the present system of Public Education, and says, that should it be overturned the Secretary of State will have a renown which will last through ages, but a renown to which he, for his part, would prefer that of the destroyer of the temple of EPHESUS. I shall lend my feeble aid to prevent the Secretary from enjoying this consummation of glory ; but if, after all, *power* and *official patronage* should prevail over right, I promise the Secretary such a reputation as shall last for a few generations at least ; and the Governor shall share it with him. My country shall not, while I live, see any of her lovely edifices fired, without the world's knowing who applied the torch, and who they were durst light it.

(1) The manner in which the press notices the insolence and insubordination, and even the crimes of our *adopted* citizens, may be gathered from the following paragraph, which, one of a hundred, I take because it is the newest :

"MORE RIOTING AT HARLEM.—We *regret* to learn, that a new manifestation of the old Fardown and Corkonian feud has been made by the Emerald Island laborers on the Croton water works, in the neighbourhood of HARLEM ; and it is said that some of the contractors have come in for a share of trouble, in consequence of having discharged divers of the rioters. On Saturday night, the house of one, named M'Ginnis, was threatened, and indeed attacked, and would have been destroyed, but for the timely arrival of the police. It is said too, that the house of another contractor was set fire to, a few days since, and had a narrow escape from burning. We fear that Father MATTHEW has

I wish to keep, like W——M S——D,
 Nor dread my bark should fall to leeward,
 Like your viceroys the Corporation ;
 Nor do I, like heroic W——BB,
 Fear to be stranded by the ebb
 Of an Hibernian approbation. (1)
 My windows and my fences too,
 Though fragile, shall no wise prevent
 The compliments which, as your due,
 I take upon me to present,
 On this, which I suppose to be,
 The solemn anniversary
 Number'd by 5, 8, 45,
 Of your ascension, or descent,
 To the bright throne you occupy
 Much to the learned trades' content,—
 Who would, I think, not see laid by
 The sceptre by whose rule they thrive ;
 The seven-thousandth of your great
 Departure from the realms of grace
 To found a more convenient state

but few converts and followers among these turbulent knights of the shovel and pickaxe."

And it is in this tone of pleasantry that a serious infraction of good order, and an offence considered by our laws highly criminal, are spoken of when committed by foreigners. I would that I were Mayor for a day or two ! I would do more than send a purse of sequins home to my mother.

(1) No one will be surprised that the editor of the *Courier* should be among the most ardent abettors of the threatened ruin of the Common Schools. Who needs be told which way the bitted hackney will turn ? It is the way the rein is jerked that guides him.

In a less eligible place ;
 And the ten-millionth, since the day
 Your Majesty was singing psalms
 In the blue concert-room, where PETER
 Takes the Pope's tickets, Romans say,
 But ne'er admits for ready pay,
 That lyre betwixt your royal palms
 Which the great connoisseur RUBETA
 (Who, being himself of royal birth (1),
 By instinct knows all royal things,
 As well in Heaven as here on earth)
 Declares to be the lyre of kings. (2)

All other things which, heretofore,
 Have wak'd such ecstasy in HELL,
 Are much the same ; and on that score
 I therefore have scant news to tell :
 The selfsame perjury in courts ; (3)

(1) See the account of his origin, as given in the Fourth Canto of the *Vision*.

(2) "Another lyre is broken. The hand that played it with exceeding cunning will sweep its strings no more. It may, indeed, even now be *playing upon a more ROYAL instrument*, in a brighter sphere, — but its music is no more heard on earth." *Biogr. Notice of HILLHOUSE. Comm. Adv.* Jan. 15, 1841.

(3) I would I could foresee when that worse than mockery, which goes by the name of *swearing*, will be abolished in courts of justice. Men are daily made to blaspheme their Maker for the value of sixpence. A written affirmation, with the signature or mark of the affirmer, which affirmation, if false, should subject the party making it to the penalties that are now pretended to be exacted for perjury, would be a more deliberate act, and therefore an act more directed by the conscience, than the present sacrile-

The same success to bronze and gold ;
 And still the jurymen report
 Precisely in the terms they 're told ;
 The judges giving them direction,
 That, if they dare to disobey,
 Their consciences will need correction,
 And you, the Devil, will be to pay ;
 The which, I think, must make you smile,
 If you take cognizance the while.
 And still your coadjutor, ST—E,
 Finds justice made for men alone, — (1)

gious mummerly, which, in not one case out of a thousand, conveys a single thought of responsibility or the least idea of solemnity to him who is made to perform it. I speak what is known to every lawyer, and to all judges ; I may say, to any observer.

(1) It is now a common case for jurymen to violate their oaths, because they are opposed to capital punishment. Yet their business is not with the sentence of the court, but is simply to determine the guilt or innocence of the party criminated. But can we wonder at this perjury, this mockery of law and justice, when we find the *guides of public opinion* setting the example, through ignorance, dulness, hypocrisy, and self-interest ? In the *Commercial Advertiser* of May 20, 1841, we have these editorial paragraphs :

“ A WOMAN SENTENCED TO DEATH. — Mrs. Sarah Ann Davis, convicted at Philadelphia of the murder of Juliana Jordan, was brought into Court yesterday morning for sentence. *Etc. etc.* ”

“ It is not supposed that she will be executed, and most fervently do we hope that she may not. Opposed as we are getting to be to all judicial taking of life, we cannot without shuddering contemplate the idea of a *woman* perishing upon the gallows.” *Etc.*

“ Opposed ” as *we* actually *are* “ to all judicial taking of life,” *we* trust “ that she may ” be hung ; and if there be any choice in *gallowses*, that she may have the highest. Law is law. Have none but merciful laws, if you can ; and, above all, abolish the barbarous

Yet for their sake the law divides,
And thinks it right to plead both sides. (1)

and *inefficient* punishment of death ; but whatever laws you do have, execute them always, or they will be brought into contempt. While the punishment for murder is hanging, let the convicted be hung in *all* cases. As for this wretched *cant*, of the horror of hanging a *woman*, simply because she is a *woman*,—did this sentimental hypocrite ever think of “*shuddering*” at “the idea of a *woman*”’s committing murder ? If, of homicides, we hang the male, who is more violent by nature, and by custom, and whose whole life tends to harden the heart and to make him indifferent to bloodshed, why should we spare the female, whose nature and habits, the entire associations of whose existence should make her revolt from murder as from an act too horrible to be even imagined ? Could the law allow of degrees of punishment for the same offence, a woman should suffer doubly ; and, were there none else to execute the law upon her, I would, rather than it should be neglected, fasten the rope myself. But *I* have not made myself dependent on the patronage of families, where females have a voice and vote ; nor do I think it exactly necessary to secure the favor of the sex by pampering its exclusive vanity, and by pretending for it a reverence which it does not deserve, and which Mr. S—E feels still less than I do, —because by his nature he cannot love it half so well. We have seen other editors use the same fulsome adulation of women, and for the same reason ; and I presume that for public lecturers, newsmen, and small poets, it is not without its fruits.

... “Pour vous corriger en tout,
Mes enfans, consultez les dames ;
Voilà le tribunal du goût.” (VADÉ. *Le Rien*, iv.)

(1) In attempting to justify a lawyer of this city, who, after having been appointed U. S. Attorney for the Northern District of NEW YORK, had continued to act as counsel for the Canadian M'LEOD, accused of the assassination of an American citizen, the *Commercial Advertiser* holds this flippant, indecent, immoral, and most silly language, which the reader will perceive is the exact

But should it vex you, that child-murder
 Is not so public as before,
 Though LOHMAN's gentle call is o'er,
 Yet have not all our virgins heard her,
 With others, for two years and more ? (1)

pendant of the paragraph about Senators and Bank-stocks quoted on p. 292 of the *Vision* :

"The Government is the *client* of the attorney or counsellor, nothing more or less, and it stands upon the footing of every other client, who gives a general retainer for the management of all his business. Now suppose Mr. J—N J—B A—R [S—E hopes to be remembered in Mr. J—N J—B's will] to give Mr. S—R a general retainer to manage all his legal business. Would this preclude Mr. S—R from conducting to their final termination all cases in which he had been previously employed against Mr. A—R ? Certainly not [!!] ; he had engaged to perform a duty to one client, before the other retained him, and *that* client's cause he is bound in *honor* and in *law* to conduct to its final termination, and retainers subsequently received are taken subject to this acknowledged duty." C. A. May 22, 1841.

Did it occur to the *Commercial Advertiser* to ask itself the question, what right a man who is engaged already on one side has, "in honor and in law," to receive a fee to undertake the cause of the opposite party ? or, how the lawyer is to find so convenient a conscience, as to do his utmost to pull down a man on one side, and then build him up again on the other, being paid for both offices ? Or does the *Commercial Advertiser* find the ready answer for all such questions in its own conscience and its own pockets ?

Such, my fellow-citizens, are the men you permit to teach you principles of public and private conduct ! Such the ignorance which pretends to instruct you, and the morality which is your guide !

(1) After this woman, with several other persons of both sexes had been regularly advertising in more than one of the city papers, for the time above stated, she was brought to the bar of justice to answer for the consequences of her crime. Was it necessary to wait till murder had been actually committed, in order to indict

Thanks to your children of the Press,
 She and the clerks of FRACASTÓR (1)
 Will never make your realm the less,
 If thither goes I 'll not write * * * * *;
 For that is now a word unfit
 For polish'd tongue and ears refin'd,
 In naked satire only writ,
 And in delivery confin'd
 To one black-liver'd Moorish fellow
 Who chokes his lady with a pillow.
 (As ST—E declares you tread the scene,
 Your Majesty knows whom I mean.)

I say, assisted by the journals,
 So many now pursue the game, (2)

her? Is there *no* law that will reach those who advertise to do the act? and those who publish such advertisements, which, with certain others (still suffered to remain) have been poisoning the souls of the poorer classes of women in this city, so long and so effectually?

(1) GIROLAMO FRACASTORO, a noble VERONESE of the sixteenth century, is the author, among other works, of a didactic poem entitled *Syphilis*, which the Italian critics hesitate not to compare with the most perfected work of VIRGIL's, to wit, the *Georgics*, finding in it the severity of LUCRETIUS united with the delicacy of MARO. From my own knowledge I cannot speak of it, though I possess a copy in the famous Italian version of BENINI.

(2) It is impossible not to observe the rapid increase of vice in the female portion of this metropolis. The cheapness with which luxurious articles of dress may be purchased, and the false notion that our political equality has levelled all social distinctions, which induces the grisette and the servingmaid to ape the outward show of the rich and the idle, these circumstances, in addition to the absolute freedom which is permitted them by their parents, have

Avoiding only public shame,
 That I should think that the Infernals
 Would be at length compell'd to pass them,
 Or else with better women class them.
 This do their fathers and their brothers,
 Their uncles, aunts, perhaps their mothers ;
 And the poor spouse, whose mantle covers
 The fingerings of a hundred lovers,
 Believes himself a happy fellow,
 And is, if rightly thinks OTHELLO (1).
 Lo ! when the twilight's rosy heaven
 To all things round Love's hue has given,
 The seamstress with enticing mien,
 The bloom and graces of sixteen,
 Minces along the crowded streets,
 And leers on every fop she meets.
 And now, one, readier than the rest,
 Has follow'd, join'd her and address.
 At first she listens with disdain,
 Or answers in the heroic vein,
 But soon assumes a tone more bland
 And cares not to withdraw her hand.
 Then her young lip receives his kiss,
 And every thing she has is his.

no doubt some share in producing this corruption, but it is chiefly owing to the dissemination of newspapers, where on one side the description and record of vice entices to the evil, which the other side disarms of all its terrors by the promise of a perfect and an easy impunity.

- (1) "He that is robb'd, not knowing what is stolen,
 Let him not know it, and he 's not robb'd at all," *etc.*

Othello, iii. 3.

Home goes the maid, with look demure,
 As though she nurs'd no thoughts impure,—
 Sees on her sire her lover's head,
 And hears his voice while prayers are said.
 No fears her modest breast alarm ;
 The Press her guarantee from harm.
There against one mishap she 's mail'd ;
 And for the rest, kind LOHMAN 's bail'd.

But soft ! we are too young by far
 To be what * * * * protests we are.
 When last your Grace was in a pew,
 You heard what was not strictly true. (1)

(1) One of our clergymen, of much repute for eloquence, chose in his sermon on the Death of the President, to brand us, the people of this country, as *the most immoral people in the world*.

What did the Reverend Doctor mean by this superlative ? Are there more murders committed in this country than in IRELAND ? Is there more adultery than in ENGLAND ? more " simple fornication " than in SCOTLAND ? Are FRENCHMEN less given to gaming and to wenching ? SPANIARDS to highway robbery ? ITALIANS to sodomy ? GERMANS to gluttony and winebibbing ? Are there fewer bastards in DENMARK ? Is there more sobriety in SWEDEN and in LAPLAND ? greater chastity in RUSSIA and in HOLLAND ? less political convulsion in SWITZERLAND ? less treachery, filth, and superstition in PORTUGAL ? better Sabbath-keeping in BELGIUM ? Do truant children have their bottoms flagellated with greater edification to their cerebral faculties in the public schools of PRUSSIA than in ours ? In a word, is there less of vice, of folly, and of ignorance in any part of Christian EUROPE than with us ? Nay, to confine ourselves to a single kingdom : — The Doctor spoke of our papers as filled with accounts of murders, *etc., etc.* Did he ever read the English journals while he was in ENGLAND ? Are there not in *their* columns more horrors, more bestialities, — crimes that we dare not even

For, on my soul, which shall not fall
To you as long as it is mine,

name here, and which I verily believe have never been thought of in this less sophisticated region, — than offend the eye in those of ours? Perhaps they are made up by the accident-makers? perhaps they are exaggeration? Indeed! Have *we* no accident-makers? Is lying, as a trade, the monopoly of English newsmen? Besides, did the Reverend gentleman ever take notice, that of the murders, riots, housebreaking, pilfering, and the like, recorded here, nine tenths of the cases are decorated with the euphonious patronymics of the land of bogs, or are distinguished by the moral national designations of *Englishman*, *German*, and so on? And if he talks of people in high place, as I understand he did, was the collector of NEW YORK a person of higher station, or in better estimation than the Lord Chancellor of ENGLAND? Mr. S—— S——, a man of more refinement than the Right Honorable FRANCIS BACON, *Baron Verulam*, and *Viscount St. Albans*? Put it in the power of men to do wrong, and they will do wrong everywhere.* It was the administrations of General JACKSON and Mr. VAN BUREN that made defaulters; and it was the venality of the English Court of Chancery that made a rogue of *The wisest, greatest, meanest of mankind*: and as there are fewer chances given to fraud, and less temptation held out to villany of every kind, in this world than in the old, we are necessarily better. Why, one beast like GEORGE IV., one fool and bigot like his father, will, at the head of a government, breed more evil than five hundred from among its subordinates. Let us hear no more of this cant from the pulpit; but, if we must talk of our people there, say what is a

* In a degree proportional to that of the laxity of their principles, or of the strength of their passions. Lord BACON would have been a cringing courtier, and an ungrateful sycophant in any court; and Collector S—— must have always been unscrupulous: but they would neither have plunged into such a depth of degradation, had they not been impelled by circumstances which favored and tempted dishonesty. We are told too that we do not punish public offences in this country. After a brief imprisonment in the Tower, the Chancellor had the rest of his sentence remitted, and was pensioned with £1800. Mr. S—— will not be rewarded if he come within the grasp of the U. S. Courts.

We are as yet, despite of all
 The cant of tourist and divine,
 As stainless as the driven snows,
 Compar'd with what the Old World shows.
 But, with the tide of emigration
 That every honest man deplores,
 Which floods us with a population
 The washings of the Old World's shores ;
 And with the law once pass'd, to free
 Misconduct, fraud, and villany,
 From the few bars that yet restrain them ;(1)

God's truth ; that we are destined one day, by the blessing of newspapers and steampackets, to become as rotten at the core as GREAT BRITAIN, FRANCE, and IRELAND, but that at present we are only specked and wormeaten at the blossom-end, and have the mortification to know ourselves otherwise sound and fragrant.

I do not object to a clergyman's stigmatizing us as *wicked*. We are so ; and it is his vocation to let us know it, and to try to effect by the terror of " penal fire " what the satirist endeavours to bring about by the dread of ridicule and public odium. But let him keep to the windward of Truth, nor forget that there is a positive and a comparative state known to grammar, as well as a superlative.

(1) The *Bankrupt Act* now in contemplation, and called for by all the voices of the Press. Surely no greater encouragement could be extended to fraud or to misconduct than an act which entitles a man, by throwing up the small remains of property which his rashness or dishonesty have left, to be clear of all responsibility and to begin a new score ; that is, if he can find any one to trust him ; but the effect of such a law will be to destroy credit almost altogether for persons of character not established, and to render it difficult to be obtained even by better men. And this is the only reparation which I see for a manifest injustice, and the only cure for a rank evil. With credit as easy as it has been, the wildest speculations would be entered into, and no check put upon a spirit

And with the rights we call our own
To all mankind so freely thrown,
That EUROPE's gallows-birds may gain them ;
With all these precious aids together,
I put it to your Highness whether
We shall one day discredit HELL ?

And with such hope of our damnation
To glad you, and the observation
That to my long epistle I
By no means look for your reply,
I leave your Grace. And so, farewell.

Postscript. The bearer of this letter
Perhaps will be, for want of better,
The captain of a public journal,
And hence will merit your regard.
I, therefore, pray your Grace Infernal
That, for my sake, you will reward
The fellow to his heart's desire
With plenty of your bluest fire.
He always in this life affected
A love of brimstone and saltpetre :
A double quantity directed
May gratify and keep him sweeter.
And, to encourage all such souls,
Add a peck more or two of coals.

which has already done so much mischief, a spirit in itself improper and fraught with danger to the morals of the people.

SONNETS.

SONNETS.

I.

THE REPROACH OF VENUS.

THE Queen of Rapture hover'd o'er my bed,
Borne on the wings of Silence and the Night :
She touch'd with hers my glowing lips and said,
While my blood tingled with the keen delight,

“ And is the spirit of thy youth then fled,
That made thee joy in other themes more bright ?
For satire only must thine ink be shed,
And none but boys and fools my praises write ? ”

“ O, by these swimming eyes,” I said, and sigh'd,
“ And by this pulse, which feels and fears thine art,
Thou knowest, enchantress, and thou seest with pride,

Thou of my being art the dearest part !
Let those sing love to whom love is deny'd ;
But I, O queen, I chant thee in my heart.”

II.

THE PILGRIMS FOR LOVE.

“O PERJUR'D man,” said IRIS, loudly weeping,
“Where is the ring I put upon that hand ?
Thou said'st the Sun himself and Moon should stand
Heels uppermost, ere it should leave thy keeping.

Didst think, false wretch, that IRIS' eyes were sleeping ?
Begone ! I 'll take me to some foreign land ;
There hide my neck, and with the vestal band
Conceal these locks which now my tears are steeping.”

“Stay ! let us wend together, pilgrims both :
I 'll be thy friar, and gird me with a cable ;
For, weeks ago, I saw my pledge of troth,

To IRIS given, upon my cousin's table :
And what is more, the rascal took his oath,
That seven more men had found thee quite as stable !”

III.

ALLEGORIA. COLLE DIFFICOLTÀ SE NE VA LA MAGGIOR DOLCEZZA
D' AMORE.

A PASSI lenti, con amara pena,
Salsi un aspro monte di grande altura ;
Non m' impedì nè balzo, nè fessura,
Nè 'l sol' ardente, nè affannata lena :

Del bel vedere anticipato piena
L' alma era, e 'l disio vinse la paura ;
E quando al fin, compita la via dura,
Miro abbasso, il mio gaudio non si frena.

Come il lampo è ogni diletto mortale :
Sparisce, e poi la nebbia par più Spessa.
Giunto al sommo la fatica m' assale,

E il pensier del calò l' alma mi oppressa ;
Che, fatta l' opra, aperse speme l' ale ;
E sempre fugge Voluttà con essa.

I V.

THE PRAYER.

O, THAT some spirit, mov'd by my entreating,
Would give my LAURA power to discover
The rapture of this heart, when near her beating,
And how in every pulse I am her lover !

Then would kind thoughts of me be never fleeting,
But present still, before, around, above her ;
And when the night's lone hour forbade our meeting,
In vivid dreams of joy about her hover.

Ah fool ! that thou shouldst pray for thy undoing,
And thy own liberty thyself surrender !
For 't is alone that they may keep us wooing,

When women's pride permits them to be tender.
From knowing that thou canst not help thy cooing,
Whatever her disdain, pray Heaven defend her !

V.

THE RINGLET.

Not for itself this little lock I prize,
Though its bright threads thy own soft fingers plaited ;
Once seen and own'd, my longing is abated ;
Albeit the color well contents my eyes :

I am no Corydon, that hugs with sighs
Some bauble of his Phyllis' gift, unsated,
And overjoy'd ; with me this ringlet 's rated
Precisely by the worth that in it lies.

Thou, SYBIL, conscious that this little part
Of thy sweet self is with me, wilt believe
Thy image more than ever fills my heart ;

And thus imprest, thy vanity must weave
A web around thee, subtle though thou art ;
And I, in turn, shall have thee at my sleeve.

VI.

THE LOVER'S HEAVEN.

SOFT was the night, no sound the stillness breaking ;
Like man, the lake, the woods appear'd to sleep ;
The watchdog's distant bay, prolong'd and deep,
No more the echo of the hills was waking :

Then ALICE and myself, our homes forsaking,
Stole out beneath the moon, Love's watch to keep ;
Nor fail'd the influence of the hour to creep
On both, both taciturn and pensive making.

But, turning down her lucid orbs from heaven,
My soul's sweet life gaz'd on me with surprise :
“ And canst thou hope,” she ask'd, “ to be forgiven,
That hast no admiration for these skies ? ”
“ To plead,” I said, “ neglect, I am not driven,
The moon and heaven adoring in those eyes.”

EPIGRAMS.

EPIGRAMS.

I.

THE PREFERENCE.

OF two fair daughters, both her boast,
CANIDIA loves the elder most.
Yet every one, except the mother,
Esteems as best by far the other.
Abroad no beauty with her vies,
'The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes';
All rival banners near her furl'd,
She gathers round her all the world.
Ah, there it is ! The minx ! confound her !
She gathers all the world around her.

II.

EUTHANASIA.

EXPIRING, EUTHANASIA lies, —
Yet while the breath of life still lingers,

On sleek MACHAON turns her eyes,
Who holds her wrist between his fingers :
“ Doctor ”. . the dying lady sighs.
“ Dear madam ! say what your command is ! ”
With her last breath, she low replies,
“ O dear ! how very white your hand is ! ”

III.

THE PRUDE.

GROWN old, pure MELINDROSA prays,
And fain would keep her friends from sliding.
Experience qualifies for guiding ;
She knows the evil of her ways.

IV.

A VIRGIN.

RUTH boasts her virtue unassail'd :
She 's kept the path where most have fail'd.
Who 'd said she 'd not, had sore bely'd her ;
For, God knows, no man ever try'd her.

V.

TO H—Y W——H L—GF—W,

ON READING IN THE *N. Y. American* A PANEGYRIC OF HIS POEMS.

O L—GF——W, thy *Voices of the Night*
 Shall long, true Philomels, in Harvard sing ;
 For K—G has heard their murmurs with delight ;
 And everybody knows the taste of K—G.

VI.

TO ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Go on ! in face of all thy peers
 Who 've writ for twice nine-hundred years,
 Damn VIRGIL, and, with painful sneers,
 Revile the shade of POPE :
 Æsop the dirty cause shall teach ; —
 The fox the grapes he could not reach
 Despis'd, and thou dost wit impeach
 Wherewith thou canst not cope.

VII.

TO WILLIAM WORDSWORTH,
ON HIS WILFUL MISREPRESENTATION OF CERTAIN GREAT POETS.

I.

IF to the punishment for lies
Each conscious slanderer, when he dies,
Must go without exemption,
I fear, though of a loftier sort,
With S—E, and other rogues in short,
Thou 'rt damn'd beyond redemption.

II.

THOU 'rt aged, WILLIAM. O repent !
Give to thy struggling conscience vent,
To soothe, when dead, the Omniscient.
Here, among men, thou need'st no curse ;
POPE's self would swear thy own bad verse
Is punishment sufficient.

VIII.

TO MESSRS. SOUTHEY AND WORDSWORTH,
ON THEIR DEFAMATION OF CERTAIN GREAT NAMES IN POETRY.

WHEN ZOÏLUS the mighty bard revil'd
Whose fame he hated, he was ston'd or burn'd ;

But that was all ; the sheets his spleen defil'd
 Live not to prove how well the doom was earn'd.
 You, Zoiluses both, a harder fate
 Must undergo ; for, printed on your page,
 Your envy will survive its proper date,
 And crucify (1) you in a future age.

IX.

PHILANTHROPY.

PRETTY SALLY 's wondrous fair, —
 To all mankind a charming creature ;
 So soft her voice, so free her air,
 Gentle in manners, speech, and feature ;
 Her humor and her dimples tally.
 No special smiles, no graces rare ;
 Alike to all she graceful bends her,
 And, should none better claim her care,
 Leers on the footboy that attends her,
 And spreads her charms to catch a *valet*.
 A common case ; why should you stare ?
 A man 's a man to pretty SALLY.

(1) Some say that the unfortunate grammarian was nailed to a cross, by order of PTOLEMY.

X.

THE DEMAGOGUE.

CLEON magnanimously fights
For what he calls the people's rights,
Ready in any mud to dabble,
To help across the sovereign rabble.
CLEON is right ; for CLEON 's of them.
CLEON is made a man of note ;
And CLEON sings another note,
Talks of the honor of the Crown,
And damns the people up and down.
Lord CLEON 's right : he ranks above them.

XI.

THE PANEGYRIST.

SOFT VAPPA sings of birds and bees,
And bubbling brooks, and flowers, and trees ;
And KA proclaims him greater even
Than HOMER and the Bard of Heaven.
Wouldst know the reason ? Seek it here :
KA publishes, himself, next year.

XII.

TO A FLIRT.

WEAK, silly creature ! worthless jade !
In vain are all thy charms display'd,
Thou needlessly thy wits art tasking ;
Since all is equal game to thee,
Enough, — fling not thyself at me ;
I would not have thee for the asking.

XIII.

TO A COQUETTE.

THINK'ST thou, because one fool admires,
The world an equal passion fires ?
I would not for the world deny it.
But if thou wouldst the truth discover,
Treat all just as thou treat'st thy lover.
If they, the world, all put together,
Will bear to be thus toss'd and shaken
By all thy fits of changeful weather,
Why then — I 'm damnably mistaken.
I would to God thou 'dst only try it !

XIV. (1)

TO A MANNIKIN.

THOU four-foot fool ! short thing of lath !
 Begone. Crawl safely from my path.
 'T were right to strip thee of thy breeches :
 But then the proverb tells what pitch is.

XV.

TO J—S W—N W—BB.

FOOL ! that durst let thy hireling cross my path ! (2)
 Was 't not enough I spar'd thee on my page ?

(1) This epigram, written many years since, was printed in the additions to the *Vision of Rubeta*. It is here republished because of an absurd mistake which was there committed ; the substitution of *swiftly* for *safely* in the second line of the copy.

(2) One of the publishers of the *Vision*, Mr. J—N, who claims to be a cousin of Mr. W—BB's, informed my agent that the editor of the *Courier* was not in town when that miserable specimen of mendacity and ignorance (see the last page of this volume) was suffered to make its appearance in his paper. But he allowed it to remain uncontradicted ; and thus endorsed the falsehood. To me the injury this has done can be but transient ; the exposition I have made of the iniquity will be eternal. I do such men too much honor, I am well aware, to notice them in any way ; but it must

Hadst thou no fears my full-avenging wrath
 Would send thee down the scorn of every age ?

be remembered, that it is their power over the people which compels me to the degradation, not themselves. The subjects of PHARAOH bowed the knee to a puppy ; but it was the religion represented by the quadruped, not the bestial symbol itself that they worshipped. Were ten such creatures as W—BB, S—E, and S—T, to be kneaded into one mass, the mass were still too insignificant for notice ; but seated in the tribunal of the Press, with power of life and death upon an author's reputation, I must needs regard it, though it were ten times more beastly than all the bestialities of EGYPT.

P. S. Since this epigram and note were written, I have had reason, in the ungrateful and disgustingly dishonest conduct of Messrs. W—KS, J—N, and Co., to believe that the second person of that firm was guilty of a falsehood as little as himself, and that Mr. W—BB alone was probably the author of that disgraceful paragraph, not Mr. S—T. Should my suspicion prove correct, and I will find means to bring the truth to light, I shall owe to Mr. S—T a reparation the highest I can offer him : I will ask his pardon as publicly as I have given the offence. My countrymen may rest contented, if they please, with the reproach under which they labor with all foreigners, that of not daring to speak their individual opinions when they may happen to conflict with those of the majority, or of their masters, the conductors of the public press ; but while there shall be left to me a limb of this body, and the soul that now animates it, there shall be at least one man in AMERICA whom no consideration, either personal or moral, shall prevent from speaking the truth of all persons and on all occasions, where propriety shall demand it. Should it cost me my life, I will lay this down too, as I have already sacrificed my temporal prosperity, an unreluctant offering at the altar of that divinity whose majesty I have worshipped from my childhood, and who has hitherto rewarded my devotion, as the celestial powers are said to visit those whose actions please them, with worldly castigation and abasement.

Look back upon thy life. How well ! . . . But no !
 Vent thy foul spleen on COOPER ; let thy tool
 Still work thy dirty ends ; I let thee go,
 Content, contemptuous, thus, to brand thee, *Fool !*

XVI.

PRUDENCE.

At forty, IRIS, crook'd and pale,
 Would have her pretty niece more sage.
 Her conduct puts her in a rage !
 She looks as though she were for sale !

“ Make *me* your pattern ; I 'll engage,”
 Quoth she, “ the fellows shall turn tail ;
 No man dares ever lift *my* veil ;
 And I have more than twice your age.”

XVII.

LA MÊME EN FRANÇAIS. (1)

À QUARANTE ans jaune et difforme, IRIS
 Reprend sa nièce de l' hommage
 Qu'attirent le beau teint de son visage,
 Ses yeux fripons, et son joyeux devis.

(1) Perhaps it will be permitted me to remind the general reader, that in French the final *e* which is mute in prose is sounded in

“Quoi ! veux-tu donc,” dit-elle, “mettre à prix
 La rose, le bouton de ton vert pucelage ?
 Tous ces discours flatteurs, ces doux souris
 Devraient te donner de l’ombrage.
 Imite-moi, ma fille, je te dis ;
 Tu peux te bien garder de cet outrage.
 Nul homme ne m’ appelle une ange, ou sa Cypris,
 Et j’ai le double de ton âge.”

XVIII.

TO THE “POETS OF AMERICA, EDITED BY J—N K—E.” (1)

I.

BARDS, some two dozen, Folly’s latest seed !
 That I have not conferr’d on you your due,
 Forgive me. If it is too much indeed
 To spell ten lines, how should I read you through ?

verse when the next word begins with a consonant. Thus in the second line of the epigram above, *nièce* is of *two* syllables, not of one as in prose. The *e* is also counted in the termination *ent* ; and in the next line *attirent* is of *three* syllables. *Devraient*, however, in the eighth line, is by a peculiarity of the language but of two. — I should not have thought of giving this lesson, had I not heard in FRANCE persons of tolerable education read their native poets without the least attention to these rules, and had not my own French teacher in this city permitted them to be disregarded by all his pupils. I therefore have a right to suppose that many persons may be conversant with the French language who are not acquainted with the laws that regulate the structure of French verses.

(1) I need not say that there are some exceptions in this book to the character I give of it. The name of B—T, for example, is to be

II.

ENOUGH (and no small merit 't is, I trust,)
 That I have pass'd through St—e and yet survive :
 J—N K—E may tickle all your St—es, and thrive ;
 I would not die outright of mere disgust.

XIX.

CONSOLATION TO ONE WHO WAS NOT NOTICED IN THE VISION.

ROUSE not, dear *Ollapod*, thy spite,
 Nor think to move my brain to battle ;
 For, know, I should be puzzled quite
 To cross my rapier on thy rattle.
 If then I have not given to light
 Thy ragged verse and tittle-tattle,
 With W—BB's cheap cant (1), and "soaps of Camus" (2),
 'T is that I would not make thee famous. (3)

found in the catalogue of its Poets ; and wherever that occurs, we may be sure there is reason, though it were surrounded by folly, and that poetry may be gathered from the heap of rhyme.

(1) In the additional matter to Canto IV., which appeared in the second issue (4th edition, as Col. S—— and brotherhood would call it) of the *Vision*.

(2) "And sees his privy ills, like verse, made famous,
 With Saponaceous Cream, and *Soaps of Camus*."

Vis. of R. i.

(3) The subject of this epigram is now dead. But as there is nothing in the piece which could have been answered in any other way than by the pen, I do not see that I am called upon to suppress it. — Mr. C. (*Ollapod*) was one of the persons to whom the

XX.

ON A ZEALOUS HYPOCRITE.

WONDER not ————— should pray
 With zeal as hot as if Hell drave him :
 He mocks not GOD, nor means to brave him,
 But, being modest in his way,
 Trusts at the fire-and-brimstone day
 His insignificance will save him.

XXI.

ON THE NAME GIVEN TO THE HERO OF THE *Vision*.

RUBETA means, you say, a toad
 That makes in hedges his abode.
 But here a creature is exprest
 That lodges in the human breast ;
 The man's own evil soul ; in short
 A moral toad : but of what sort ?
 Sort ? None ; the reptile stands alone.
 It is *the toad that lives in Stone*.

publishers of the *Vision* had the effrontery to send a copy *with the respects of the author*.

XXII.

INSCRIPTION FOR A NEWSMAN'S WATERCLOSET.

I.

IN the bank of this closet
Lies the soul of an editor.
It lies in deposite ;
For the Devil is creditor.

II.

HERE safely to hold it,
Lest the owner should job it.
The bond when he sold it
Made the payment post-obit.

XXIII.

EPITAPH.

UNDER this marble, safe, not sound,
Sixty inches beneath the ground,
Rotteth what, to most men's thinking,
Rotten was in life and stinking.
There the type, but *here* the essence ;
Body both and soul's putrescence.
If the spirit, once departed,
Ere look back to whence it started,
Much indeed 't must be delighted,
Seeing things, which, when united,

Had no sympathy betwixt them,
Now, that Nature has unmixt them,
In their essences harmonious ;
That which made the eye, erroneous,
Often doubt the soul's putridity,
Now in physical corruption,
Better'd by this late disruption,
Floating in a black humidity.

“ What its name ? by whom begotten, —
If of man a thing so rotten ? ”
Ask the Devil, who may know it ;
Men the ordure have forgotten,
And this marble may not show it.
He (thus much) whose soul eternal
Revels now in filth infernal,
While the corpse, in shape most suiting,
Fats the soil it is polluting,
Edited in life a journal.

XXIV.

TO A FAIR NEIGHBOUR, RETIRING FOR THE NIGHT.

CLOSE not the shutters ; prithee stay !
But one more charm, one more uncover !
Each bit of dress aside you lay
Falls a new chain on me, your lover.
They ope. Sweet saint ! Ah, see ! they close.
What ails the prude this coyness keeping ?
Hush, fool ; the little vixen knows
Your fancy 's kinder than your peeping.

XXV.

MADRIGALE.

LO STESSO ARGOMENTO DEL SONETTO III.

I' PIANSI la mia sorte, il rio tormento
 Che mi soffrir facea la bella CLORI.
 Ma sempre aumentavan i miei amori,
 Come i flutti dal impeto del vento.
 CLORI è donna ; si vinta arrese jeri.
 Lasso me, ch' io, sperando esser contento,
 Ho persi, in un momento,
 Con quella pena tutti i miei piaceri !

XXVI.

MADRIGAL.

“ SWEET innocent, thy dark-blue eyes
 Are like the maid's I dearest prize.
 Come, little image of CALISTA ! ”
 And leaning o'er the babe, I kiss'd her.

She stretch'd her arms to me, and smil'd,
 Pouting her lips for more, the child !
 “ Ah, jade, you 'll be just like your sister ! ”
 And then, — and then ! ten times I kiss'd her.

PARODIES OF HORACE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

I INTENDED that these Parodies should embrace at least one example of every lyric measure in Horace ; but the unexpected bulk of the volume obliges me to confine my specimens to the present number, while the rate at which the work is now going through the press, and the quantity of matter I have yet to write, deprive me of the chance of substituting for some of the Sapphic odes other odes that would more vary the selection.

The ridicule with which the imitation of ancient metres has been visited would have fallen to the ground, had the imitation been properly conducted. It is the absurdity of the poet that is ridiculous, the ill success of his effort, not the effort itself. Thus, when Mr. SOUTHEY wrote,

“ Cold was the night wind, drifting fast the snow fell,
Wide were the downs and shelterless and naked,
When a poor wanderer struggled on her journey,
Weary and way-sore,”

he wrote well ; nor could twice the wit of CANNING make us look upon this single stanza with contempt. On the contrary the measure (1), it appears to me, is exquisitely sweet, and the absence of

(1) The substitution, in the third place, of an amphibrach (˘ ′ ˘) for a dactyl (′ ˘ ˘), thus : *wind, drifting*, — is a necessity in English for all who write the Sapphic measure. It in no wise injures the rhythm ; and for the quantity of the syllable, it is in fact the same. Every prosodian knows that, if you except perhaps the hexameter, there is scarcely an ancient measure which is not varied by similar licenses.

rhyme is fairly supplied by the music of the numbers : but when the poet goes on to tell us,

“Then on the snow she laid her down to rest her ;
She heard a horseman ; Pity me, she groan'd out.
 Loud was the wind, unheard was her complaining ;
 On went the horseman,”

it is impossible to refrain from laughter ; for the second line is only verse by an arbitrary and unnatural disposition of the emphasis ; nor, had the poet designed to burlesque the very measure he was writing in, could he have done it more effectually than by either hemistich of that line : *She heard a horseman — Pity me, she groan'd out.*

Again, in Mr. SOUTHEY'S “Dactyls”, we have,

“Cold is the baby, that hangs at thy *bending back*” ;

where the stress of the voice is, in the last foot, forced by the rhythm upon the participle, on which it would not fall by any other disposition of the clause, and makes the line ludicrous at once.

For these *Parodies*, I would observe to the prosodian, that the music of the original measure has been of course more regarded than the prescribed feet. Hence, besides applying to an imitation of Horace the metrical varieties found in other ancient poets who have used similar measures, I have occasionally in a metre assumed a license of my own ; but it is always, I trust, such as in a like case the classic poet might himself have sanctioned. That is to say, the metrical time is invariably the same, and if the musical accentuation be not always strictly in correspondence with that of the parent bar or measure, yet the *key* of the metre, so to speak, is never forgotten. He who studies attentively the prosody of the ancients will find no *real* difference therein, as I have before asserted, from the laws which regulate the versification of the moderns. Verse, like music, is a single science, belonging to all nations ; and like music, it might well have notes which should express the same relations everywhere, however one people might read them by alphabetic characters and another by monosyllabic sounds. The same varieties and the same licenses, in verse, were of old adopted that prevail now ; for they then arose, as they now

arise, from the dictates of taste and harmony, or had their origin, as they have it still, in the exigences of the composer.

I may add, that in my parodies I have usually mimicked the peculiarities of style in the Roman lyric ; and these are not always excellences. Further, that the parodies were composed for the sake of exhibiting the metres, not the metres adopted to accommodate the parodies.

HORATII CARMINA.

LIB. I. 32.

AD LYRAM.

POSCIMUR. Si quid vacui sub umbra
Lusimus tecum, quod et hunc in annum
Vivat, et plures, age dic Latinum,
Barbite, carmen,

Lesbio primum modulate civi ;
Qui, ferox bello, tamen inter arma,
Sive jactatam religarat udo
Littore navim,

Liberum et Musas, Veneramque et illi
Semper hærentem Puerum, canebat,
Et Lycum nigris oculis nigroque
Crine decorum.

O decus Phœbi, et dapibus supremi
Grata testudo Jovis, o laborum
Dulce lenimen, mihi cumque salve
Rite vocanti.

PARODIES OF HORACE.

ODE I.

TO THE LUTE.

SPITE of false tongues, if in MANHATTAN's Babel
We have taught thy chords aught that may a twelvemonth
Live in gentle hearts, come, and now to English
 Lend thy soft music,

Lute whose Lesbian tone perfected the ROMAN,
Who, though graver notes could his hand awaken,
Yet, when forgot his satire's bland derision,
 Laughing malignly,

Sung the light joys that sparkle in the winecup,
And the keen bliss that makes earth all but Heaven,
And the veil'd fires of GLYCERA's quick glances,
 Wantonly scornful.

Glory of MOORE, O lute that polish'd CAMPBELL
Made (though too rarely) resonant of rapture,
Pride of the lonely spirit, while I touch thee
 Sweet be the descant !

LIB. I. 1.

AD MÆCENATEM.

MÆCENAS, atavis edite regibus,
O et præsidium, et dulce decus meum, —
Sunt quos curriculo pulverem Olympicum
Collegisse juvat, metaque ferivi lis
Evitata rotis, palmaque nobilis
Terrarum dominos evehit ad Deos.
Hunc, si mobilium turba Quiritium
Certat tergeminis tollere honoribus ;
Illum, si proprio condidit horreo
Quidquid de Libycis verritur areis.
Gaudentem patrios findere sarculo
Agros Attalicis conditionibus
Nunquam dimoveas, ut trabe Cypria
Myrtoum pavidus nauta secet mare.
Luctantem Icariis fluctibus Africum
Mercator metuens otium et oppidi
Laudat rura sui : mox reficit rates
Quassas, indocilis pauperiem pati.
Est qui nec veteris pocula Massici,
Nec partem solido demere de die
Spernit, nunc viridi membra sub arbuto
Stratus, nunc ad aquæ lene caput sacræ.
Multos castra juvant, et lituo tubæ
Permistus sonitus, bellaque matribus

O D E II.

TO SYBIL.

SYBIL, sweet scion of lowly progenitors,
 Source of my shame, my delight, and disquietude, —
 There are who the dust of Broadway in midsummer
 Joy to have stirr'd with the orbs of a curricule,
 Rais'd in their thoughts to the glory of PHAËTON,
 When, graz'd without clashing the hub of some tilbury,
 Cheer'd with huzzas by the round-caps at Tattersall's (1).
 This, when the voice of the fickle-brain'd rabblement
 Sends him, for cringing, to fool them at ALBANY ;
 That, has he stor'd in the lofts of his granary
 All that is fann'd on the floors of green MICHIGAN.
 Whose pride is the hoe, and field of his heritage,
 Ne'er would you move him, by wealth like J—N J—B's, to
 Double the Cape in the tallest East-Indiaman.
 Merchants, while dreaming the jaws of the hurricane
 Howl for their prey off the shoals of Cape Hatteras,
 Sigh as they think of a farm at MANHATTANVILLE :
 Soon they recruit, and, secure in their policies,
 Give to the devil content and a competence.
 There are who despise not draughts of bright Burgundy,
 Nor scorn to spend idly some portion of sunshine,
 Stretch'd now at ease 'neath the shade of a sycamore,
 Now by the marge of some pebble-pav'd rivulet.
 Many the war-trump, and the cannon's red thunder

(1) *Broadway* has its place of this name ; set up, I suppose, by
 some ENGLISHMAN.

Detestata. Manet sub Jove frigido
 Venator, teneræ conjugis immemor,
 Seu visa est catulis cerva fidelibus,
 Seu rupit teretes Marsus aper plagas.
 Me doctarum hederæ præmia frontium
 Dîs miscent superis ; me gelidum nemus,
 Nympharumque leves cum Satyris chori
 Secernunt populo ; si neque tibus
 EUTERPE cohibet, nec POLYHYMNIA
 Lesboum refugit tendere barbiton :
 Quod si me lyricis vatibus inseres,
 Sublimi feriam sidera vertice.

LIB. I. 38.

AD MINISTRUM.

PERSICOS odi, puer, apparatus ;
 Displicent nexæ philyra coronæ :
 Mitte sectari rosa quo locorum
 Sera moretur.

Simplici myrto nihil adlabores
 Sedulus cura ; neque te ministrum
 Dedecet myrtus, neque me sub arcta
 Vite bibentem.

Delight, and the widowing slaughter of battle.
 The hunter remains 'neath the chill sky of autumn,
 Nor thinks on the kiss of the wife of his bosom,
 His hounds having scented the slot of the red-deer,
 Or frightened the bear from her young in the forest.
 Me the green leaves which I hope to see garlanded
 Part from the populace ; me beauty's witchery,
 Shadowy groves, and the stars of the firmament,
 Lift to the skies in the joy of my fantasy ;
 Blest above men should I flourish in poesy,
 Blest even now in Love's visions angelical :
 But if thou 'lt yield me thy heart as thy kisses, I 'll
 Envy not MOORE, nor his houries to MAHOMET.

ODE III.

TO THOMAS NOON TALFOURD, ESQ.,

OR TO

ANY ONE OF SOME FIFTY POETS, ENGLISH AND AMERICAN, MALE
 AND FEMALE.

PRITHEE, forsake this oriental bombast ;
 Tropes, child, disgust one, twin'd in such profusion :
 Nor for true splendor rummage in the twinkling
 Tail of a glowworm.

Wreathe, if thou wilt, thy harp ; but though of roses,
 Be the wreath simple ; not as that of WORDSWORTH ;
 Shun such extreme, and fly with equal horror
 Epics like SOUTHEY'S.

LIB. I. 5.

AD PYRRHAM.

QUIS multa gracilis te puer in rosa
 Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus
 Grato, PYRRHA, sub antro ?
 Cui flavam religas comam,

Simplex munditiis ? Heu, quoties fidem
 Mutatosque deos flebit, et aspera
 Nigris æquora ventis
 Emirabitur insolens,

Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea,
 Qui semper vacuam, semper amabilem
 Sperat, nescius auræ
 Fallacis ! Miseri quibus

Intentata nites. Me tabula sacer
 Votiva paries indicat uvida
 Suspendisse potenti
 Vestimenta maris deo.

(1) Mr. WORDSWORTH in *Peter Bell*. As Mr. WORDSWORTH is at the head of the prosaic school, and is the fittest example of the *pedestris sermo*, of English verse, so may SHELLEY's wilderness of flowers be considered to represent the other extreme ; the would-be judges of modern poetry being enamoured of the vulgarity, childishness, and insipidity of the former style, whether spread over the barren common of Mr. WORDSWORTH's verses, or elsewhere, while the people, and their directors, the magazines and newspapers,

ODE IV.

TO THE PUBLIC.

WHAT shallow youth, at the bottom of Helicon,
 Larded with metaphors, hid beneath epithets,
 Courts now, rhyming, thy favor ?
 Which way does thy fancy waver,

Barren in judgment ? How often thy fickleness
 Will he deplore, and his stars, and, poor innocent !
 Stare at thy coldness, meeting
 Nothing of warmth in thy greeting,

Who with thy blandishments feeds his credulity,
 Hoping one day to grow fat on thy graciousness,
 Unconscious thy tongue's election
 Had never a brain's direction.

Wo, where it falls overvalu'd ! My verses, which
 Waltz not like SHELLEY's, nor trudge with the *Wagoner*(1),
 Show thee what estimation
 I put on thy approbation.

equally love to lose themselves in the mazes of the latter. Yet was SHELLEY, be it observed, the author of the *Cenci*, which, if you except the blemish of the *Song* in Act V., has, as an English tragedy, no modern rival in dramatic diction, and I know not whether in any other of the dramatic requisites ; and the same gave to the world the drama of *Prometheus Unbound*, which, less faultless in style, especially towards the close, is as a whole a work of extra-

LIB. I. 22.

AD ARISTIUM FUSCUM.

INTEGER vitæ, scelerisque purus,
 Non eget MAURI jaculis, neque arcu,
 Nec venenatis gravida sagittis,
 FUSCE, pharetra ;

Sive per Syrtes iter æstuosas,
 Sive facturus per inhospitalem
 Caucasum, vel quæ loca fabulosus
 Lambit Hydaspes.

Namque me silva lupus in Sabina,
 Dum meam canto LALAGEN, et ultra
 Terminum curis vagor expeditus,
 Fugit inermem :

Quale portentum neque militaris
 DAUNIA in latis alit æsculetis,
 Nec JUBÆ tellus generat, leonum
 Arida nutrix.

ordinary genius and of exceeding beauty, opening with a sublimity that almost makes us think we are reading *Æschylus*. Mr. WORDSWORTH has not the faults of SHELLEY, proceeding from an over-luxuriance of imagination, disdaining rule ; and he may be read throughout with more patience, as, though not unfrequently far from perspicuous, his tame prosaic language does not bewilder the brain, or cloy with profusion of sweets the intellectual palate ; but he has never written any thing that may be compared for ex-

ODE V.

TO ANYBODY.

HE that acts wisely, wronging nothing living,
Needs not the pistol of W—BB, nor the rifle,
Nor the broad-bladed dagger of the Southron,
Nam'd after BOWIE ;

Though through the wilds of FLORIDA he journey,
Or on the desert billows of the Prairies,
Or where his deep tide rolls the Mississippi,
Father of waters.

For in the groves of S——NS at HOBOKEN,
While on a rock I meditate my CHLORIS,
A dog H—LE himself had driven from his house-door,
Fled me, though caneless :

Such a huge beast as never yet NEWFOUNDLAND
Litter'd in fogs, nor yet the Great St. Bernard,
Where unceasing winter heaps round the Hospice
Snows never melted.

cellence with either the *Cenci* or *Prometheus*, while the former of these dramas is singly worth the whole of Mr. WORDSWORTH'S works, all put together. "Of the two extremes," says POPE, "one would rather pardon phrenzy than frigidity." SHAKSPEARE and DRYDEN both abound in extravagancies, and have quite as much, in quantity, of bombast as of sublimity ; but who would look in either of those immortal poets for examples of the frigid in writing ? SWIFT drew his from one Sir Richard Blackmore.

Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
 Arbor æstiva recreatur aura,
 Quod latus mundi nebulæ, malusque
 Jupiter urguet ;

Pone sub curru nimium propinqui
 Solis, in terra domibus negata,
 Dulce ridentem LALAGEN amabo,
 Dulce loquentem.

LIB. I. 26.

AD ÆLIUM LAMIAM.

MUSIS amicus, tristitiam et metus
 Tradam protervis in mare Creticum
 Portare ventis, queis sub Arcto
 Rex gelidæ metuatur oræ,

Quid Tiridatem terreat, unice
 Securus. O quæ fontibus integris
 Gaudes, apricos necte flores,
 Necte meo Lamiaë coronam,

(1) An ode from Horace is dedicated with peculiar propriety to Professor A——N, who has lately given his labors as a commentator to the illustration of this favorite classic. His edition of the great lyrical and moral poet I have not seen ; but I can easily conjecture what must be its value, coming, as it does, from the

Place me in the Alpine barrens of the reindeer,
 Where the swart carl sleeps naked 'neath his sheepskin,
 Shines not the sun for weeks, and Heaven's thunder
 Rolls in midwinter ;

Place me in sands where pants the long-breath'd camel,
 Where for whole days no shrub is seen nor fountain,
 Still will I love my CHLORIS' spoken music,
 And her laugh's dimples.

ODE VI.

TO CH—S A—N. (1)

To song now wedded, doubt and disquietude
 I give to brood o'er commerce and politics,
 At ease though fall the southern staple,
 Careless what favorite of the people

The White House shelters, so that the Eagle still
 His pennons droop not. Muse that delightest in
 Founts undefil'd, twine sunny flowers,
 Twine me for A—N a fadeless garland.

desk of one whose solid yet elegant talents and varied erudition
 are equalled by his unremitting industry. To no AMERICAN are
 the schools and colleges of our country so much indebted in polite
 learning as to Dr. A—N.

Pimplea dulcis : nil sine te mei
Prosunt honores : hunc fidibus novis,
Hunc Lesbio sacrare plectro
Teque tuasque decet sorores.

LIB. I. 19.

IN GLYCERAM.

MATER sæva CUPIDINUM,
Thebanæque jubet me SEMELES puer,
Et lasciva licentia,
Finitis animum reddere amoribus.

Urit me GLYCERÆ nitor
Splendentis Pario marmore purius,
Urit grata protervitas,
Et vultus nimium lubricus aspici.

In me tota ruens VENUS
CYPRUM deseruit ; nec patitur SCYTHAS,
Et versis animosum equis
PARTHUM dicere, nec quæ nihil attinent.

Hic vivum mihi cespitem, hic
Verbenas, pueri, ponite, turaque
Bimi cum patera meri :
Mactata veniet lenior hostia.

To him a poet's praise is superfluous ;
Yet well it fitteth thee and thy sisterhood,
His name to sound with chords unfray'd yet,
Stretch'd on the shell where thy HORACE warbled.

ODE VII.

ON SYBIL.

THE passionate love of beauty,
Burning, an Ætna, in natures poetical,
And blood whose clear current yet flows
Ic'd not by age, steep me newly in foolishness.

SYBIL's large eyes, which, half-closing,
Dart their quick bolts through the cloud of their lashes ;
SYBIL's low voice, and her coyness
Wantonly study'd, inflame me and madden me.

Desire all hearts has relinquish'd
To centre in mine, nor permits me young CARRYL
To sing, nor him of the *Vision*,
Grac'd with the ears he shall wear spite his modesty.

Here place me my writing-desk, here
Reach me my pen, boy, and lay smooth my paper, and
See that no person intrudes ; I 'll
Write her a note, and appoint a new interview.

LIB. I. 9.

AD THALIARCHUM.

VIDES ut alta stet nive candidum
Soracte, nec jam sustineant onus
 Silvæ laborantes, geluque
 Flumina constiterint acuto.

Dissolve frigus, ligna super foco
Large reponens, atque benignius
 Deprome quadrimum Sabina,
 O THALIARCHE, merum diota.

Permitte divis cætera, qui simul
Stravere ventos æquore fervido
 Deprœliantes, nec cupressi,
 Nec veteres agitantur orni.

Quid sit futurum cras, fuge quærere ; et
Quem sors dierum cunque dabit, lucro
 Appone ; nec dulces amores
 Sperne puer, neque tu choreas,

Donec virenti canities abest
Morosa. Nunc et campus, et arææ,
 Lenesque sub noctem susurri
 Composita repetantur hora :

ODE VIII.

TO E. C. ———R.

Lo, where the streets the deep snow has crusted o'er ;
Thick is the air with flakes that are falling yet ;
 The wind blows frore, and on the casement
 Stiffens the warm breath in shapes fantastic.

Heap on more coals, to lessen the chilliness,
Heap with bold hand, and, prompt to enliven us,
 While sings the kettle on the footman,
 Bring out, my B——R, thy best Glenlivet.

Care leave to HEAVEN, whose fiat dispersing the
Wild-warring clouds that ride on the thunder-gust,
 Peers out the sun, and, singing blithely,
 Sparkle the rivers, in light exulting.

What brings the morrow, shun to anticipate ;
Enough that Fortune kindly has given thee
 This one day more ; and while thy pulses
 Throb with the vigor that age shall lessen,

Disdain not mirth, nor passion's deliciousness.
Let now the dance delight thee, and horsemanship,
 And gentle whispers, when the nightfall
 Bringeth the moment of assignation :

Nunc et latentis proditor intimo
Gratus puellæ risus ab angulo,
Pignusque dereptum lacertis
Aut digito male pertinaci.

LIB. I. 4.

AD L. SEXTIUM.

SOLVITUR acris hiems grata vice
Veris et Favonî,
Trahuntque siccas machinæ carinas.

Ac neque jam stabulis gaudet pecus,
Aut arator igni ;
Nec prata canis albicant pruinis.

Jam Cytherea choros ducit VENUS,
Imminente Luna ;
Junctæque Nymphis Gratiæ decentes

Alterno terram quatiunt pede,
Dum graves Cyclopum
VULCANUS ardens urit officinas.

Nunc decet aut viridi nitidum caput
Impedire myrto,
Aut flore, terræ quem ferunt solutæ.

Now too the silvery laugh, that delightfully
Tells where the dear girl hideth impatient, and
 The token from her round arm ravish'd,
 Or from the finger but ill resisting.

ODE IX.

TO RUBETA.

PIERC'D by the sun, winter's breast is relaxing ;
 Zephyrs, lightly blowing,
Waft down the stream the sloops, no longer ice-bound.

Sharp-shod no more, stands the steed unblanketed ;
 Useless are the sledges ;
Glisten soft dews, where sparkled late the hoarfrost.

Now, 'neath the light that favors love and beauty,
 Lovers' vows are whisper'd,
And village maids, by shepherd swains encircled,

Twine in the dance their ancles quick-glancing,
 While their prudent fathers,
The field late till'd, assort the grain for sowing.

Now the coquette may encircle her forehead fair
 With the virid myrtle,
Or early flow'rs, recover'd Nature's bounty.

Nunc et in umbrosis FAUNO decet
 Immolare lucis,
 Seu poscat, agna, sive malit, hædo.

Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede
 Pauperum tabernas,
 Regumque turres. O beate SEXTI,

Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat
 Inchoare longam.
 Jam te premet nox, fabulæque manes,

Et domus exilis Plutonia.
 Quo simul meâris,
 Nec regna vini sortiere talis,

Nec tenerum Lycidan mirabere,
 Quo calet juvenis
 Nunc omnis, et mox virgines tepebunt.

LIB. I. 10.

AD MERCURIUM.

MERCURI, facunde nepos ATLANTIS,
 Qui feros cultus hominum recentum

(1) At the time this parody was written, a course of lectures was advertised by the *N. Y. Historical Society*, one of which, by the author of the *Dieffendorff Sketches*, had this characteristic title (we give it precisely as it was printed): "A counterblast against Tobac-

Now may the belle too stir out in cities,
 Fearless of consumption,
 In chariot whirl'd, or, would she rather, walking.

Levelling Death wears by turns, impartial,
 Royalty's furr'd mantle
 And rags of lazars. O divine RUBETA,

To thee seasons revolving are Mentors,
 Bidding thee write faster.
 Already now Hell's horny-crested devils

Ramp to replace thy own grim servitors.
 When they once shall butt thee,
 Thou wilt not care to lecture on Tobacco, (1)

Neither will thy fancy paint fair *Dieffendorffs*
 Stirring up young DUTCHMEN, —
 Which, ev'n to read, makes ———'s mouth to water.

ODE X.

TO WORDSWORTH.

WORDSWORTH, somniferous son of the Muses,
 Who the rude tastes of the new bards of BRITAIN

co — NOT in the manner of King James's." I suppose that somebody, concerned for the reputation of the Society, dissuaded the erudite wag from his intention, or that the Society itself, coming to its senses, obliged him to drop it; for the *counterblast*, though advertised for weeks, was never sounded.

Voce formasti catus, et decoræ
More palæstræ !

Te canam, magni Jovis et deorum
Nuntium, curvæque lyræ parentem,
Callidum quicquid placuit jocoso ,
Condere furto !

Te, boves olim nisi reddidisses
Per dolum amotas, puerum minaci
Voce dum terret, viduus pharetra
Risit APOLLO.

Quin et ATRIDAS, duce te, superbos,
ILIO dives PRIAMUS relictò,
Thessalosque ignes et iniqua TROJÆ
Castra fefellit.

Tu pias lætis animas reponis
Sedibus, virgaque levem coërces
Aurea turbam, superis deorum
Gratus, et imis.

Leadeſt to *babies, idiots*, and graceful
Odes on a *jackass* !

Thee will I ſing, meek advocate of dulneſs,
Vain of inaneneſs, parent of the jewſharp,
Ev'r of all, who in wit and ſong excel thee,
Subtle maligner !

Thee, while a lad and perpetrating ballads,
Pitying, ſaid, '*T is the biggeſt fool created* !
But, when of late Jove ſhow'd him thy *Excursion*,
Loud laugh'd APOLLO.

Under thy guidance, common ſenſe abandon'd,
Hundreds of baſtard ſonnetteers and ſongſters
Beggars the booktrade, and, in long ſucceſſion,
Task the reviewers.

Thou in green meadows, by the marge of ſteamlets,
Placeſt the ſouls of little lads and laſſes,
And with thy *kittens* lulleſt infants teething,
Grateful to nurses.

ENGLAND,—AS SHE IS.

A SATIRE.

Think'st thou there is no tyranny but that
Of blood and chains ?

SARDANAPALUS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following fragment was written in LONDON, in the winter of 1833. After a lapse of nearly nine years, its satire is still applicable. Monarchies do not rectify abuses so speedily as republics.

It was written, it will be seen, in the character of an ENGLISHMAN. My feelings, at the time, were those of an ENGLISHMAN. I was residing in ENGLAND, to continue there for I knew not how long a time: an AMERICAN, claiming a purely British origin, it was no difficult matter for me to identify myself with her people. I did so almost unconsciously. I loved their greatness, took pleasure in their prosperity, felt for their calamities, and resented their oppression. They are feelings which, in part, can never be again awakened.

In the commencement of the piece, I find an unintentional resemblance to a passage in BYRON'S *Bards and Reviewers*. Like the weaker portions of the poem, it must remain unaltered. I cannot now spare either the time or the labor necessary for correction.

Almost three years since (December 19, 1838), I was startled by seeing the following lines in a newspaper: . . . "A whip should be put

‘In every honest hand,
To lash the rascal naked through the land,’

who thus ventures to assail one," etc. The verse and half, it will be seen, is my own application, and alteration into rhyme, of a distich from SHAKESPEARE. How it came in the *Buffalo Commercial Advertiser* is more than I can conjecture.

But a more curious coincidence is that which occurs further on in the poem, where are found these lines :

So when a wife, or mistress 's to be got,

We are her humble servant, slave, what not ?

When once the will 's obtain'd, no more we say,

“ Command me, love ? ” but, “ Madam, please obey ! ”

Opposite to this passage, I had occasion to make the following note in the manuscript : “ On page 4, I had converted into rhyme two blank verses of SHAKESPEARE'S. Five years afterwards, I found them, to my surprise, in a newspaper paragraph. To-day, March 4th, 1841, eight years since the poem was written, copied, passed through the hands of several London booksellers, *etc.*, behold a member of Congress using this very simile, and with a similar application ! * * * It is barely possible that the orator may have seen my piece, so many hands has it passed through ; but it is to the last degree improbable. The coincidence is striking, and, but for one reason, would be as amusing to me as it is instructive. ‘ Mr. P—— addressed the Committee, &c., &c. As to war there certainly was a change of tone in certain gentlemen. Certain of going out, they were warm for war, while those who were coming in felt something of its responsibility. *It was like a young man courting a young lady, promising every thing : but after marriage the tone was greatly changed.* There was a vast difference between in and out.’ *Report of the Proceedings of the House of Representatives, March 1st, 1841.*”

At the present date, it may perhaps be well to remind the reader that the time of the subject of the piece is that of the ascendancy of what was called the *Reformed Parliament*, and of the union of the British and French fleets for compelling a weaker power, as usual, to submit to their dictation, for the benefit of a third party. This weaker power was HOLLAND, and the party benefited was the fortunate Prince LEOPOLD.

ENGLAND,—AS SHE IS.

A SATIRE.

WHEN Virtue hangs the head, and Vice prevails,
And Justice, drunk, sits nodding o'er the scales,
Or, blind but to the humble, drops her fold,
To mark whose plea weighs strongest, poiz'd with gold ;
When fools in power and knaves make common cause,
To yoke dependence with unrighteous laws,
And bid the poor man bless the king and state,
Though Famine clamor at his house's gate ;
When Reason, ever weakest with the strong,
Finds the voice mock'd that would dissuade from wrong ;
What shall avail ? Let Satire then advance,
Firm truth her buckler, ridicule her lance,
Rout the vile herd, that trample in the dust
Man's natal rights, though Heaven confirms them just,
And put a scourge in every honest hand,
To lash the rascals naked through the land.(1)

(1) “ And put in every honest hand a whip
To lash the rascal naked through the world.”

Othello.

O Liberty ! dear goddess ! at whose shrine
I offer up each act, resource, that 's mine !
Whose favor'd seat once bless'd my native isle,
Cheer'd the low cot, and made each furrow smile, —
Since fled to other brighter climes, deny'd
That homage here, which then was BRITAIN's pride !
Alas ! although thy name may seem still dear,
Profan'd by slaves, who echo what they hear,
Thy slighted worship greets no more the day,
Thy temples moulder, and thy shrines decay,
And the pure fires, that quiver'd in thy fane,
Quench'd, trodden out, their ashes but remain,
Gather'd and urn'd, like relics of the dead, —
Like these, alas ! to mark the spirit fled !
Yet, if the few, of soul still nobly free,
Staunch to what honor dictates, and to thee,
Deserve success ("and Heaven defend the right !")
Should crown their struggles in the glorious fight,
Leave young AMERICA awhile, and driven
Swift through the air that wraps thy birthplace, HEAVEN,
Creep to my heart, my eager soul inspire,
Fill every thought with *thee* ! each verse with fire !
That, wing'd by truth, my voice may reach its aim,
Sting the exacting ruler's breast with shame,
Raise from the dust the weary hind oppress'd,
And wake the soul in every BRITON's breast !

"The times are out of joint!"... Who knows it not ?
The mischief 's old. . . And simple. Yet, God wot,
They 've bungled so the cure, the fool that 's blind
May snuff its presence on the passing wind !

Shame on their hearts, who, remedy in hand,
 Thus trifle with the anguish of the land !
 “ *Reform !* ” O, ay, *Reform !* their joint exclaim.
 What ! shall they cheat us with an empty name !
 As squalling brats by cherries are beguil’d,
 Shown by the nurse to soothe, not feed the child !
 Where be the *principles* these men avow’d,
 When their meek voices thus harang’d the crowd ?
 “ Sweet fellow-citizens ! Your votes we crave !
 We are not, *we*, like this fool, or that knave.
They come to serve themselves ; nor will they swear,
 Except it like them, to support your prayer :
We have no selfish views ; without conditions
 We ’ll carry, by wholesale, *all* your petitions !
 Besides, you see they ’re *gentlemen !* and then
 They are but striplings, — *we* the people’s *men !* ”
 And so, to stroke the mob, in vulgar cant
 On their own merits modestly they rant, —
 Protest they have no will, the public’s slave
 Should up and down just as its hand may wave, —
 “ We pledge ourselves to *all !* no wish but yours.
Retrenchment ? tithes abolish’d, — sinecures ?
Taxes repeal’d ? — Ay ! — Peace with Holland ? — All !
 Just pack them in one budget, — great with small ! ”
 Once *in* the house, they use indeed their tongues,
 Since all ’s forgotten, save their power of lungs.
 So, when a wife or mistress ’s to be got,
 We are her humble servant, slave, what not ?
 When once the will ’s obtain’d, no more we say,
 “ Command me, love ! ” but, “ Madam, please obey.”
 Yet, thanks to Heaven ! there are a loftier few, —
 Of spirit more sapient, and of heart more true.

But what, O * * * * * , may thy voice avail
 'Gainst the loud fry, that, thick as summer hail,
 Beat down the hopes that promis'd soon to yield,
 And strew the ripening harvest on the field ?
Retrenchment! Ay ! on that we 're *all* agreed !
 The body must be bled. But where to bleed ?
 "They shall not lop off *sinécures*," says B.,
 "For, if they lop off them, they lop off *me* !
 I 'm *for* 'retrenchment' ; but retrench not there ;
 Some other parts have much more blood to spare."
 "Cut off the *Pension list* ?" cries Captain FEATHER,
 "Pray, let me ask the Learned Member, whether
 He 'd have the gallant men, who 've fought and bled
 For king and country, houseless and unfed ?
 'T would strike our name, sir, from the roll of nations,
 To make men live upon their pay and rations !
 Cut off ? — I 'd sooner you 'd cut off my ears !"
 And down he sat. *Note* [laughter, and — loud cheers.]

And thus Corruption runs from sire to son !
 Still nourish'd thus, 't was thus its growth begun.
 All see there are abuses to amend ;
 All say the nation squanders, does not spend ;
 All prate of *country* ; "*self* ?" O no ! in need
 Each private stream the public fount should feed.
 But when the fountain threatens to drain the stream,
Self sinks the scale, and *country* kicks the beam.

O monstrous blot upon the British shield !
 The hard-earn'd mite the peasant scrapes afield,
 Wrung from his dripping brow, is forc'd away, —
 To help the land's expenditure defray ?

No ! but to swell yon scoundrel minion's purse,
 Already bloated by a people's curse ;
 Or fatten some fool's spawn, some belted thing,
 That fought an unjust battle for its king.
 Though heroes rant of *Glory* as their meed,
 A solid pension makes it sweet to bleed.

Yet, — Does the devil laugh ? — as if this drain,
 Upon the nation's vital sap, were vain,
 New sinecures are made, vamp'd in an hour,
 Reward of secret service done to power, —
 Or bribe to win some sturdy patriot o'er,
 Whose conscience, eas'd, shall trouble place no more, —
 Or, worse than all, a favorite to please,
 Who keeps a — friend, that ought to live at ease.
 In HELL, if feasting be in fashion there,
 They revel long o'er this. Well may they spare
 Some hours of jubilee, in joy that man
 Should work himself more wo than demons can !

Yet are we happy ; prosperous. Why not,
 They tell us so ? Good people bless your lot ;
 For hark ! what says the Member rising now,
 With some important matter on his brow ?
 Kind, feeling, soul ! he 's standing up to move
 (What shall attest our gratitude ! our love !)
 His tender sympathies, which, choking, share
 The people's sufferings, for want of air !
 " Penn'd up all day in adding to their wealth,
 The Crown should multiply their means of health,
 Provide large public squares in every town,
 Where cits may stretch themselves, stroll up and down,

And gain an appetite, in parks and malls,
 For "—dinner with¹ Duke Humphrey of St. Paul's. (1)
 Thrice fortunate are we ! with rulers bless'd
 That see our wants before they be express'd ;
 And pour from coffers, that are running o'er,
 The means to make us great,(2) as well as poor !
 What ! shall we blame them, that consult our pride,
 Insure our vanity, though nought beside,
 Build Public Galleries,(3) and works of taste, —
 On which alone a nation's fame is bas'd,(4) —

(1) That is, nowhere, according to a proverb with the cockneys.

"The Parliamentary Committee which has been appointed to provide public walks for the people in cities and towns, and their environs, ought to have followed instead of preceding another committee, — namely, one to provide them with employment. A great portion of the population of England have at the present day too much walking, and too little work. The additional promenading which the Committee of Public Walks may induce the poorer portion of our fellow-subjects to take, by placing in their way the temptations of esplanades, green alleys, and ornamental pathways, may improve their appetites, but will not procure them a dinner, — the prospect of which at the end of a long ramble would be very encouraging. We imagine that the latter object could be better ascertained by a Committee of *Public Works*, to give employment to the poor, than a Committee of *Public Walks*, to teach them to feed on air." *Morning Herald*, February 25th, 1833.

(2), (3), (4). In the MS. these three places are marked for annotation. But I find no other memorandum than a parliamentary grant of £16,000 to the British Museum, and a remark, that science is confined to the few, and that, with all the utility of a museum, it is a greater object and a higher duty in a government to make the people happy, as in AMERICA, than to provide them with collections of rarities in art and nature, as in ENGLAND; collections which they never visit. (3) Refers, if I rightly recollect, to a projected National Gallery in Pall Mall East; and (4) alludes to a speech in Parliament, the tenor of which may be gathered from the context.

Because a tax-crush'd population cries,
 Or starving beggar dins their ears with lies ?
 What matters it that Tom and Dick complain ?
 'T is grand to suffer for a nation's gain.
 Or, shall the rich be summon'd to relieve
 Woes of whose pang they never can conceive ?
 We look at others through ourselves, and they
 Have bread to eat, and time to throw away ;
 Why should such ruffle, once, their downy ease,
 By thought of wretches, suffering like these ?
 " O, damn them ! let them starve ; the lazy brood
 Want flogging ten times more than they want food."
 . . . But if you let them starve, my lord, they die.
 " That 's ADAM's fault, not mine. JOHN, call my fly."

And have we, then, no charity ? Good God ! . .
 Swear not ! Enough, for objects . . . Well ? . . Abroad.
 What sad emotions agitate the soul,
 When clank the chains that bind the patriot POLE !
 GREECE too can speak our pity for the brave.
 Now hark ! that shout, — *Emancipate the slave !*
 Slave ? Said I right ? Must then Compassion roam
 To find such objects ? Are there none at home ?
 See the poor child, whose tender years demand
 No common nursing from no careless hand,
 Torn from its home, by poverty constrain'd,
 And sold to slavery, O, worse than chain'd !
 No wholesome air of Heaven its breath inspires ;
 No childish sport its drooping spirit fires ;
 Nor rest at will, nor frequent food, repairs
 The shatter'd frame which forc'd exertion wears :
 Penn'd up with hundreds like it, every breath
 It draws is pregnant with disease and death :

Confin'd to one exertion of one power,
 The same unchanging toil from hour to hour,
 Poor growing Nature, thwarted and restrain'd,
 Here rankly spreading, there her efforts chain'd,
 The victim shuffles life and death between,
 Till the last, kindly, drops the closing scene !
 Distorted, crippled, palsied, ere mature, —
 Say ! what like this does *slavery* endure ? (1)

Burns not each forehead at the shameful tale ?
 Turns not the cheek of smitten Conscience pale ?
 Droops not the head to find itself deceiv'd, —
 That *fancy* warm'd, although the *heart* believed ?
 No charity, nor true compassion. No !
 You cannot pity but ideal wo.
 Rous'd by some flimsy orator's quail-pipe,
 The Passions wake : — “ See, where the frequent stripe
 Seams his bare shoulders ! Yet, — the lash once more !
 Ere the raw, festering wounds be scarred o'er !
 Mark you his agony ? He faints ! he bleeds !
 O, BRITONS ! will ye countenance such deeds ?

(1) “ In Warrington there is a pin manufactory, in which there are fifteen frames for heading. At each frame, four persons, chiefly children, are employed, in a sitting posture, the right hand used in placing the pin under the hammer, and the left in taking it away, while the foot works the treddle which lifts the weight, — about fourteen pounds. In this occupation the poor creatures are kept *from six in the morning to half past eight or nine at night*; they are *not allowed to speak to each other, or to withdraw their eyes from their work*. *Some of these young slaves are under eight, and others under seven years of age.*” *Manchester Advertiser* (of the date of the MS.).

Men ! will ye shame with stripes your fellow's back ?
 He is a brother, were he ten times black ! ”
 At once, the paper 's drawn ; a thousand sign.
 What man of feeling will refuse to join ?
 The rage, the *fashion*, spreads ; it seizes all, —
 Old, doubtful, young, great, middle-siz'd, and small,
 From Lizard's Point to distant John o' Groats, —
 Young Master's breeches, Miss's petticoats.
 The very turnspit pauses ere he turn,
 The red-hot cook forgets the roast will burn,
 While, spelling hard, she reads the great Petition,
 And gaping menials echo, “ Abolition ! ”
 And even Poodle, stretch'd upon the floor,
 Pricks up his ears to see their eyes run o'er,
 Thrusts out the hind leg, wags his tail with glee,
 And scratches at his collar, as if free.

O dew-ey'd Pity ! eldest born of HEAVEN !
 Who sins for thee, shall surely be forgiven !
 For love of thee, whose beauty stands between
 Man's nature and the self that makes him mean !
 What leech like thee ? who mak'st another's groan
 So move our bowels we forget our own,
 Bathe with our tears the sorrows of the black,
 Nor mark the blood upon a BRITON's back,
 When the poor soldier, by a curs'd decree,
 Receives the lash that brands *him* only free. (1)

(1) “ Private Carter, of the second battalion of the rifle brigade, stationed at Windsor, who had been found guilty, by a regimental court-martial, of having induced two ignorant recruits to dispose of part of their regimental necessities, and afterwards participating in the proceeds, underwent a portion of his sentence in the centre of

But we are Freedom's sons, still fond of change :
 So ATHENS was of yore : the new, the strange,
 Catches each eager sense ; we hug our foes !
 And love exotics, even in our woes.

When SODOM fell by God's avenging fire,
 Not all her sons she saw with her expire ;
 One holy man, and his, pass'd free ; then down
 Rush'd the red flood, and overwhelm'd the accursed town.
 Well is 't for us, that 'mid the general ill,
 There be some few whose Conscience serves them still,
 Else, seeing *by Grace of God* on most things written,
 The Devil might run away with all GREAT BRITAIN.

For thee, thou generous soul ! whom no disdain
 Drove from the roofs where want and misery reign ;

the barrack-yard in Sheet-street, at six o'clock on Monday evening, where the whole of the battalion was drawn up to witness the punishment. He was sentenced to receive a hundred lashes. Upon being tied up, he manifested the greatest terror, uttering the most dreadful shrieks. He continued, up to the seventy-fifth lash, to send forth cries which were piteous and heart-rending in the extreme. The inhabitants of the houses in Yorkshire-place (which overlooked the scene,) and of those opposite to the barracks, retired to the rear of their premises, and many left their residences, to avoid witnessing the painful exhibition, and to escape beyond the hearing of his horrid cries. At the end of the seventy-fifth round he was ordered to be taken down, and the remainder of his sentence was not enforced. His back at the time was one mass of livid flesh, the blood running from him in streams. He was immediately *marched off* to the hospital, which is about *a mile distant* from the barracks, to undergo the necessary cure." *London Courier* (N. Y. Comm. Adv., Aug. 29th, 1840).

Who saw, and pitying saw, the ills endur'd
 By hapless childhood, in those dens immur'd,
 Where Avarice drives the power by men design'd
 To lighten labor — and distress their kind ;
 For thee, whose efforts aided by The Press,
 Freedom's true citadel (1), shall bring success,
 Though flinty-hearted Interest oppose,
 And number dupes like * * * * * with thy foes ;
 For thee — what praise shall sound ? if such there need,
 When thine own heart repays thee for the deed ?
 Such shall be thine, as crowns a Howard's name, —
 Thy hearts congenial, and thy cause the same !
 The peasant's child its little hands shall raise,
 To bless thee for the rest that soothes its days,
 And the glad mother, that beholds the streak
 Of health once more relume its pallid cheek,

(1) But, like other citadels, it is often given up to the enemy. My opinion of newspapers has undergone no change since the verse was written. There can be no liberty where there is not a free public press. But, as in other things, so here, that which is our safeguard may easily be turned to our destruction. As the public press is now generally conducted where it is most free, the political evil it teaches nearly equals the political good, while in morals its mischief is almost unmitigated. *This the journalists themselves admit.* What indeed can we expect, while ignorant and mercenary men are the guides of public opinion, but the spread of political error ? and while the trade of these men is, to use the language of Mr. Wm. L. S——e respecting it, *the manufacture of facts*, and their disposition, as with the *Commercial Advertiser* and with the *Courier*, to admit to their columns any filth, nay, rather, to give it a preference, provided it come in the shape of story or anecdote, what, but that the morals of the young should be contaminated ?

The eye grow bright that languor render'd dim,
And vigor springing in each wasted limb,
Shall know the poor man's friend that smooth'd her
cares,
And SADLER's name be murmur'd in her prayers ! (1)

(UNFINISHED.)

(1) Mr. SADLER was a Member of Parliament, who undertook to plead before his country the cause of the victims of Avarice. The name preceding, for which I have substituted asterisks, belonged to another Member, who was generally thought, at the time, to have been duped by the manufacturers into a favorable representation of their interests.

TRIFLES.

... Tenuēs ignavo pollice chordas

Pulso. . . .

STAT. *Sylv.* iv.

Quanto rectius hoc, quam tristi lædere versu
Pantolabum scurram, Nomentanumque nepotem !

HOR. *Serm.* ii. 1.

TRIFLES.

I.

TRIOLET.

SYBIL plays the prude with me.
'T is because she loves me well.
Hence it is well-pleas'd I see
SYBIL plays the prude with me.
Who would have the maid more free,
Would not have the same to tell.
SYBIL plays the prude with me.
'T is because she loves me well.

II.

RONDEAU.

'THY soft pure breast, my SYBIL, is the seat
Of gentle wishes and affections sweet :
Gentle and sweet as angels', though not fed
With aught so dainty as celestial bread,

For thou art warm, and something of a cheat.
 Fragrant and fresh, an ornament most meet
 For thee the rose whose beauty makes complete
 Thy modest robe, and decks with petals red

Thy soft pure breast.

Ah, that thou wouldst thy humble servant treat
 E'en like that flower, so envied in its seat !
 Then where it lies I too might lay my head,
 Thy delicate arms all fondly round me spread,
 And feel against my cheek with rapture beat
 Thy soft pure breast.

III.

THE LOAN.

“ YET awhile, ah, prithee stay ;
 One more kiss to those thou 'st given :
 Who shall promise us we may
 Meet again this side of Heaven ?

“ Rapture ! Since thou art so kind,
 Grudge not what thou hast in plenty.
 Five : yet there are more behind.
 Ten : come, make the number twenty.”

Given they were, and one by one,
 Given with gust ; and then we parted.
 But, ere twice ten steps she 'd gone,
 Back she turn'd to whence she 'd started ;

Back she turn'd to where I stood,
 Watching her lov'd form receding ;
 Then the jade in frolic mood,
 With her grace of native breeding,

Closing half her eyes' broad lid,
 Which and night but ill were screening
 Smile and blush that rose unbid,
 Curtsying, thus express'd her meaning :

“ Ere we part, my loan repay ;
 Give me back what I have given :
 Who shall promise us we may
 Meet again this side of Heaven ? ”

I V .

STANCES.

VOULANT dissimuler l'ardeur
 De sa tendresse,
 IRIS montre de la hauteur.
 Quelle faiblesse !

Cet effort pour se dégager
 De dessous l'onde
 Dit qu' IRIS ne sait pas nager
 Dans l'eau profonde.

Mais ce qui me semble plus sot,
 IRIS est sûre,
 Non qu'elle paye un juste impôt
 De la Nature,

En donnant à sa cruauté
 Pleine carrière,
 Mais que c'est à sa volonté
 Elle est altière.

Écoute, IRIS : Ce faux semblant,
 De votre sexe,
 Tandis qu'il dompte, en l'agaçant,
 Le cœur qu'il vexe,

Le vainqueur même attache à nous.
 Ainsi la chatte
 Pousse, en miaulant, les matous
 À coups de patte.

V.

THE CHILDREN IN THE ROAD.

A TOUCHING STORY.

DEDICATED TO THE AUTHOR OF "LYRICAL BALLADS,"

It was the hour that follows the first dawn.
 I at my window, which did overlook
 The dusty street, and not a shadowy lawn,
 Did sit reclin'd. Before me was no book,

Nor pen, nor paper ; for I had not quit
My single bed that morning in a fit
Of studious musing, being not inclin'd
To such a painful moiling of the wit,
Nor caring, for the tillage of the mind,
To yoke my body to fatigue and pain ;
But simply for that I had found it vain
To keep my perch much longer than the cocks,
The bugs did bite so, and had restless lain
Since midnight, and had counted all the clocks,
One, two, three, four, five, six, — a weary chime
To him who 'd hasten or would keep back Time.
And then the sultry heat ('t was August now,)
And the moschettoes' querulous, drowsy drone,
Were quite sufficient, in themselves alone,
To chase all slumber from my aching brow.
The neighbours were not stirring, — happy hearts !
I envy'd them their fasten'd shutters, — and
The streets scarce echoed to the passing carts,
So few between, nor yet the shopman's stand
Display'd its stockfish, herrings, eggs, and plums,
Nor rose from frequent throngs their busy hums.
Dust too was on the unbesom'd flags, and here
A dead segar, which boys " old so'dier " call,
Lay coolly by an orange-rind, and near,
Shut in betwixt a housedoor and a wall,
Were still less seemly signs of vulgar cheer
And riot, which the sons of Belial leave,
When, reeling clamorous through the streets by night,
Their watching mothers' hearts they sorely grieve,
And give to waken'd sleepers small delight.

As I did loll, with nightcap on my poll,
And felt much wrath awaken in my soul,
That people should not be compell'd to rise
And make their doors more fit for neighbours' eyes,
Loud shouts and laughter suddenly did ring
Full pleasantly on my vibrating ear.
"Ah ha!" I said, "there be some few, 't is clear,
That properly their children up do bring
To rise betimes; for sure this jocund noise
Is childhood's laughter and the shout of boys."

I forward lean'd, and straightway did espy
What made these little men so gayly cry.
Around the corner of a street in view,
There came a little negro, a male child;
And after him three other boys defil'd
That seem'd that sooty urchin to pursue.
Much larger they than he, yet children too.
And as they ran behind him, — it did seem,
Not for to catch him, but to keep in sight, —
They laugh'd so hard, that I did really deem
Their little bellies all would burst outright.
Not so the hunted one: his cheeks were wet
With his eyes' rain, that down was pouring yet.
And shone like some black bottle, ere its jet
Is with the dust of generations coated,
Or closely netted over by some bloated
Industrious spinner of the vault. His voice
Too rung not out as those that do rejoice,
But with pure grief, and terror, and despite.
Behind him 'neath his jacket something white

Hung midway down his legs, and as before
He grasp'd his little waistband in his hand,
I saw at once, and seeing did deplore
What caus'd to laugh that merry-making band.

“ Alas ! ” I cry'd, “ can children take delight
To see a brother's breeches at his heels ?
Perhaps, who knows ? they slipp'd them down ! O sight
Deplorable, to one who truly feels
The sin of his humanity ! ” And then,
I would have cry'd unto those little men,
In tones that must have mov'd them, were they stone,
“ Fy, naughty boys ! do let the child alone.
If you did catch him in that doubtful case,
You should not thus have follow'd him in chase,
But given him time his muslin to replace.
But if you did undo him, as I fear
You did, say, children, did you never hear
Your fathers tell you of the Bad Place, where
They roast up little children that obey
The Wicked One that tells them for to play
Such tricks as these ? Ah, simple ones, forbear
Your cruel sport, nor thus the child pursue.
Or, help him button up his trowsers, do ! ”

Thus, or in some such tones, I would have cry'd,
And no doubt should have sham'd them. But I spy'd
A buxom girl of eighteen years or more,
Who had a basket on her arm, and wore
A frock with rosebuds stamp'd, and on her head
Had a straw bonnet, which was simply ty'd
With a new riband, which I think was red,

But may have been peagreen. What else she had,
Or if a silken shawl her shoulders clad,
I now forget ; or else I never knew ;
Only, one toe was peeping from her shoe.

The maid, — for maid she surely seem'd to be, —
Was of the color of those naughty boys,
Yet suddenly repress'd their clamorous glee.
“ Why, Goodness' mercy ! what means all this noise ? ”
Quoth she. “ O, I will tell your mothers ! See !
See if I don't, that 's all ! You little wretches !
Come here, my child ! I 'll button up your breeches.”

Then the good negress, as these words she said,
Laid down her basket on a flight of steps,
Whither the hunted sufferer had fled,
And wip'd his eyes, and nose, and cheeks, and lips,
And bade him not to cry, and have no dread.
Then, seizing his small trowsers with one hand,
Without a single blush, (I mark'd her well,
And must have seen it, had her face turn'd red,)
Thrust in the other arm, and, strange to tell !
Tuck'd down his tail, and button'd up his band.

When this I saw, delighted I exclaim'd,
Within my heart, “ Man is not wholly bad !
While girls like this in cities may be had,
There is some hope the world may be reclaim'd.
Joy with thy soul, dear ebon maiden, go !
More dearly I thy memory will prize
Than if thy cheeks were of the driven snow,
And bluer than the sky thy raven eyes !

For, setting virgin modesty aside,
Thou didst not look if men were coming near,
But in thy duty buried'st shame and pride,
And heldest charity than time more dear.
O may I find, if ever should betide
A like mishap to my maturer rear,
As little of repugnance in my bride !”

VI.

A DONNA DONA.

BEL discorso ed occhi bei,
Sospir tronchi e finti pianti,
Baci, son d' Amore fanti,
Ma d' ogni altro più vale or.
Chi ha questo, benchè di quei
Non si serva, ma sia altero,
Sciocco, aspro, brutto e severo,
Va cogliendo i fior d' amor.

VII.

PARAPHRASE.

Words soft-spoken, subtle glances,
Broken sighs, and feigned weeping,
Kisses, have of Love the keeping,
But 't is gold that 's worth them all.

Who this holds, yet never chances
On the rest, but even is haughty,
Silly, rough, ill-favor'd, naughty,
Makes Love come and go at call.

VIII.

SERENADE.

OPE the window, ROSALINE ;
Listen, listen, lady mine.
Hush the night, no dawn is breaking,
Nothing but thy lover waking,
'Neath the lattice of thy dwelling
Passionate his sorrows telling.
Lift the window, ROSALINE ;
Listen, listen, lady mine.

Lady cruel, still thou sleepest,
Still unop'd thy window keepest.
Doth no dream around thee hover,
No kind vision of thy lover ?
Him who quits his rest, and waking
Singeth thus, with bosom aching :
Ope the window, ROSALINE ;
List, O listen, lady mine !

Is it thou ? Now Heaven bless thee !
'T was not in thee to distress me,
Thee of gentle heart, to render
Rude disdain for passion tender,

Sadness o'er his spirit flinging
Who for thee thus waketh, singing :
From thy window, ROSALINE,
Lean, and listen, lady mine !

Hist ! for other eyes than thine
Now are watching, ROSALINE.
Ah, withdraw ! while home I take me,
With the thoughts that ne'er forsake me,
Happy should my self-denial
Spare that gentle spirit trial.
Shut the window, ROSALINE ;
Sleep, nor listen, lady mine.

IX.

TABLE SONG.

DRINK ! drink ! whilst we may.
Lads and lasses,
Crown your glasses :
Soon must come the joyless day.

Now her curtain Night hangs o'er us,
Love 's beside, and Mirth before us,
Cup in hand, and lips in chorus,
Let us drink, and sing, and play :
Fal la lah, and — fal la lay ;

And be gay.
Drink ! drink ! whilst we may.

Etc.

Think, how soon the morning shining
Bringeth trouble and repining.
To enjoyment, then, inclining,
Let us drink, and sing, and play :
Fal la lah, and — fal la lay ;

And be gay.

Drink ! drink ! whilst we may.

Etc.

Who shall say our hearts to-morrow
Are not doom'd to some new sorrow ?
From the night then let us borrow
Hours of joy, to sing and play :
Fal la lah, and — fal la lay ;

And be gay.

Drink ! drink ! whilst we may.

Etc.

See the fire in CLARA'S glances !
Frolic's self in FLORA'S dances ;
ELLEN'S . . . Pour ! each cup enhances
Love's true joys ; and sing, and play ;
Fal la lah, and — fal la lay ;

And be gay.

Drink ! drink ! whilst we may.

Etc.

With the light those eyes, less daring,
Of their joy will be more sparing ;
Friendship's brow too shall be wearing
More reserve. Then sing, and play :

Fal la lah, and — fal la lay ;
 And be gay.
 Drink ! drink ! whilst you may.
 Lads and lasses,
 Crown your glasses.
 Quick ! ere come the joyless day.

X.

SONG.

LEAVE, sweet bird, my pensive bow'r, —
 Music ill accords with pain ;
 Fly me till some happier hour,
 Fly me now, but come again ;
 Come when comes the leaf and flow'r ;
 Late thy song, sweet bird, and vain ;
 Fly me then till happier hour,
 Songstress sweet, but come again ;
 Come again !

Careless bird, thou warblest still !
 Seest thou not my brow is sad ?
 Tremble on that little bill
 Strains which suit the free and glad.
 Sere the leaf and gone the flow'r ;
 Silly bird, then why remain ?
 Fly away till happier hour,
 Songstress sweet, but come again ;
 Come again !

Yet, sing on ; why grudge thy pleasure ?
 What to me thy notes are glad ?
 Joy and Sorrow move in measure, —
 Others gay when we are sad.
 What though wither'd leaf and flow'r,
 Songstress sweet, resume thy strain ;
 Wait not till a happier hour, —
 Warble now, and come again ;
 Come again !

XI.

WOMAN. AN APOLOGUE.

WHEN from the ever-blooming bowers were driven
 Our great first parents, thus, by Heaven's command,
 The expelling angel spake to weeping EVE :

“ On thee, unhappy EVE, has GOD bestow'd,
 Above all else that moves beneath the skies,
 Beauty, for Man's attraction. Nor does GOD
 Recall what he hath given. But, seeing that thou
 For ADAM's ruin hast misus'd the gift,
 To counteract it, lo ! the OMNIFIC adds
 What shall make Man despise its power, — Caprice.”

Then, when without the Garden gate mov'd EVE,
 With step irresolute and head deject,
 In the broad shadow of her husband's form, —
 Who walk'd a pace before, in solemn thought,

Sad, but submissive to his Maker's will, —
The Devil, in likeness of a sparrow, lit
Upon her roseate shoulder's comely slope,
Which, here and there, between the glistening waves
Of her down-floating and dishevel'd hair,
Shone like the almond's blossoms 'mid its boughs,
And said :

“ Though God hath given thee caprice,
And it shall weary Man, and make him yearn
To break from his inthralment, fear not thou ;
For I will cause that it shall bind him more.
Lo, I will put into thine eyes desire,
And hesitation on thy lips. Thou shalt
Affect deep passion, and shalt feel it not,
Feel it and shalt deny it ; thy life shall be
A daily lie ; thine eyes shall lie ; thy smile
Shall be deceitful, and thy frown deceitful ;
And Man, though struggling, shall be still thy slave.”

Then through her tears, and through her clustering
locks,
Smil'd EVE, well-pleas'd, and, parting from her lips,
And from her blushing cheek, with gesture sweet,
The natural veil of shadowing tresses bright
That o'er the roses of her bosom hung
Down to her swelling loins, the sparrow kiss'd.

And, from that time, Man's wedded days were days
As those of April, sunshine half, half shower.

FRAGMENT IN CONTINUATION

OF THE

VISION OF RUBETA.

. . . . Coscienza fusca,
O della propria o dell' altrui vergogna,
Pur sentirà la tua parola brusca ;
Ma, nondimen, rimossa ogni menzogna,
Tutta tua VISION fa manifesta,
E lasciar pur grattar dov' è la rogna :
Che, se la voce tua sarà molesta
Nel primo gusto, vital nutrimento
Lascerà poi quando sarà digesta.

DANTE.

Conscience will intrude,
Or of their own, or of their fellows' shame,
To make thy wholesome words seem harsh and rude ;
Yet, not the less, of falsehood scorn the name ;
Give *all* thy VISION to the public light,
And where the sin is, there let rest the blame :
For, though thy speech shall savor no delight
On the first taste, its substance then shall prove
Vital nutrition, when digested quite.

THE VISION OF RUBETA.

CANTO FIFTH.

HELL AND THE DEVIL.

* * * * *

In a vast hall, which greater space o'erspread 35
Than Auburn's fields and villas of the dead,
Or those near Isis' city, where grief showers
A public flood, and wo 's express'd by flowers,

Ver. 37. *Or those, etc.*] The cemetery of *Mont Louis*, better known as *Père Lachaise*; the largest in the vicinity of PARIS; containing from eighty to a hundred acres.— On the first and second of November, (All Saints' Day and the Festival of the Dead,) it is a general fashion for the PARISIANS to decorate the tombs of their relatives with flowers and garlands. The scene may be imagined, and its propriety. * *

37. — *ISIS' city* —] One of the conjectural derivations of the name of the French metropolis, is that a temple of Isis anciently stood near the city, whence the people were termed *Parisiî* (as living *near Isis*), and the city itself, *Paris*. This is not so probable as another, but it is sufficient for the pencil of the poet, whose art it is to paint by periphrasis. * *

Were throng'd the infernal senate. Not yet come
Their sceptred head, all silent was the dome, 40
Save where a whisper, or the shifting feet
Of some archangel passing to his seat,
Broke on their ears, who waited from HELL's borders
The source of death on Earth and feminine disorders.

Was darkness o'er that area ; not entire : 45
Through the dun air broad tongues of lambent fire
Play'd intermittent. Such they went and came
As round the billet curls the growing flame
Ere the green bark 's ignited, or as gas
Jets from a seacoal fire, whose glowing mass 50
Is freshly fuel'd ; rapid as the glare
Of summer lightning in the midnight air.
Yet as in cities, on a misty night,
The lamps around them spread but scanty light,
Which, distant view'd, seem large and burning bright ; 55
About the glass a circular vapor 's seen,
Like the red halo round the silver queen ;
So serv'd those tongues of fire, each other minute,
Only to show the dark to HELL's dark senate.

Like the white tops of surges, seen to gleam 60
Beneath a crescent moon's imperfect beam,
While every billow else is heaving black,
And the pale stars shine few amid the rack,
Sparkled at intervals, as went and came
Over the gloom those floating cressets' flame, 65
The gemm'd tiaras of the infernal Powers ;
And their hair glisten'd, like grass after showers.

Now, from the brazen ordinance, a peal
 Thunder'd terrific through the gulfs of HELL,
 Signal the king was coming. At the blast, 70
 The smit air, struggling for escape, upcast
 The Earth's foundations ; bellowing, gave a groan
 From all his caves old Sangai, and the cone
 Of Cahtopahhi, heaving, upward threw,
 From his wide fissures, flames of sanguine hue, 75
 Follow'd by boiling water. Downward fell
 The enormous torrent, over plain and dell,
 Village and pasture : stall nor cottage stood ;
 Men, cattle, flocks sunk whelm'd beneath the abundant
 flood.

Ver. 68. — *ordinance* —] SHAKESPEARE so writes it.

72, 73. — *bellowing, gave a groan From all his caves old Sangai* —] Sangai is the most southerly mountain of the eastern ridge of the Andes, and is particularly remarkable for its frightful noises, which, according to Don ANTONY DE ULLOA, might sometimes be heard at the distance of forty leagues. A report in some degree corroborated by the testimony of more recent writers.

73, 74. — *the cone of Cahtopahhi* —] The shape of this mountain (Catopaxi) is that of a truncated cone. Its height LA CONDA-MINE estimates at 2950 toises.

75, 76. — *flames of sanguine hue Follow'd by boiling water.*] A peculiarity of the volcanoes of the Andes, where, I believe, lava has never been found. Of the eruption of 1743 the appearance and consequences were precisely such as are described in the text ; the flames which issued from the various apertures near the summit of Catopaxi, were instantly followed by a vast torrent of water, which deluged all the plain. The river which runs by LATACUNGA, swollen by the flood, rushed over its banks ; and the people of the town were obliged to fly to the hills to avoid being involved in a like ruin with their habitations.

And the glad fiends, that, rocking to and fro, 80
 Sat on the crater's verge, the shrieks of wo
 Caught as they rose, and bade more water flow ;
 That the swoll'n rivers o'er their borders ran,
 And Havoc mock'd the agony of man.

But, in HELL's Westminster, the infernal peers 85
 Caught the dread signal with delighted ears.
 Rustled their folded pinions, like the roar
 Of winds in forest, or of waves on shore.
 And from the dome's four quarters all the fires,
 That floated, rush'd together, and in spires 90
 Tapering each one end, the others run,
 Like globes of living-silver, into one ;
 That in the centre of the hall, suspended,
 Motionless hung the orb of flame, extended
 On every side its points a thousand ways ; 95
 So paints in gold some limner Pæan's rays ;
 And light, as of noonday (a day of ours,)
 Blaz'd sudden on the thrones where sat the Stygian
 Pow'rs.

Not otherwise DE JOINVILLE saw the glare
 Of Syrian fires, shot 'thwart the midnight air, 100
 (What time by *Achmoun's* flood St. Louis lay,)
 Light the Frank tents, and counterfeit the day.

* * * * *

Ver. 97. — *as of noonday (a day of ours,)*] As bright as is the
 light of noonday on earth. * *

99 — 102. *Not otherwise DE JOINVILLE, etc.]* In the crusade which
 that chivalrous but mistaking monarch, Louis IX., made against

an unoffending country, and for which he was sainted, when he should more properly have been damned, the French forces, having encamped by the canal of *Achmoun* in Lower EGYPT, were annoyed, and defeated in their purpose of building a dyke from the canal to the Nile, by the wildfire, which, with other missiles, the Mohammedans hurled against the workmen, and which the *Sire de JOINVILLE*, who acted so gallant a part in the crusade, thus describes : (I cite from Savary ; *Letters on Egypt* ; Transl. Vol i. *Lett.* XXV. p. 302) : “ JOINVILLE, who was one night on guard at the head of the dyke, gives us a terrible description of this wildfire. ‘This fire,’ says he, ‘that they launched at us, was as large as a barrel, and had a long flaming tail. It made a noise like thunder in passing through the air, and appeared like a flying dragon.’ The light it diffused was so great that one could see throughout the whole camp, as if it were broad day.”

END.

NOTICE.

THE AUTHOR OF THIS VOLUME

INFORMS THE READING PUBLIC,

THAT HE WILL SHORTLY HAVE READY FOR THE PRESS

AN

ENTIRELY NEW EDITION

OF

THE VISION OF RUBETA,

TO BE PUBLISHED BY SINGLE CANTOS,

WITHOUT OTHER NOTES THAN SUCH AS SHALL BE ABSOLUTELY

NECESSARY FOR THE ELUCIDATION OF THE TEXT.

RECOMMENDATIONS OF THE WORK.

"This is a remarkable volume — remarkable for the exquisite neatness and elegance of its typography, and the UNREDEEMED STUPIDITY AND COARSENESS of its contents. It is evidently from the pen of a BLOCKHEAD who has money to waste, for no sane bookseller would ever have embarked in such an enterprise, in the expectation of reimbursing himself by the sale of the work. Its object as *we gather from a VERY CURSORY examination*, is *gross abuse of the Commercial Advertiser and American*; induced, probably, by some severe castigation received by the author at the hands of these journals. If there were any danger that the book would sell, we should advise all respectable publishers to DISMISS IT FROM THEIR COUNTERS — for it is MISERABLY OBSCENE. Its UNMITIGATED STUPIDITY, however, so dulls the edge of libel, that no one will suffer from the book but its author, and no one profit by it but the trunk makers. We will do the justice, however, both to publishers and author, to confess that they have issued their work in a style superior to any thing that we have recently seen. In this respect it cannot be too highly commended. Though *the writer is a very poor satirist*, we infer from the luxury and display of type and paper in which he indulges, that he is not of the class of 'poor authors.'"

Courier and Enquirer, Oct. 18th, 1838.

"We have some reason to complain of the author or publishers of this large and superbly printed octavo, for not sending us a copy; which he or they should have done in courtesy, as the greater portion of its contents is what the Star is pleased to call a severe and galling satire upon our journal and ourselves. *Having a tolerably keen relish for satire*, however, and *no objection in the world to being made the subject of it*, we have borrowed a copy, and bestowed a couple of hours upon its perusal. We cannot agree with our editorial neighbor in pronouncing it 'a work that evinces talents of the highest order'; nor do we find ourselves particularly

galled by its severity. It certainly is SCURRILOUS AND ABUSIVE ENOUGH; and much more than enough FILTHY AND INDECENT. But there is a wide difference between satire and BILLINGSGATE; and WITH PERFECT SINCERITY WE DECLARE THAT OUR FEELINGS HAVE NOT BEEN RUFFLED EVEN FOR ONE MOMENT, in the reading of all the COARSE EPI-THETS and scandalous charges heaped upon us by the laborious 'satirist,' nor would they be if just such a volume were to be published every fortnight." *Etc.*

Commercial Advertiser, Oct. 19th, 1838.

"Our own feelings would prompt us to take no farther notice of the STUPID but ELABORATELY SCURRILOUS performance mentioned in the annexed communication. We *yield*, however, to the urgent solicitations of the writer, and the more readily because the CATCHPENNY TRICK he exposes is REALLY a very prominent feature of the volume, in which many names are introduced, and only introduced with the evident purpose of HELPING THE SALE by stimulating a prurient curiosity.

"To the Editors of the Commercial Advertiser.

"Gentlemen — I had just finished the reading of 'Rubeta,' the satirical poem of which you speak in last evening's paper, and I honor your judgment in relation to the book and its author. It is throughout a VULGAR, OBSCENE, and PROFANE exhibition of MALIGNITY, which can inspire no other sentiment than LOATHING AND DISGUST in the minds of all men of any pretensions to character or decency. As you and your paper constitute the theme of the venom of this NAMELESS 'TOAD,' I am glad that you exhibit the contempt which self-respect inspires, by promptly treating the author with merited scorn.

"But apart from the OUTRAGE UPON DECENCY AND PUBLIC MORALS, inflicted by such a COMPOUND OF FILTHY AND BLASPHEMOUS LANGUAGE, being issued by respectable publishers in Boston, and sold by a bookseller of this city, the public should be put upon their guard against the MERCENARY ARTIFICES by which both author and publishers expect to make it sell.

"In the advertisement a long catalogue is given of gentlemen and ladies whose 'names are mentioned in the book.' This is a TRICK to induce the friends of these individuals, as well as their enemies, to suppose that each is made the theme of the satirist. — So far from this being the fact, when they shall be gulled by this IMPOSITION into the payment of TWO DOLLARS for this ponderous octavo, they will find that a single page will contain all that is said of fifty of the persons whose names are gazetted as though they were prominent characters in the poem. With the exception of — — —, and — — —, upon whom this 'TOAD' spits his RIBALDRY through several hundred pages, scarcely a line of the book is bestowed on any one of the parties named, and in most cases the mere introduction of the surname is ALL the notice taken of some of the most prominent in the list, three of these names being inserted in a single line, obviously for the purpose of selling the book to those who have a penchant for scandal. Only expose THESE FACTS,

Pro Bono Publico."

Commercial Advertiser, Oct. 20th, 1838.



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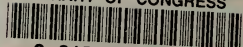
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